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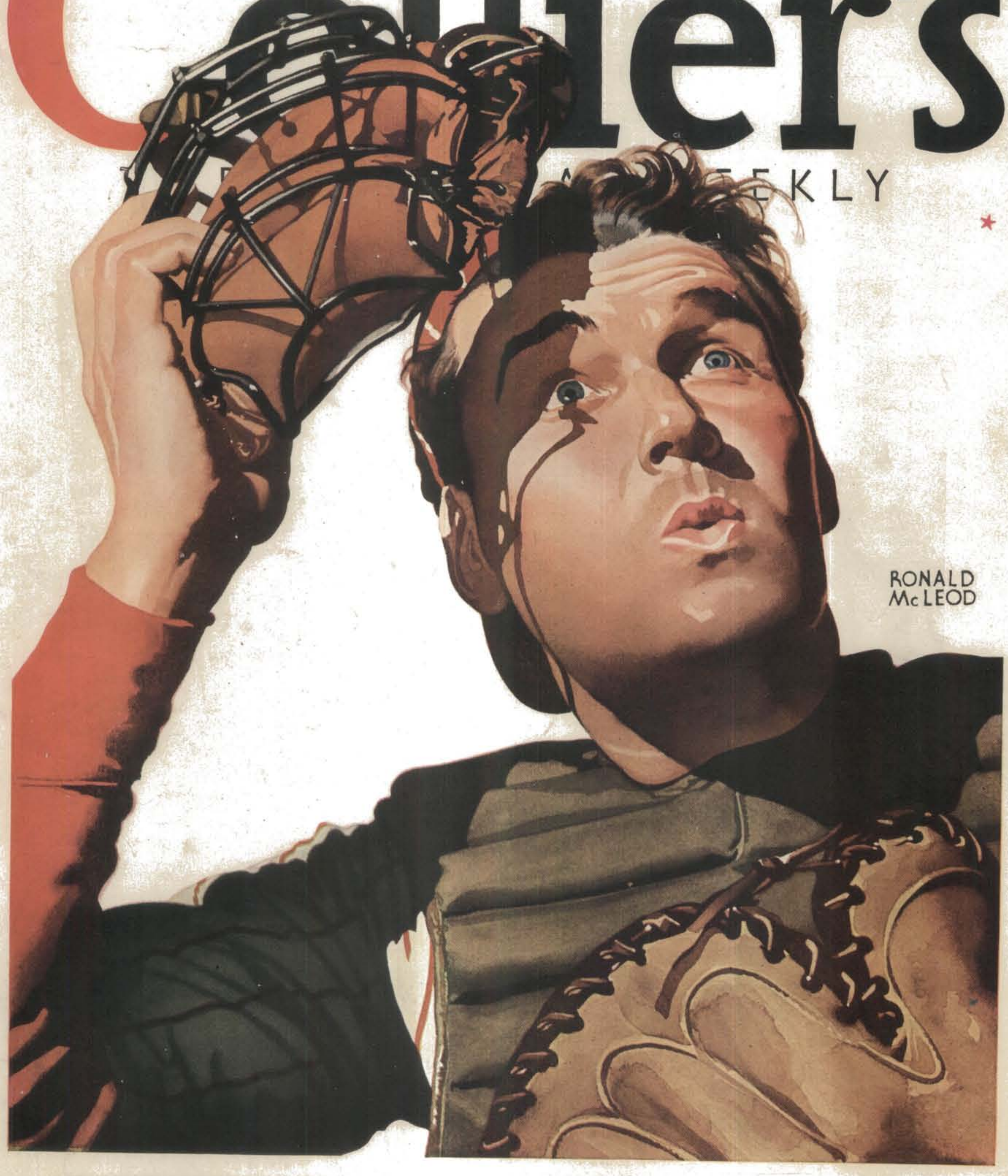
October 8, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



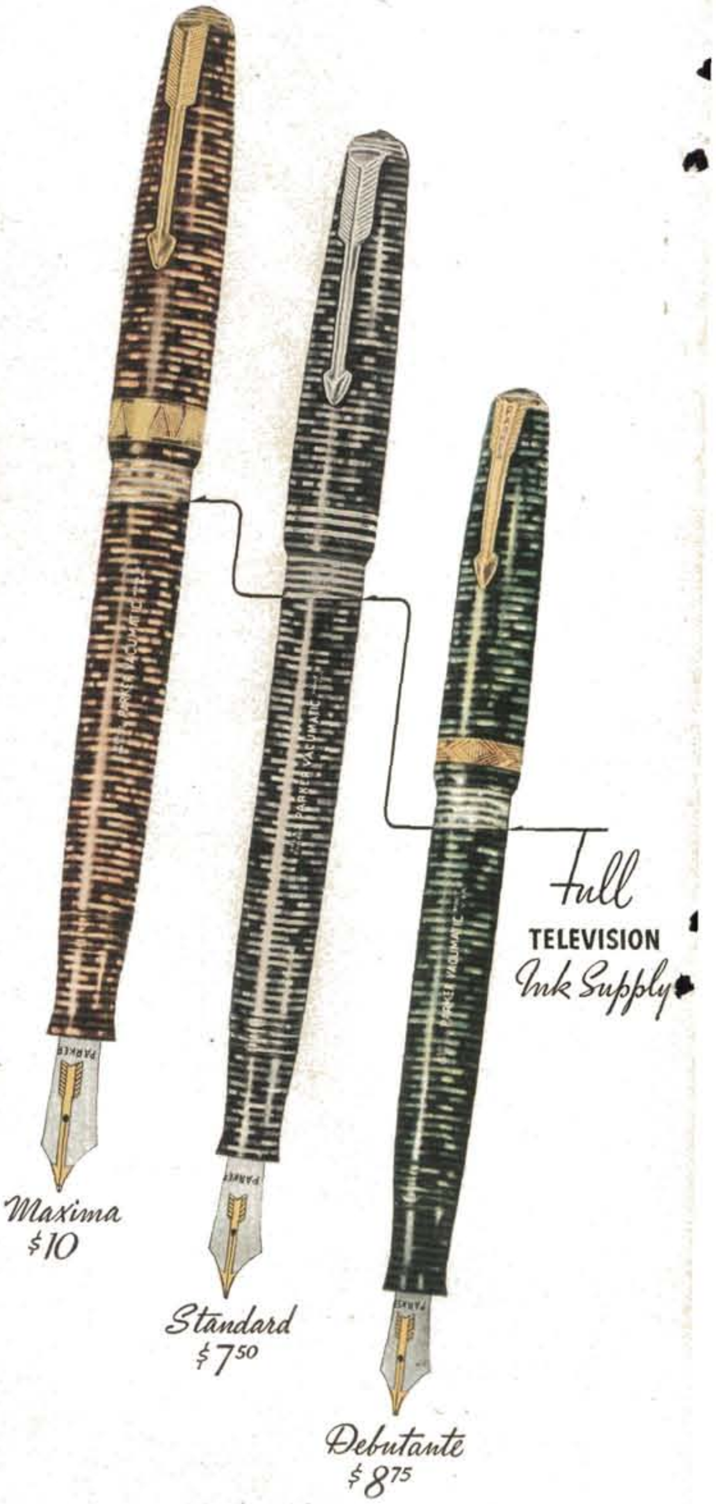
MARGERY SHARP
ROBERT G. ELLIOTT
RICHARD
MICKEY CO

MRS J O MAJOR
21 S BUCKEYE
IOLA
KANS
26N38

ct. 8, 1938

Give Your Hand and Brain the Same Chance that Others Give Theirs

by getting the Pen that Has What It Takes to help you win distinction in Learning or Earning



A Pen that won't run dry on the job unless you let it, for it carries a Big Reserve of Ink and shows you when to refill!

Its smart, shimmery circlets of Pearl and Jet are the High-Style on every College Campus

Give your hand the same chance to write and your brain the same chance to think that the revolutionary Parker Vacumatic is giving to millions—to dozens of your associates.

Here's the idea as told by Sumner S. Sollitt, prominent Chicago building contractor:

"My old pen was cramping my style, but I didn't realize it until I tried a Parker Vacumatic. Then I got the surprise of my life. I hate to think of how much I missed by using an old pen, but my Parker Vacumatic is making up for it now."

Yes, first in Style, first in Performance, and first in the Hearts of Young and Old America—that's the Parker Vacumatic's score to date.

Its Scratch-proof Point of Platinum and 14-K Gold writes one style as deftly as another—gives your hand a new dexterity and your mind fresh inspiration. A Point with 33% more gold, tipped with flawless Osmiridium, twice costlier and far smoother writing than ordinary iridium.

Due to these long-awaited improvements, the whole world has taken this marvelous pen to its heart. In America, reports Crossley, Inc., national independent research organization, people buy far more Parker Pens than any other standard make.

Stop today at the nearest pen counter and see and try this pedigreed Beauty. The smart ARROW clip identifies the genuine Parker Vacumatic, and distinguishes the one who carries it. Look for this ARROW without fail.

The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories: Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Can.

Makers of Parker Quink, the new pen-cleaning writing ink that ends pen-clogging. 15¢, 25¢ and up.

1888 SEMI-CENTENNIAL 1938

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T.M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

PENS: $\$5$ $\$7^{50}$ $\$8^{75}$ $\$10$

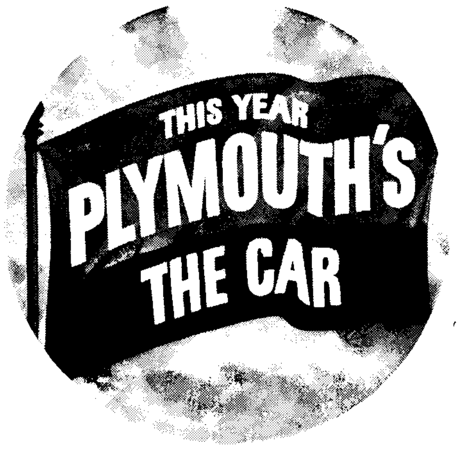
Pencils to match: $3.50, $3.75, $4, $5

COPR. 1938, THE PARKER PEN CO.

A SPECTACULAR CAR

"So Beautiful You Won't Believe It's a Low-Priced Car!"

NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH...Glamorous New Distinction in Styling...Longer Wheelbase...New High-Torque Engine Performance...Perfected Remote Control Shifting...New All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission...New Amola Steel Coil Springs...New "Safety Signal" Speedometer.



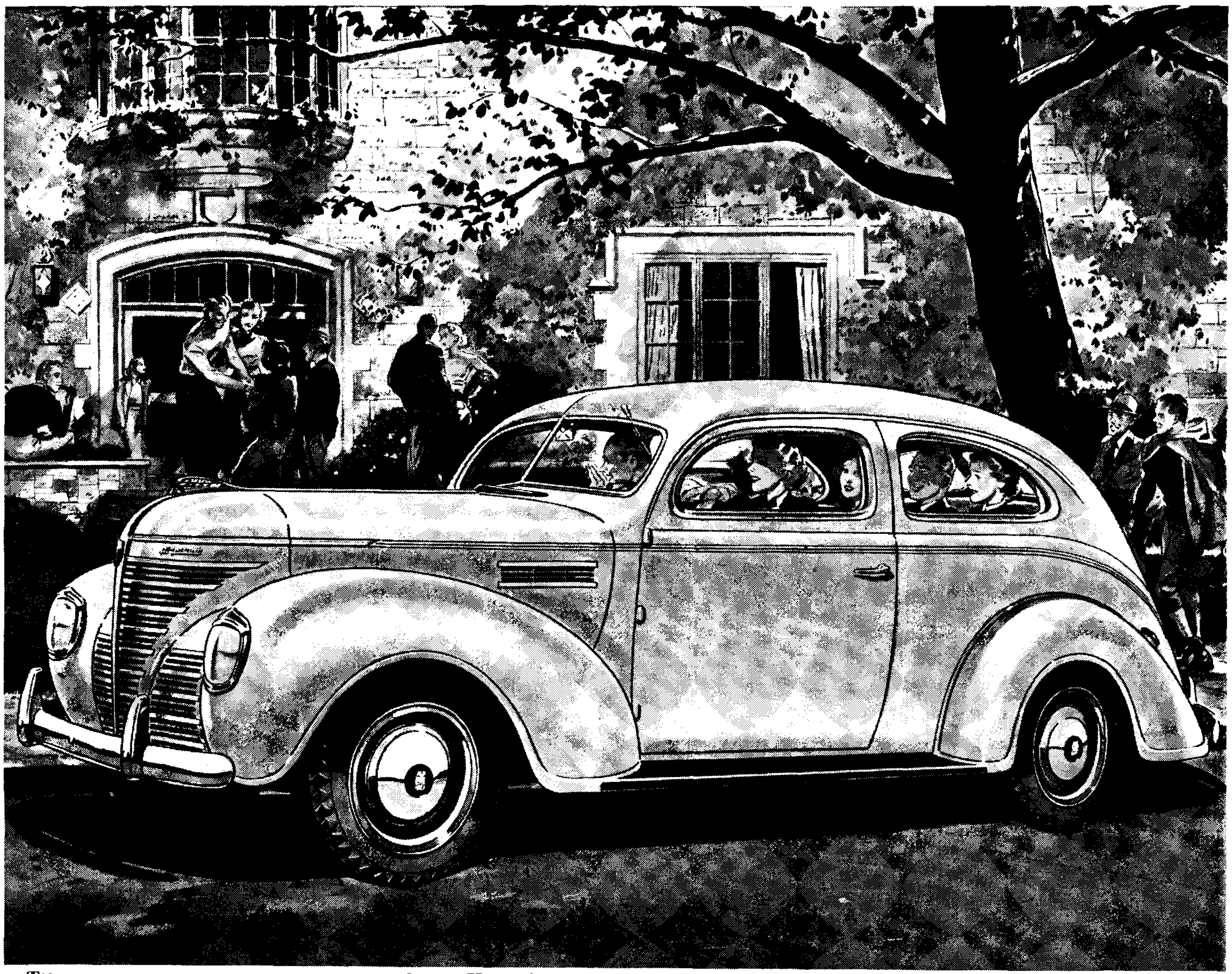
TWO PLYMOUTHS NOW ON DISPLAY— A NEW "ROADKING" A NEW "DE LUXE"

EVERYWHERE people are saying the new 1939 Plymouth is a spectacular automobile—in appearance, in luxury and in all-round value.

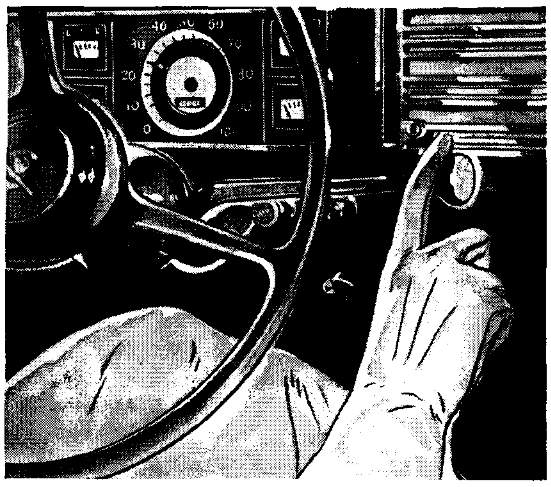
DISTINCTIVE NEW STYLING, massive fenders with built-in headlamps, rust-proofed all-steel body.

NEW LUXURY INTERIORS, with new "Safety Signal" Speedometer, extra roominess and new Safety Styling.

THE SOFTEST, EASIEST RIDE you've ever tried, with new Amola Steel Coil Springs, improved Floating Power engine mountings and easier-acting hydraulic brakes. Be sure to see this glamorous new Plymouth today!

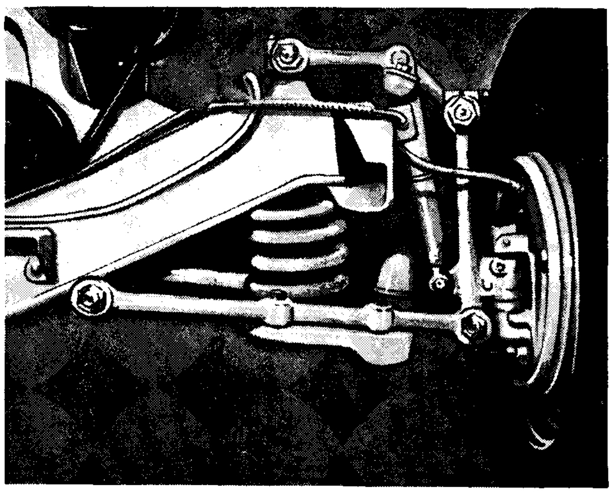


THE BRILLIANT NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH ... with new High-Torque engine performance. See it today at your nearby Plymouth dealer.

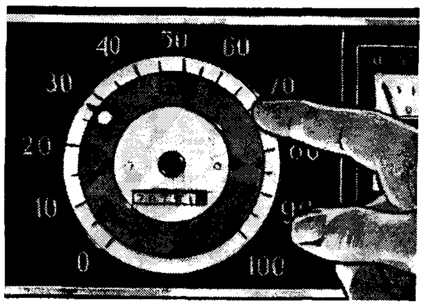


PERFECTED REMOTE CONTROL GEAR SHIFT (left), with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission, standard on De Luxe models. Nothing new to learn. Easier to operate, and much more convenient than a shift lever in the floor.

NEW AMOLA STEEL COIL SPRINGS (right), finest design in the industry, give Plymouth an amazingly smooth new ride. Amola Steel is the new marvel of metallurgy.



NEW "SAFETY SIGNAL" SPEEDOMETER



Plymouth's newest safety feature! The indicator light shows green, amber or red, according to your speed.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST—EASY TO BUY!

Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...with the balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments. Make a point of seeing and driving this great new Plymouth before you buy any car today. Telephone your nearby Plymouth dealer for a demonstration ... there's no obligation. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

October 8, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

"I LOVE you so much," Bill Woodville said, "that I'd rather marry you because you want to live with me than because you don't want to live with your father." Even we could have told Bill that was a dangerous thing to say, but you can't reason with a young man stung to fury by the girl he loves. To Camilla love meant everything. And money nothing: she'd always had plenty of that. And so she failed to understand why Bill wouldn't marry her instantly.

That's why you find Camilla dancing in the chorus at Pete Polenta's place in Atlantic City, with a reporter from New York on her trail and tragedy standing in the wings. "Last Chance" is by Elmer Davis.

CALIFORNIA'S EPIC plan lived briefly and blithely and died. Its siren song lingers. (Some tunes go on forever.) The burden of it is: Money for everybody at stated intervals. The song writers of the current version, by reducing the interval between payments to one fourth, have quadrupled the appeal of their chant—"Thirty dollars every Thursday." And if you don't think that means anything, start counting votes. Walter Davenport takes you behind the scenes of "California Scrip Tease."

IT WAS an injured Irish wolfhound that brought Eve and Rickie together. Rickie was twenty-two and Eve to her delight discovered she was exactly half his age. That was, she felt, significant. In "First and Forever," Day Edgar shows you that she was right.

IF YOU'VE never stopped to think about it you probably assume that the boats built to race for the America's cup are the fastest craft under sail. They're not. They're light-weather boats, and the record for speed belongs to the Gloucestermen. Next month these boats race again, perhaps for the last time. James B. Connolly, who was mainsheet man in the first race of the series, describes their skippers' "Pride of Vessel."

"EV'Y day," said Giles, "de guv'-mer pass a law which say what de weather gonter be tomorrow. I done seed de papers." But the government wasn't smart enough to fool old Giles when he was gathering a cotton crop "outn de book." "Cows in the Corn" is by Roark Bradford.

IRWIN SHAW, Daniel Fuchs, Hannah Lees, Robert G. Elliott, Kyle Crichton, John August, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Freling Foster and others complete the list.

This Week

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●

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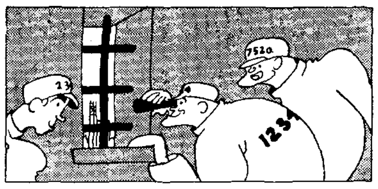
COVER RONALD McLEOD

Any Week

WE'RE pretty glad that we don't have to describe our emotions as we made our first trip across the Golden Gate Bridge over San Francisco Bay. You can't imagine how we hate to see ourselves fail. It's much more satisfactory to tell you that one of the officials at Alcatraz, the fabulous rock whereon some of our unfortunate fellow citizens are undergoing corrective treatment for their criminal tendencies, told us that all the upper-class prisoners on Alcatraz are demanding that they be given southern-exposure cells and binoculars that they may enjoy the wonders of the Golden Gate Exposition, opening next spring on WPA-made Treasure Island near by. Whereupon one of the fair's spokesmen told us that Mr. Sid Grauman of Hollywood had applied for a concession on Treasure Island, facing Alcatraz, where he could charge visitors two bits for the privilege of scanning Alcatraz through telescopes.



OUR emotion as we surveyed the bay from the Golden Gate Bridge was so intense that one of our shoestrings broke. Anyway, our shoestring broke. Being very practical-minded we went to a beautiful Georgian "boot beauty pavilion" and applied for the necessary aid. One young gentleman removed our shoes—between bows—and another diplomatist came forward—bowing. They would be pleased, darned near honored in fact, to massage our feet free while we waited for our boots. We thanked him, declined. He explained that the foot massage cost ten cents unless you bought shoestrings in addition to getting a shine. He gave us his card: Benjamin Dimedollar, Footiere and Bootmaster.

BUT somewhat less sweetness prevailed in Hollywood. There we met Mr. Joe O'Dill, an old friend of ours, who told us that he was organizing the transient workers camping ad lib., so to speak, in the San Fernando Valley and on down toward Hollywood. Two policemen were with Mr. O'Dill for some reason not revealed to us. Anyway, he told us that he was in Hollywood to notify well-scrubbed people like Myrna Loy and Gary Cooper that unless they came across with more comforts for the unemployed transients the latter intended to move into Beverly Hills and camp upon their pretty estates. Maybe the presence of the cops was connected with Mr. O'Dill's mission. We didn't inquire. Anyway, they generously took him with them.

WE DIDN'T find out because we were in a hurry to meet with a group of screen writers who were about to draw up resolutions or something protesting against the government's insistence that they make public how much they earned. The information was demanded by the government, which sought to settle, if possible, whether these screen writers were really wage slaves. It was a rather saddening experience. For example, one of the screen writers asked us: "What right has the government to degrade me by making me confess publicly that I get only seven hundred and fifty dollars a week?"

GOVERNMENTAL outrages of that sort will eventually drive the upper classes to revolution. A lady named Mrs. Maples warned us in Reno, Nevada. Everywhere Mrs. Maples has gone during the past year her finer instincts have been offended by the sight of WPA workers. "Personally," said she, "I don't mind the government giving these unfortunate men employment. But I do object to their appearance, especially in the better residential districts. Couldn't the government provide them with neat uniforms like it does for the postmen and the marine corps?"

W. P. A.
MEN AT WORK

AND there was a Mrs. Germaine Leveson in Albuquerque, New Mexico, who will for two dollars a lesson teach you how to "prolong your day, prolong your year, prolong your life indefinitely." We gave her two dollars for a sample, being pretty busy and longing for a long, uninterrupted day. Somewhat to our disappointment it turned out to be merely a deep-breathing routine during which "mind, body and soul must be relaxed to emptiness. Relax, relax," she commanded. "Think of nothing. Continue to think of nothing indefinitely, and presently, you'll see, thoughts will come to you." We did our best. And this is the result. But don't complain.

RELAX. W. D.

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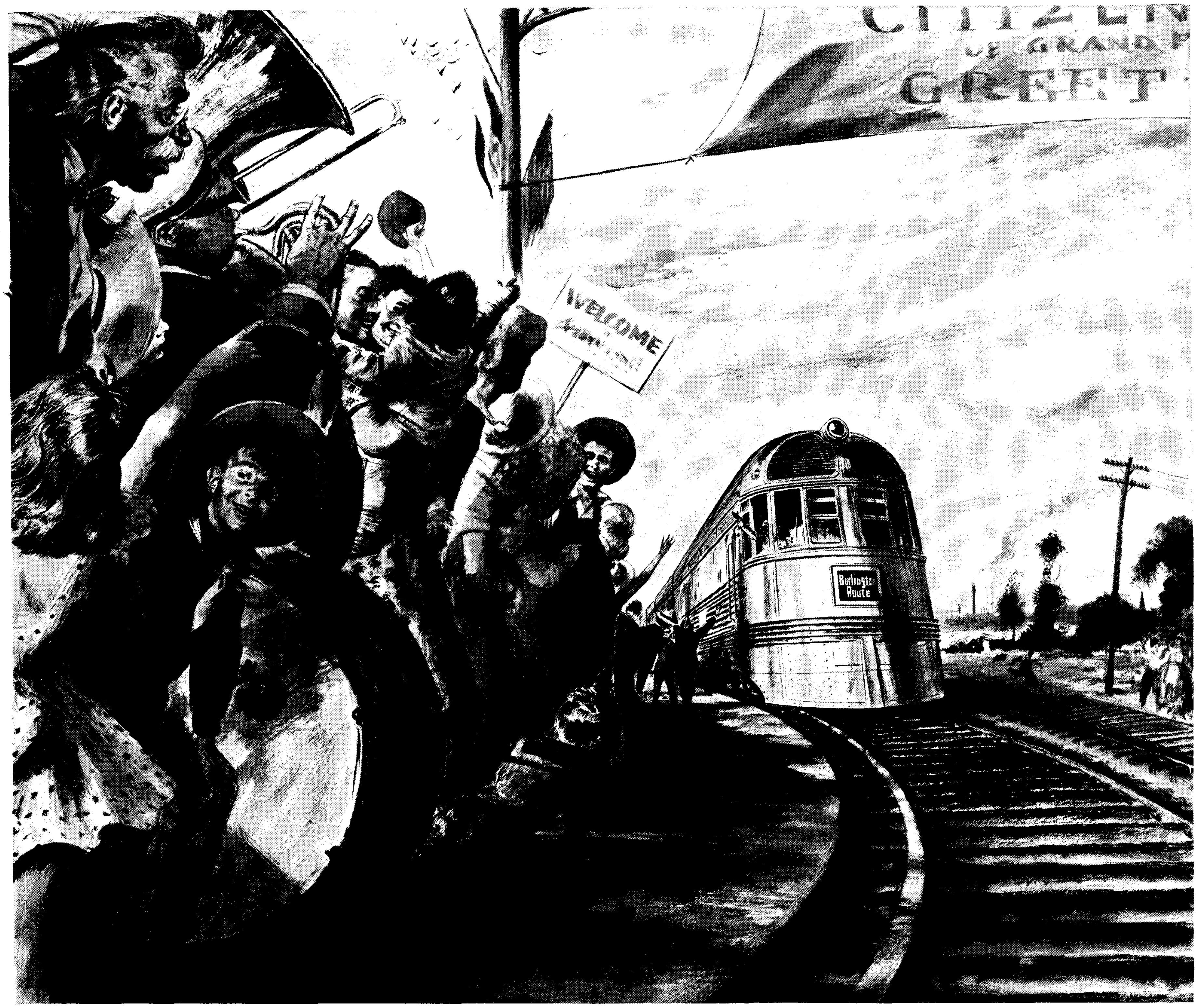


The New Trains are WELCOMED

ALL OVER AMERICA there is a growing hunger for modern railroad transportation.

Through the long period when passenger traffic was gradually declining there was no loss of faith in the safety and dependability of railroad travel. But the glamor was gone. The swift advance in other accessories to living made people dissatisfied with old-fashioned trains. They demanded something new.

Then Budd began building streamlined trains of stainless steel. They were new, indeed. Gleaming silver lances that flashed over the rails, carrying their passengers in unimagined comfort. The triumphal progress of these trains across the continent was a startling demonstration of reawakened interest. And today, after eight million miles of successful operation, their popular appeal is greater than ever. Not only are they delighting an increasing number of travelers, but in every town and village along the right-of-way they are sources of civic pride.

In addition to the comfort, speed and beauty which the public has come to expect in all modern trains, Budd-built equipment brings this important and unique advantage:

Budd cars make no compromise with deadweight. They are built of stainless steel *through and through*. Fabricated by the patented Budd SHOTWELD★ process, this strongest of structural alloys permits *true light weight*—costing less to haul—yet maintains the highest standards of safety.

There are now twenty-four Budd-built trains in daily service. They are operating at a profit—to the railroads—to the traveling public—and to the nation as a whole.

- *Originator of ALL STEEL★ automobile bodies, Budd has pioneered modern methods in the design and fabrication of many steel products. The Budd developments in stainless steel include railway cars, marine and bridge structures, airplanes, tanks, bus, truck and trailer bodies and equipment for the chemical and rayon industries.*

★Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO.
PHILADELPHIA AND DETROIT

BUDD METHODS SAFELY ELIMINATE DEAD-WEIGHT

Will they always be as happy?

Will he always look at her with adoration in his eye . . . devotion in his heart? Or will he gradually grow indifferent as so many husbands do . . . kissing her as a duty, if at all? The answer lies almost entirely with her...

You may have it

There is nothing so hard to live with as a case of halitosis (bad breath). And because of modern habits, everyone probably offends at some time or other, *without knowing it*. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

Don't let this offensive condition chill your romance. Don't let it frighten away your friends. Don't take chances. Protect yourself.

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine Antiseptic, the most delightful refreshing mouth wash you can use. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

Four Benefits

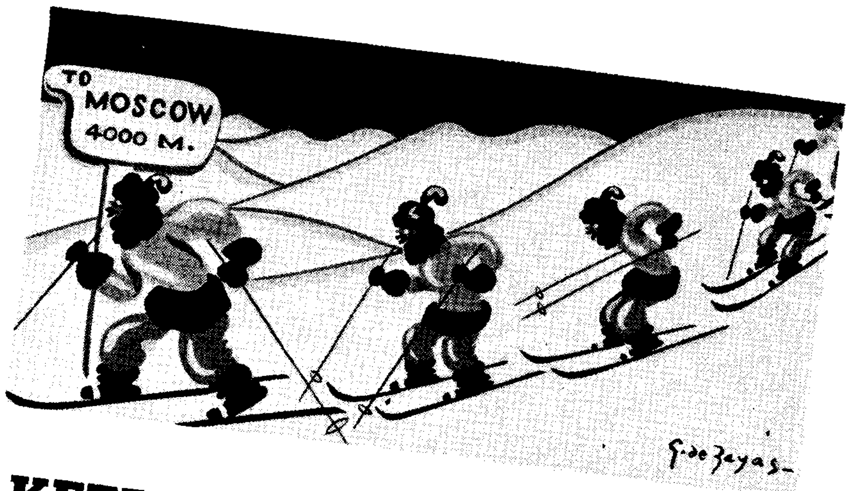
1. **Fermentation of tiny food particles (a major cause of breath odors) is quickly halted.**
2. **Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.**
3. **Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.**
4. **The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.**

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, avoid questionable imitations. Use only Listerine Antiseptic. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For HALITOSIS (*Bad Breath*) *Use* LISTERINE

P.S.—IF YOU HAVE ANY EVIDENCE OF DANDRUFF USE LISTERINE. ITS RESULTS ARE AMAZING!



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Five Mongolian girls who attended International Women's Day in Moscow on March 8, 1937, came all the way from Buriat, 4,000 miles away, on skis.

In all large American logging camps, the humidity in the air is checked regularly with a psychrometer to determine if the atmosphere is dry enough for a chance spark of any kind to start a disastrous fire. Consequently when the psychrometer registers as low as thirty per cent, logging is stopped.

Chinese laborers in the camphor forests of Formosa not only have to endure the demoralizing effect of constant rain and sheer fatigue from pushing their trucks over nearly a thousand miles of narrow-gauge railroad, but also must watch out for the wild aborigines who frequently break through the electrified barbed-wire fences on head-hunting expeditions.

An outstanding example of the superficial manner in which some part-time parole boards do their work is illustrated by the meeting of one such group in a Midwestern prison not long ago. Although each case up for parole required a study of the docket and an interview with the inmate, the board reached its 95 decisions in exactly four hours, or an average of one every two minutes and 31 seconds.

The Alifin of Oyo, a province of Nigeria, is not only considered to be an intelligent king by his 1,400,000 subjects but also is regarded as one of the most enlightened rulers in West Africa. Yet no one, outside of his palace, has ever seen his dusky face, as he always appears in public veiled against the "evil eye" by a screen of hanging beads.

Although the so-called "lie detector" merely registers certain involuntary reactions in the human body, several judges have admitted its results to the records of trials. But no appellate court in this country has ever upheld such evidence.

Mouley Ismail, Sultan of Morocco from 1672 to 1727, was presented by his many wives with about 1,100 children, the exact number being unknown as girls were not recorded. During one month, members of his large harem gave birth to 36 babies, or an average of one every 20 hours.—*By Margaret Brandenburg, Taos, New Mexico.*

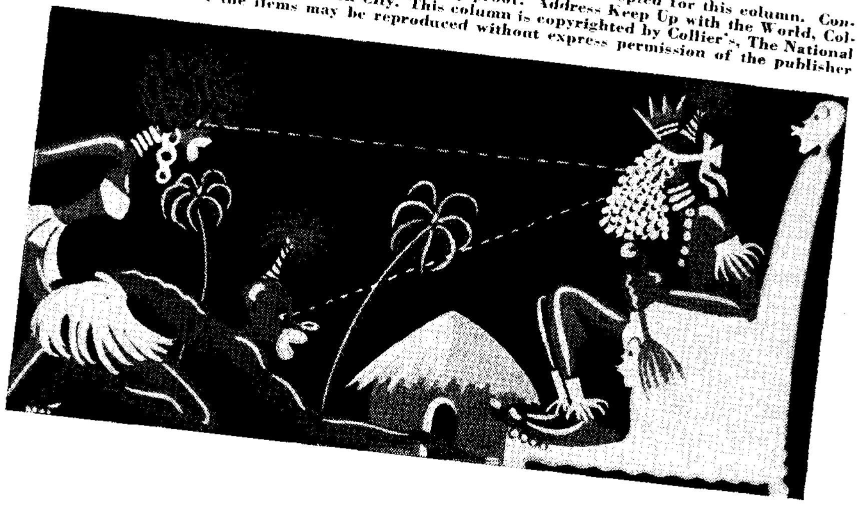
The New York Stock Exchange, founded in 1792, had its dullest day on March 16, 1830, when only 31 shares were traded. Its busiest day occurred on October 29, 1929, when the transactions totaled 16,410,030 shares.

Although more than 1,300 years have passed since the founding of Mohammedanism, one of the great religions of the world, women still are forbidden to attend formal services in the mosques.—*By Paxton Haddow, New York City.*

The Sudbury district in the province of Ontario, Canada, produces virtually the whole of the world's supply of nickel, a metal that is an essential component of all steels used for armaments.

The Netherlands, about forty per cent of whose land is below the level of the sea, is the only country that, for centuries, has been forced to protect itself with dikes from inundation. Since Roman days the total length of the construction and reconstruction of these sea walls has approximated 200,000 miles.

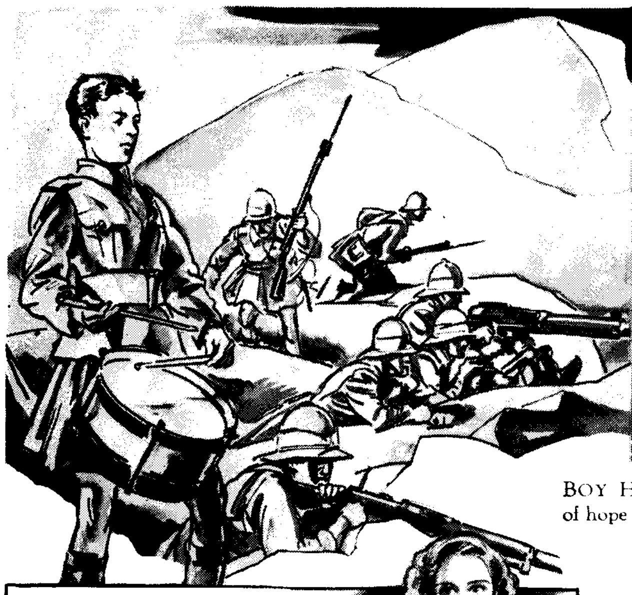
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



ONE WOMAN WHO *Dared!*

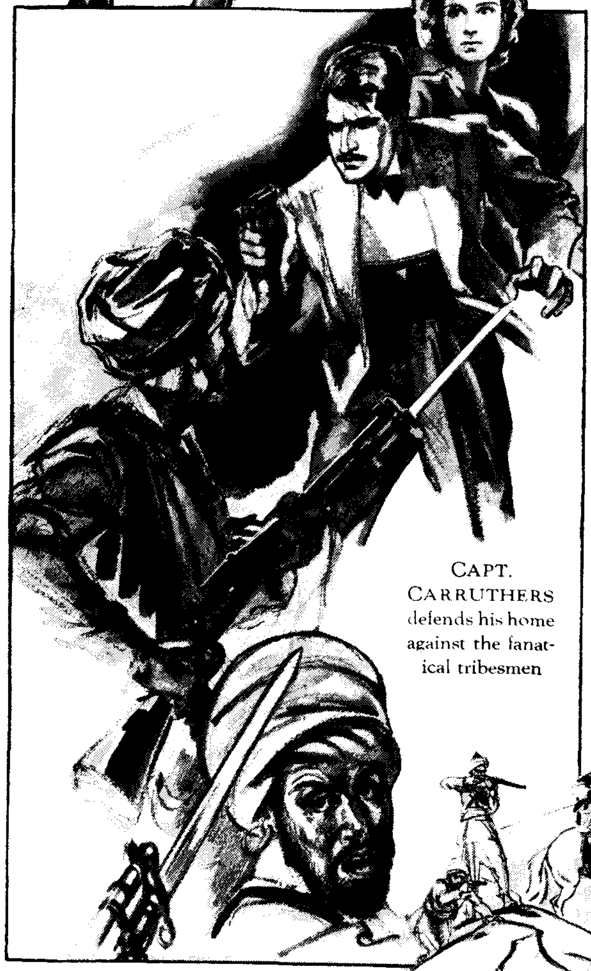
The thrilling drama of a woman whose courage carried her beyond the frontier into strange adventure!

Scenes from the film as drawn by Cyrus Leroy Baldridge, famous illustrator.



BOY HOLDER drums a signal of hope to the besieged garrison

PRINCE AZIM sounds the alarm! "Escape if you can . . ."



CAPT. CARRUTHERS defends his home against the fanatical tribesmen

Alexander Korda PRESENTS

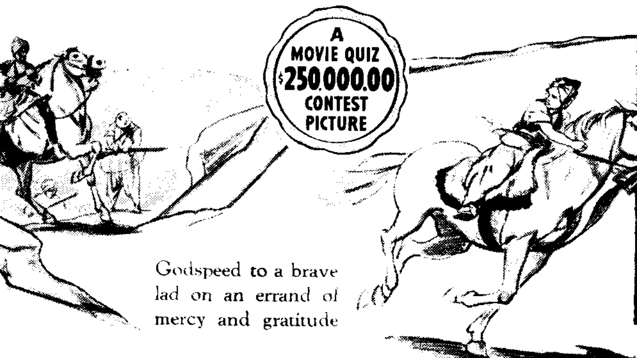
DRUMS

IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR

with **SABU** · **RAYMOND MASSEY**
DESMOND TESTER · **ROGER LIVESEY**
VALERIE HOBSON

And a Cast of 3,000 · Directed by **ZOLTAN KORDA**
From a story by A. E. W. Mason. Released thru United Artists

A MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURE

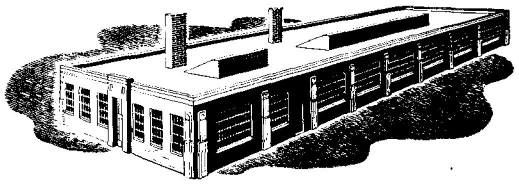


Godspeed to a brave lad on an errand of mercy and gratitude

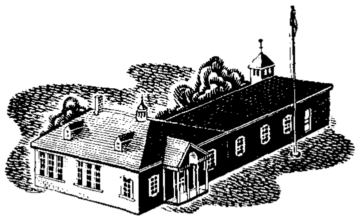
The trap is ready to spring . . "Every man for himself" . . .

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE—ASK THE MANAGER WHEN!

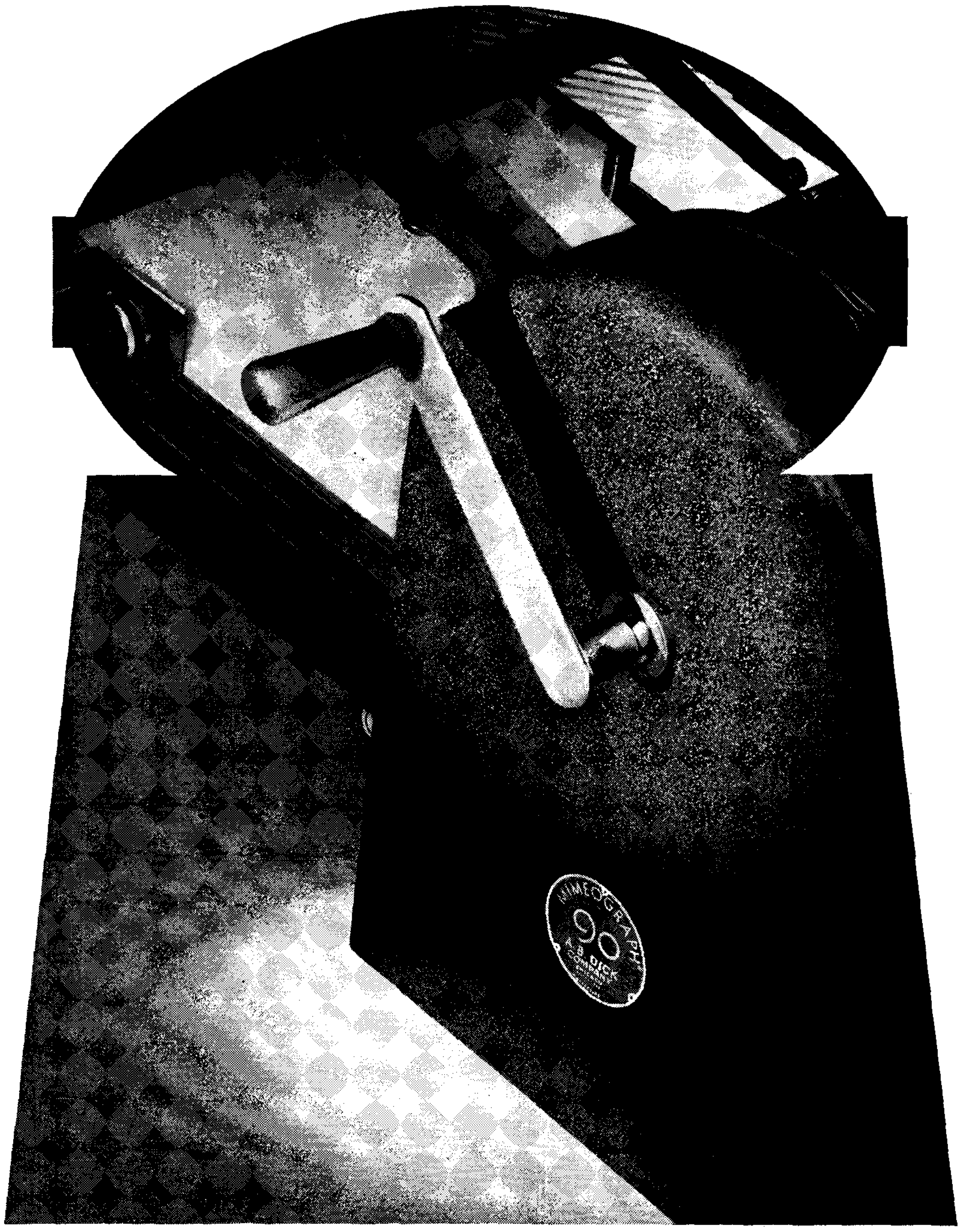
FOR THE GROWING BUSINESS



AND THE SMALLER SCHOOL



*MIMEOGRAPH adds a new low-priced model to its line..you wanted it..we built it..phone the dealer



Mimeograph Machine—*(illustrated) new low-priced, full-size Mimeograph 90*

Mimeograph Stencil Sheet *which carries your message*

Mimeograph Ink *which completes the process*

The clean, simple method of duplication—The Mimeograph Process—is now available to additional thousands of businesses and institutions. The new, low-priced Mimeograph, Model 90, with Mimeograph Stencil Sheet and Mimeograph easy-flowing, permanent Ink, makes it easy for you to get out dozens to thousands of letters, forms, school papers, mailing pieces, menus, bulletins or whatever the duplicating need may be. You'll find your Mimeograph dealer's name and number in the "Where to Buy It" section of your 'phone book. Call him.

MIMEOGRAPH

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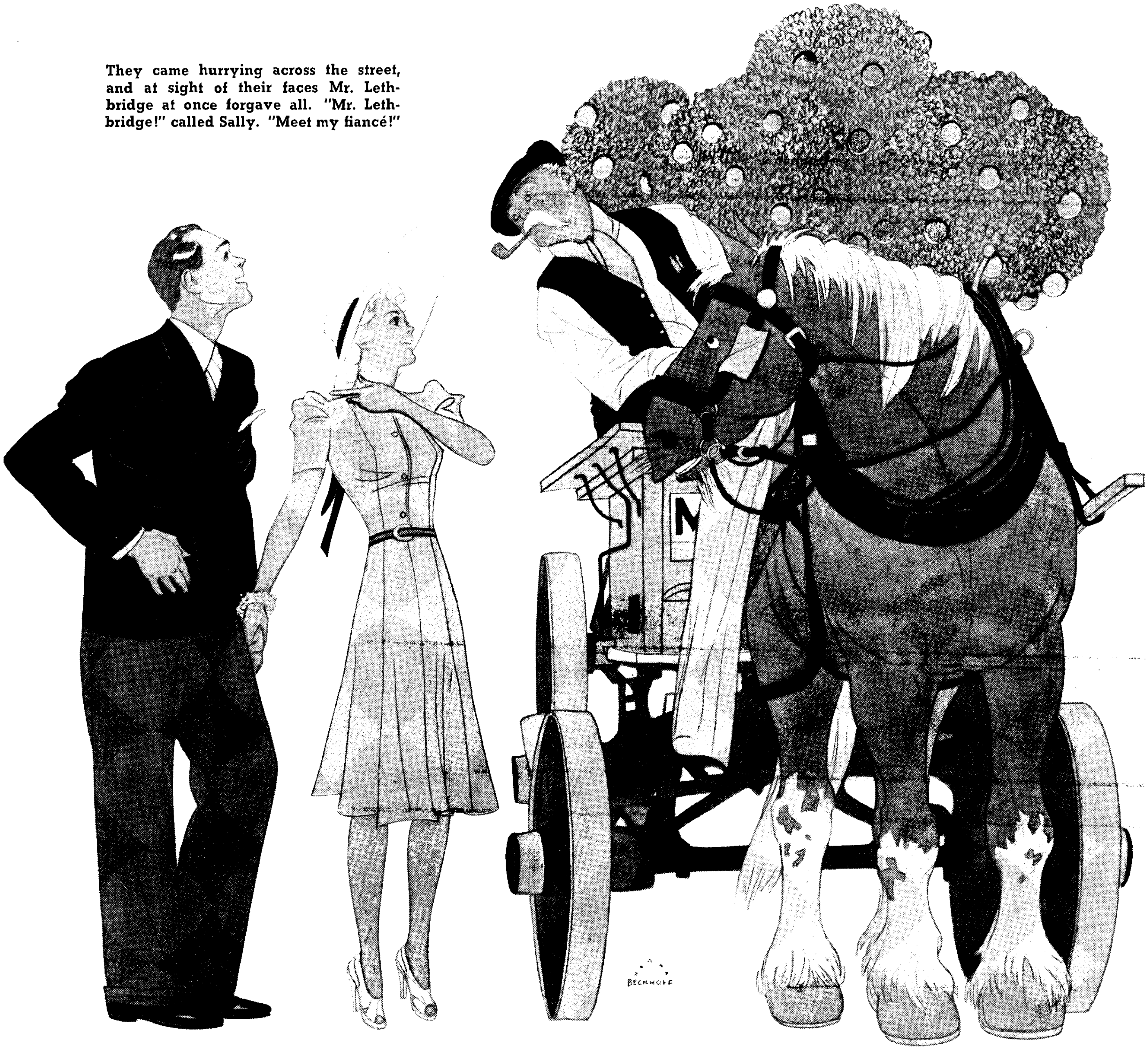
Collier's The National Weekly for October 8, 1938

They came hurrying across the street, and at sight of their faces Mr. Lethbridge at once forgave all. "Mr. Lethbridge!" called Sally. "Meet my fiancé!"



An Orange Flame

By Margery Sharp

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A flier in romance by Mr. Alf Lethbridge and horse, with all feet firmly on the ground

As THE traffic lights switched automatically from red to yellow and from yellow to green, Mr. Alf Lethbridge as automatically braced himself for a tug of war. His opponent was a plump brown horse attached to a small cart, and for perhaps ten seconds the rope and bridle stretched taut between them; then the strain relaxed, the long brown nose nodded slowly forward, and man, horse and cart were once more in motion.

Their usual speed was about two-and-a-half miles per hour, except when approaching a traffic light that showed green. Before a green light the plump brown horse, by name Tom, regularly slowed down, in the hope (or so averred Mr. Lethbridge) that it would turn red in time to afford him a supplementary pause. "Tom's artful," Mr. Lethbridge used to proclaim, over his evening beer. "He's an old fool, but he's artful as a Christian . . ."

It will thus be seen that his opinion of his colleague was a good deal mixed, but they got on as a rule very well together. While Mr. Lethbridge was loading the cart Tom stood like a rock, never stirring; and when Tom held up the traffic, Mr. Lethbridge took his part. In appearance they were somewhat alike—compact, stocky, and irretrievably plebeian. Both wore mustaches, and their mustaches were alike also—long, wispy, with a hint of a corkscrew twist. They made, as they went about their business, a satisfyingly congruous pair. The only discordant note was struck by the business itself.

For the small open cart, moving so sluggishly through the London squares, bore sometimes the likeness of a tropical forest, and sometimes the likeness of a California grove. Tall palms, asway and anod, made pleasing contrast with the façades of Belgravia; clipped orange trees, perpetually fruiting, cast unexpected shadows on the Mayfair pavements. Only the best neighborhoods saw their passage, for Mr. Lethbridge was connected (commercially speaking) with only the best people. Or at any rate the wealthiest, since only the wealthy can afford to hire, for the pleasure of their guests, palms and orange trees from a London florist.

"Maypoles Limited"—such was the name inscribed on each side of the cart, and throughout an area of about a square mile Mr. Lethbridge's peregrinations had made it a household word. To the inhabitants of that area he and Tom were familiar figures; every policeman and child in it watched for their coming—the children with delight, the policemen, if traffic were at all congested, with resentment and dismay. A nice sense of dignity made Mr. Lethbridge avoid all social contacts, but every now and then he would be addressed and questioned by some amateur florist who usually wanted to know whether oranges could be grown from pips. It was on these occasions that he most bitterly resented Tom's lack of pace; for at two-and-a-half miles per hour they could not shake off so much as an old lady.

"Whoa!" cried Mr. Lethbridge; and with great readiness Tom came to a halt before a sprucely august mansion in Berkeley Square. "Daughters," thought Alf Lethbridge, noting the spruceness with a practiced eye. He had been to grander houses in his time—houses where royalty came for dinner—and fine well-kept places they were; but this particular brand of new-painted smartness always betokened, in his experience, daughters as yet unwed. They either came and got under his feet, laughing and fluttering and pushing the pots about, or else they just looked sulkily in and snapped at their mothers. Mr. Lethbridge had not a high opinion of either class.

THE ballroom, however, at once roused his admiration. Its decorations were the sort he appreciated, white picked out with gold, and plenty of mirrors. With the help of a servant he carried in his eighteen orange trees, and by the end of half an hour had achieved what he personally considered a very neat arrangement—a row of six down each side, and a group of three at each end. Several oranges fell off in the process, but since they were all attached by string Mr. Lethbridge did not worry. He pulled out a length of twine, cut it into suitable lengths, and was just about to start on the work of reattachment when a door opened and a young girl walked in.

"Here they come!" thought Mr. Lethbridge; for he had been pleasantly surprised by the previous lack of interference. No other females followed, however: the girl was alone; and against all precedent, Mr. Lethbridge rather liked her looks. She was small, but wiry. Her plain green dress was extremely well cut, her hair was beautifully set and her face beautifully made up; but it was this quality of wiriness alone that caught Mr. Lethbridge's attention. It was so unexpected. It made her look actually capable of doing a hard day's work. Mr. Lethbridge removed a piece of string from his mouth and regarded her almost with benevolence.

"Good afternoon," said the girl quickly. Her voice was not wiry at all, but soft, with an unusual intonation. "Colonial," thought Mr. Lethbridge, to whom both the Commonwealth of Nations and the United States of America remained but empty phrases. He nodded in reply and began tying an orange to its appropriate twig. Since every orange had at some time or another fallen off, and since Mr. Lethbridge, who tied them on again, had an orderly mind, the eighteen trees presented a remarkably uniform and symmetrical appearance. The girl looked at them with an air of surprise.

"Paper-mashy," said Mr. Lethbridge, following her glance. "Lasts longer."

"Oh!" said the girl. "They look very—very nice. Thank you."

SHE turned back to the door, then suddenly changed her mind and crossed to one of the long windows. "Fidgety," thought Mr. Lethbridge. "Ought to be lying down." But it was no business of his. He got on with his job.

The girl had opened the window and was looking out.

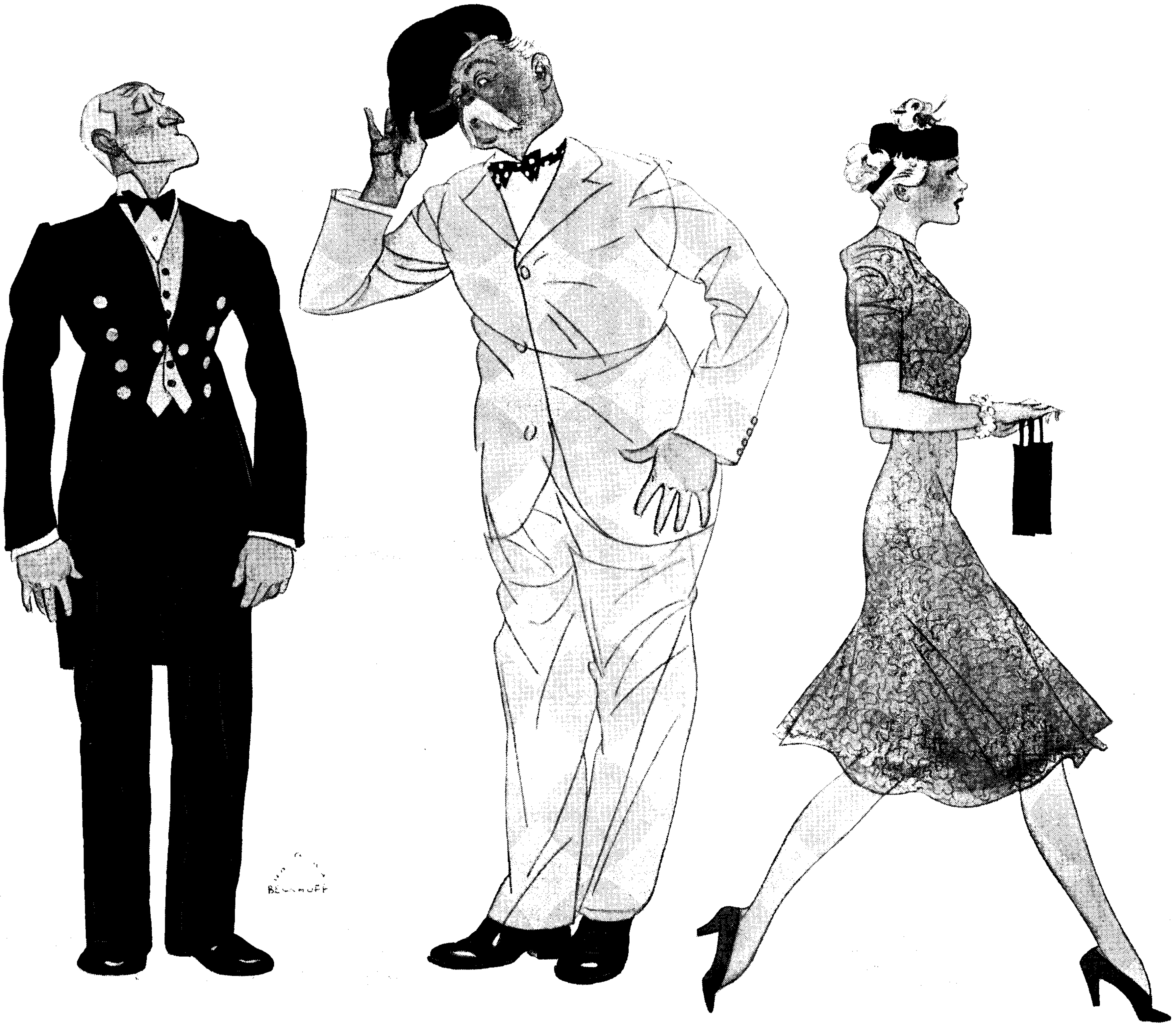
"Is that your horse?" she asked.

"In a manner of speaking, yes," replied Mr. Lethbridge. "Name of Tom."

"He looks nice," said the girl. "I wish I had some sugar."

Mr. Lethbridge stopped tying on oranges and stared at her in surprise; for she had spoken as though sugar

(Continued on page 55)



With another sneer at the butler, Mr. Lethbridge stood aside to let her pass

THE fate of Houston, Texas, will depend almost solely within the next few months upon a fork. Not a tuning fork nor a forked radish nor a fork in the road, but the common utensil used by the politer set for eating purposes. The oil may spout, the cotton may flourish, but if Ernie (Truckhorse) Lain, 230-pound quarterback of Rice Institute, gains one more ounce, there will be long lines of despondent citizens waiting their turn to mount the monument of San Jacinto (tallest in the world, not excepting Washington Monument) and leap off.

For those ignorant outlanders who keep less than an observant eye on God's Country, it may be explained that Rice won the football championship of the Southwest Conference last year and will be satisfied with nothing less than the national crown this year. Mr. Lain and his handsome figure are so inextricably tied up in this laudable ambition that bulletins were issued during the summer on his appetite. The thought that the heat of South Texas might discourage Ernie was balanced by the frightening news in July that Mr. Lain had achieved a poundage of 240. Swift couriers dashed in from the office of Bill Wallace, publicity director, bearing affidavits from Coach Jimmie Kitts that Brother Lain was subsisting entirely on lettuce-leaf sandwiches and was happily threatened with anemia.

The importance of Mr. Lain to Houston is based entirely upon the fact that he throws a pass as well as Sammy Baugh, bucks the line like Ernie Nevers and runs the team with the approximate profanity and astuteness of Bo McMillin. The games lost by Rice last year were during the period when Ernie was out with a bad leg. He was only a sophomore, a tall heavy gentleman from Mexia, Texas, but the instant he pushed his bulk into the Rice line-up, the team was made. After galloping through the worth-while competition of Texas, they ended by spotting Whizzer White and his University of Colorado stooges fourteen points in the Cotton Bowl of Dallas and then polishing them off 28-14 in a whirl of passes and delayed bucks that wore Mr. Lain down to a feeble 225.

The entire situation at Rice is astounding. The very fact that they have a coach named Kitts is enough to unman the ordinary observer. The added fact that Mr. Kitts was originally a high-school basketball coach at Athens, Texas, further confounds the layman. His high-school basketball teams won the interscholastic championship at Chicago in 1929 and 1930, and on the strength of that Rice hired him as basketball coach, although he was a graduate of Southern Methodist. When Jack Magher (pronounced Marr) left Rice for Auburn, they hurled Kitts into the football breach. Rice won the Southwest Conference title in 1934 and again last year and Jimmie Kitts will be as well-known as Ma Ferguson if he repeats this year. His chances are good if Ernie can keep under 300 pounds.

The climax game last year was against Arkansas. The Razorbacks had two great halfbacks in Robbins and Sloan and two wondrous ends in Benton and Hamilton. With three minutes to go, Arkansas was leading 20-12. At this juncture Mr. Lain wound up and threw a pass to Olie Cordill, the Rice speed boy, who went over for a touchdown. This was fine stuff but they were still behind 20-19 after the kick. With 58 seconds remaining, Rice got the ball again and went into a huddle. Lain is a gentleman without nerves and the situation fazed him not at all.

"Listen," he said to Cordill. "That Robbins is a sucker for fading to the left. You go on down there and lead him over. Then turn suddenlike and head for that corner. It'll be there."

"What do I do?" asked another back, plaintively.

"You run down there somewhere," said Ernie, "and then get to hell out of the way."

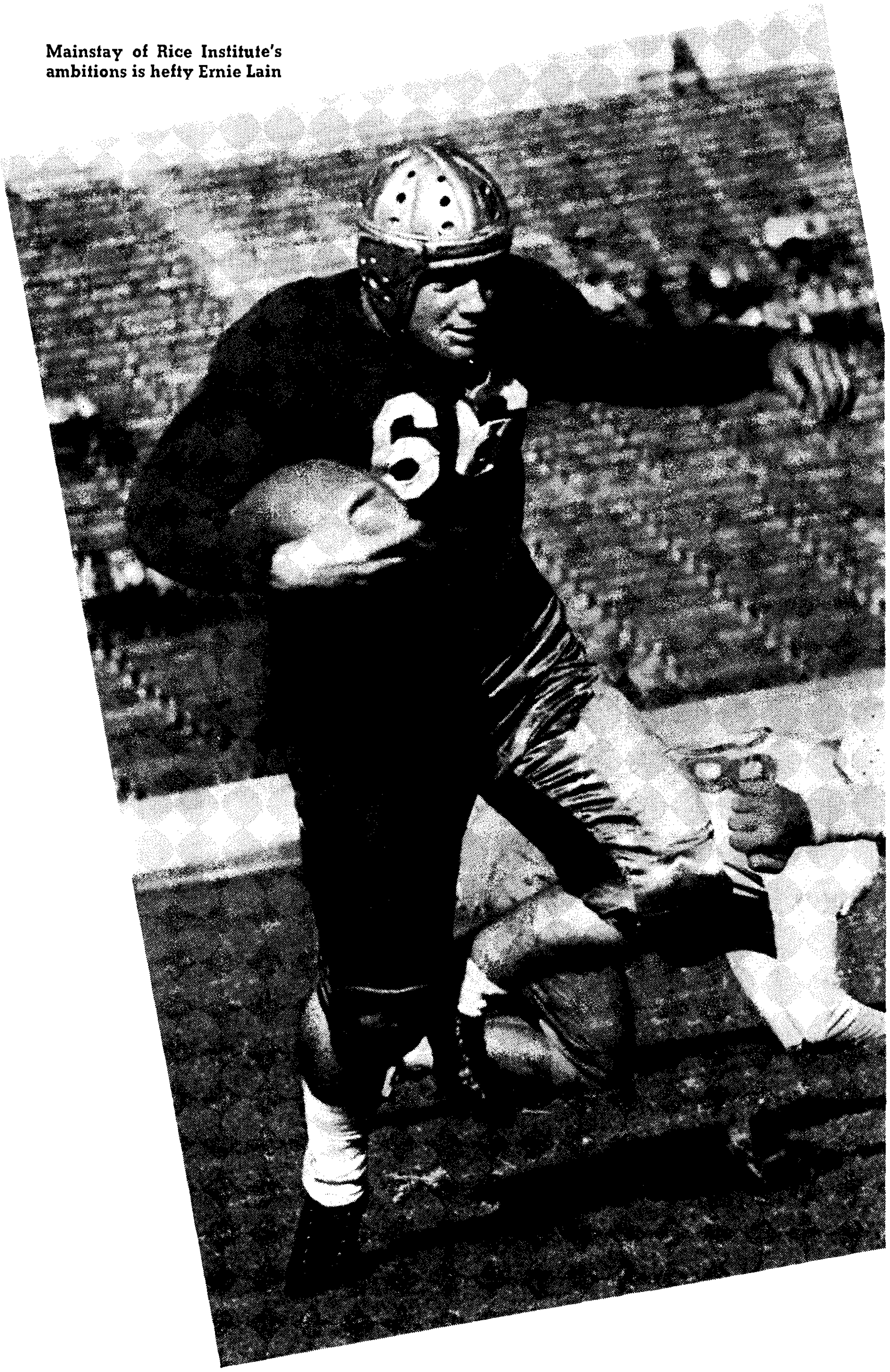
Cordill went down, sucked Robbins over and then whirled and headed for the corner. All he had to do was turn and take the ball over his shoulder and step over the goal line. Everybody in Houston was pleased.

During the time when Ernie was recuperating from a spike wound, Mr. Kitts and the team went through a harrowing experience against Louisiana State. Louisiana was ahead 6-0 when Rice got the ball almost on the goal line. It was resting with its tip on the last white stripe and it was first down and Rice was sure of this one score at least. The center passed the ball; it hit a Rice back on the shoulder and popped into the arms of Cavanaugh of Louisiana, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation. Faced with this happy event, Mr. Cavanaugh folded the little spheroid to his heart and started off for distant parts. He ran 99 yards and the score went up on board: L.S.U., 13; Rice, 0; and that was the way it ended. The game at Baton Rouge this year was sold out completely, with the exception of standing room, as early as July 11, although the stirring battle is not to be fought until October 18. This reveals the effect of climate upon a delicate citizenry.

This year Mr. Lain will add punting as well as additional avoirdupois to his repertory, and he will need it. The conference is

(Continued on page 61)

Mainstay of Rice Institute's ambitions is hefty Ernie Lain



A Life for a Life

By Robert G. Elliott

As told to Albert R. Beatty

"Mr. Elliott: Your daughter will die just like you killed Irene Schroeder." . . . "Mr. Elliott: How can you press the button to send people to their death?" . . . "If you give R. B. H. the juice, you will be sorry." Most letters Executioner Elliott receives contain empty threats, but the bombing of his home was real enough

III

MRS. ELLIOTT had been saying for several weeks as the spring of 1928 approached that we ought to have the house redecorated and the front vestibule repaired. But you know how it is—you let things like that slide. There is always next week.

Early in the morning of May 18, 1928, however, we made up our minds in a hurry. We decided not only that the house would have to be redecorated but also that the whole front of our two-story home would have to be rebuilt. I claim no credit for decisiveness in the matter. We were influenced by an event of the most compelling nature.

At 1:10 o'clock on that mid-May morning, our house was wrecked by a bomb that made shredded debris of the whole front of the sturdy frame building. The newspapers exaggerated a bit when they stated that part of the house was blown from its foundation and that Mrs. Elliott and myself, Daughter Gertrude, Son Bob and a cousin visiting us were thrown from our beds. It wasn't quite that bad. But it was close enough to a holocaust to suit us.

We had spent a quiet evening. Friends who had dropped in for a visit had left about 10:30. Bob had come in about 11 o'clock. Shortly after that, we were all abed and asleep. Bob had come in through the front door. The front vestibule was small and he unquestionably would have noticed any but the smallest object as he snapped on the outer light.

A time bomb, built to kill and placed there, we believe, after 11 o'clock, had wrecked the house but had failed of its primary object—my death.

Every window in the house was blown out. A section of the roof was hurled thirty feet, landing on a neighboring garage. Neighbors' homes were showered with flying pieces of timber and glass and their windows were blown out, too. A man at work loading a milk truck nearly a block away told the police he was knocked down by the impact. The dead body of an owl that had been resting in a tree that shades our house was found on the sidewalk. But no human being was more than scratched, although goodness knows how many nervous systems were shattered for some time to come.

This was the method some man or men had picked to protest the fact that I had been serving for a little more than two years as the state's agent of legal death.

It is a strange sensation to be jarred thus almost out of one's bed in the dead of night. My first sensation was as if I were stunned by the compression of air against my eardrums. The house seemed to shiver with the dull roar of the explosion. At the same instant there was the jangle of crashing window glass.

Earthquake, I thought first; then, cyclone. But my third, almost instant, guess was correct. A bomb!

Mrs. Elliott did not scream. I recall noting that and, with the queer detachment that comes to one in such an emergency, admiring her for it.

Then, after a seemingly endless time that was perhaps five or ten seconds, all was quiet. We grabbed at what articles of clothing were nearest, threw them around us and groped our way into the other rooms to make sure that the young people were safe. Finally we all stumbled down a stairway that was bulged by the force of the blow and covered with plaster and broken glass.

No plaster had fallen in the room Mrs. Elliott and I occupied. The ceiling of every other room in the house was wrecked. The boys, Bob, Jr., and his cousin, Tom Lang, got it worst. Their room was directly over the front vestibule.

When finally we got downstairs, two neighbors, Mr. Diebele and Mr. Doll, were banging at the side door, trying to get in. A policeman who had come running from his post at the corner was attempting to stop them, warning them not to enter because of the danger of falling walls.

"Our neighbors are in there and we're going in to help them if they need it," they had told the policeman.

A police car came clanging into action within three minutes. The neighborhood, normally as quiet as a churchyard, seethed with fright and excitement. Startled householders, our good neighbors, ruefully viewed their broken windows and incidental damage. But, thankfully, the ambulance that arrived almost in a dead heat with the police car was not needed.

After nearly an hour, when it became evident that nothing more could be done until daybreak, I returned to bed. I was

(Continued on page 26)

Misdirected resentment took tangible form in 1928 when the Elliott home was bombed. No one was injured

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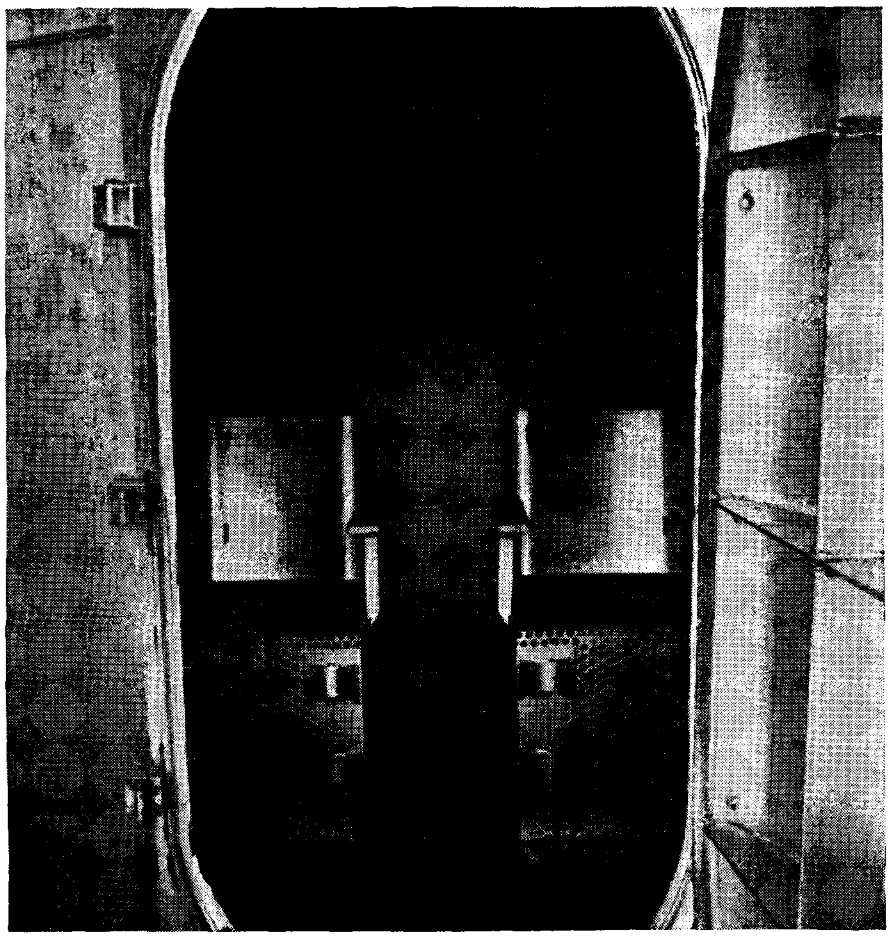
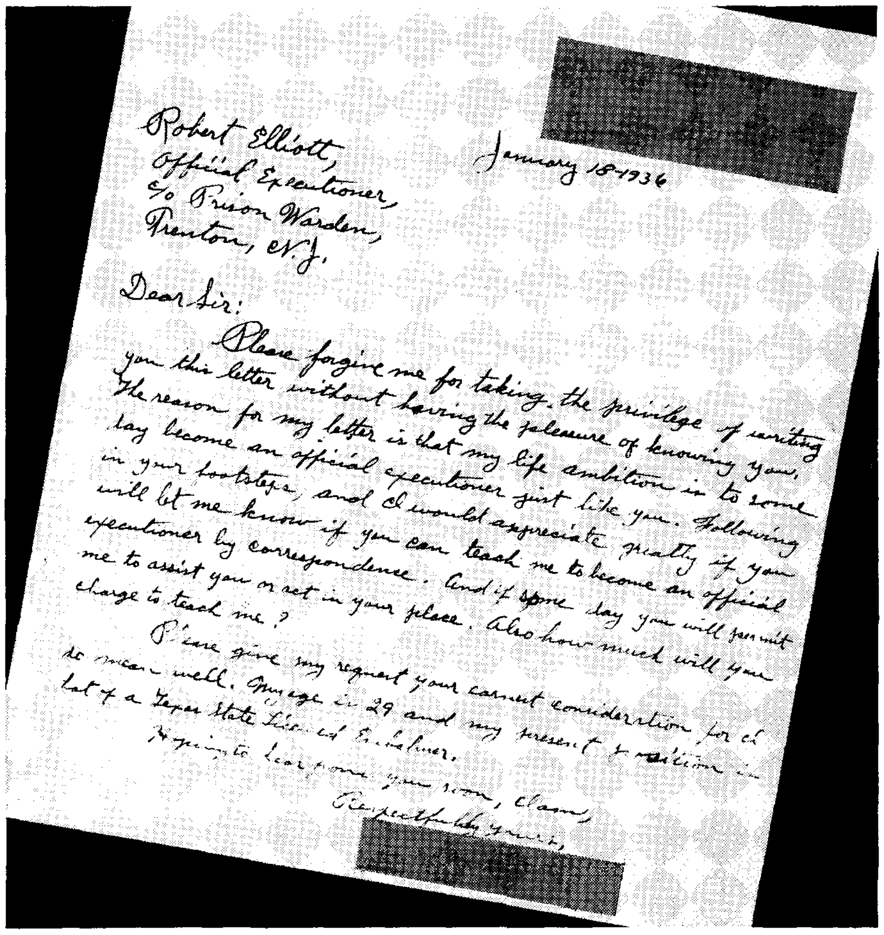


ACME

Less humane than the electric chair, in Executioner Elliott's opinion, are lethal gas chambers. Five have died in this one in Missouri's state penitentiary



[redacted]

Robert Elliott,
Official Executioner,
c/o Prison Warden,
Trenton, N.J.

January 18-1936

Dear Sir:

Please forgive me for taking the privilege of writing you this letter without having the pleasure of knowing you. The reason for my letter is that my life ambition is to some day become an official executioner just like you. Following in your footsteps, and I would appreciate greatly if you will let me know if you can teach me to become an official executioner by correspondence. And if some day you will permit me to assist you or act in your place. Also how much will you charge to teach me?

Please give my request your earnest consideration for I do mean well. My age is 29 and my present position is that of a Texas State Licensed Embalmer.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

Respectfully yours,

[redacted]

Many of the letters in the voluminous Elliott fan mail are from persons eager to become executioners. This is a typical specimen

Broadway Murder

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Mr. O'Malley finds a mink coat useful in hunting a killer

I watched O'Malley, but I didn't find out anything. He acted just like any other waiter

WE GOT a Broadway killing," O'Malley said. "You either solve these night-people cases right away or you have a tough time cracking 'em. This looks to be a easy one. A guy that called himself Norden got bumped off in a car on East River Drive. Cops knew him to be a member of a mob that hung out around hotels and cafés and got money out of strangers—con guys. He had been shot and the gun was in the car. Witnesses had seen him get in the car that night with someone that answered the description of a guy from Rochester named Dennin. So they pinched Dennin."

"How did they find him?" I inquired.

"Cops knew where he was. They just went to his hotel and picked him up. It turned out the gun was Dennin's, so it looks like there ain't nothing to the case, but I got orders I'm to check on it."

O'Malley had a record of the arrest. It said Dennin was twenty-six years old. He was a buyer of sports goods for a department store in Rochester and came frequently to New York. We went to see him. They had him at headquarters.

"He has got visitors," a desk officer informed us.

"Yeah. Who?"

"They claim they're his parents."

We went in anyway. I thought Dennin was good-looking. An elderly man and sweet-faced woman were talking with him. There was a girl about twenty years old there too. Her name was Miss Ende. They had traveling bags that showed they had come from Rochester and hadn't yet gone to a hotel, and the women were crying.

"I guess you been telling these people how it come about that you knocked that guy off," O'Malley said to Dennin.

"He didn't do it!" Mrs. Dennin declared.

"Lady, he'd say that anyway."

"No," Dennin said nervously, "I didn't do it. I just have been foolish. I met that man at my hotel. He didn't call himself Norden; he called himself Bufort. We got acquainted and went around several evenings together. He said he was a big businessman, and he kept talking about some stock he had that belonged to a woman who wanted to sell it but didn't want her husband to know, and he was afraid if he sold it through a broker her husband would find out. It was stock in a company I knew the name of and knew was all right. He said the woman would take a good deal less than it was worth if she was sure no one would know. I had three thousand dollars I'd saved up because I was expecting to get married."

"Yeah? To this lady here?"

"Yes," the girl said.

"So what?"

"Well, I bought the stock. When I got back to Rochester I showed it to a banker and he said the company had been reorganized and this was the old stock and it wasn't worth anything. So I complained to the New York police and they said that kind of man went by a lot of different names and they couldn't recognize him from my description. This time when I came to New York I decided to look for the man myself."

"So you come packing a gun."

"Yes; I brought a revolver, but I didn't intend to shoot anybody. The police hadn't found out anything, so I went around looking for him. I went around several evenings to all the places I'd been with him and to a lot of other places. Last night I saw him. He came out of a restaurant and got into a car and I was right behind him and got into the car with him. I told him the stock was no good and I wanted my money back and he kept arguing that the stock was all right. It was after midnight and we had got to the East Side and I didn't see any people around. So then I took out the gun. I told him he didn't know what kind of person he was dealing with and I was going to get my money back.

"Of course I didn't have any intention of shooting him. Well, he probably realized that, because he grabbed the gun away from me and made me get out of the car. I couldn't see any policeman and I was kind of ashamed about it. I hadn't learned any more about the man than I'd already told the police, and I hadn't got the number of the car, and I decided I'd wait till morning and then tell it to the police officer I'd talked with before. In the morning two detectives came to the hotel and arrested me and when I tried to tell them how it was they laughed at me."

"YOU believe that guy's story?" O'Malley asked me when we had got outside.

"No," I said. "I'm sorry. If it were the way he tells it, he would have gone straight to the police. Going back to his hotel convicts him. His story may be true up to the point where Norden tried to grab the gun, but I can't believe, when that happened, Dennin didn't pull the trigger."

"Sure. Everybody thinks that. Well, now, it's funny. A cop ain't supposed to believe nobody and I don't believe as much as other cops. We got all a lawyer needs to prove a murder case—motive and opportunity. Still, I believe the kid, but I guess I am the only guy that will. It might be there's something wrong with me. I thought this one was a easy case, but now it turns into a hard one. Well, we'll see what we can do with it."

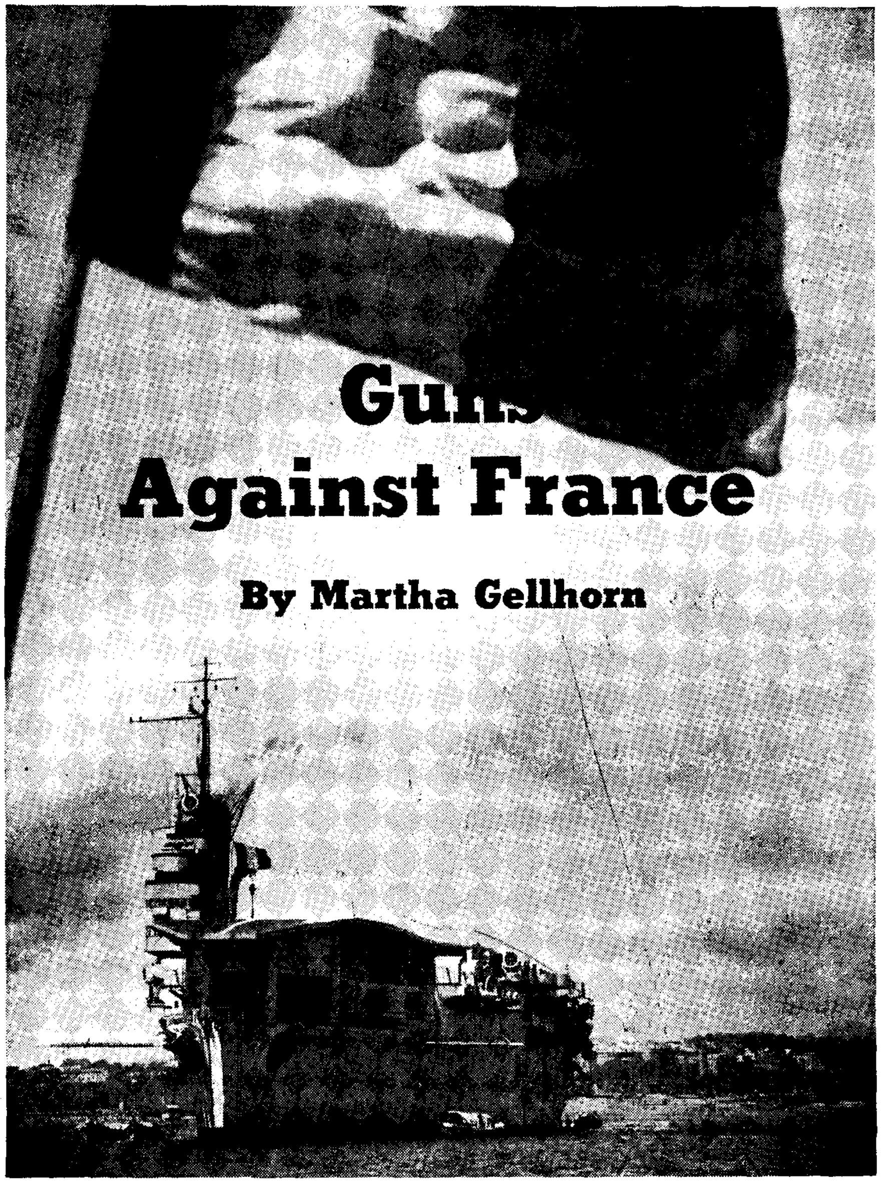
We saw the mobsters. They had them at the station house—a man who called himself Craig and another named Pailey and another named Press. They weren't under arrest, but had been brought in for questioning. They all were barbered and manicured and carefully dressed and police questioning didn't bother them—they acted as if they might have been through it before.

"How was this about this *(Continued on page 53)*

Guns Against France

By Martha Gellhorn

France has great friends and a tested courage of her own; she believes she could win a war. But that's not what she wants. She has won wars before and knows there is nothing in it—nothing but heartbreak and calamity. This is what the men and women of France are thinking as the iron ring of enemies tightens around their land



PIX

BLACK STAR

France's soldiers, a potential nine million like these, command the respect of fighting men everywhere. Above, her aircraft carrier Bearn

FRANCE is a lonely country. Beyond the Rhine and beyond the Alps are Fascist states. The Kingdom of Belgium in time of war is a battlefield at best; at worst it is merely a roadway for the invader. Switzerland is lost and quiet in the mountains, and who knows whether its neutrality or Holland's neutrality would be respected? The Mediterranean becomes more and more ominously a lake, with the Italian air force already settled in the Balearics and in Spanish Morocco, within easy striking distance of France's essential Mediterranean ports. And the Pyrenees, which used to be high mountains cutting France off from a docile neighbor, are now not high enough, and are being well fortified with German guns.

So the Republic of France watches the armaments race of the world and arms also. And plays the so-called game of diplomacy, muddling desperately along with the rest of Europe. And waits. And fears war.

There is no need to prepare the minds of the French for war; they know all about it. They do not have to go to classes to be told what air raids are like; they do not have to be consoled with cheap free gas masks. They do not trust their badly printed, feverish newspapers, but they read them. They see the news distorted according to the politics or economics of the newspaper proprietors, but they manage anyhow to keep all the facts in mind day by day. A dock worker in Marseille, or a spinner in Lille, or a farmer in the Loire country can tell you clearly and simply about Spain, Czechoslovakia, and what Germany is up to. The French eat and breathe politics: and now—this warm, golden summer—politics means talk of war and peace.

Not being at all a simple-minded people, the French do not believe that wars are declared because a flag has been insulted. They know very well that wars are made in one sense or another for money, like everything else. But when the white mobilization order is pasted on the walls, and the bands begin to play, and the stocky soldiers in badly fitting uniforms parade up the Champs-Elysees, all France—both Right and Left—will be united. The Right will go to war because it cannot accept that France should become a second-class power, stripped of its empire and its wealth. The Left will go to war because it cannot accept the spread of Fascism and the destruction of democracy. And all Frenchmen, whether Red or White or any shade between, will fight the foreigner who comes with high explosive to mar their handsome land.

The French know and name their danger. Germany is bursting out, like flood water breaking through a levee. The French do not spend too much time worrying about the Italians alone, but they have the heartiest respect for the tenacity, energy and ruthlessness of their old enemies across the Rhine. And now there are the Pyrenées to consider, and Franco, and his allies. It is enough to frighten any man and particularly a Frenchman who loves his home and his regular comfortable habits, his hard work and his *apéritif* at the end of the day, his fishing on Sunday afternoons, his six-day bicycle races, his savings and his vote. The Frenchman looks about him with alarm, hoping to see some direction, some leadership, some escape from the menace that hangs over the world. And he sees that his own statesmen have adopted "God Save the King" as the national anthem, and he hopes they know what they're doing.

France has no foreign policy of its own, at this moment. It is not to the interest of France to have Czechoslovakia weakened and yet France backs England in urging on the Czech government every concession and compromise. The amazing one-way policy of non-intervention in Spain is repugnant to the great mass of French voters, and it is not to the national interest to have German guns growing among the pines on the Pyrenees frontier. It is not wise to treat coolly the greatest military ally on the continent: Russia. But France follows England because France is not ready for war, and because France hates war. Men do not forget everything in twenty years. France accepts for the time being any compromise at all, any arrangement—even hypocritical or shortsighted or downright cowardly—that anyone suggests. For peace. For peace this week and next week and this summer and if lucky next winter, and if God is good (no matter what the price) peace forever.

The threat of war is used as blackmail, and England pays and France—bitterly—pays with her. Meantime propaganda is used by the dictator countries with persistence and cleverness. In France itself, the Cagoulards—a secret, semi-military organization—is exposed. The French learn with horror that violence is being planned in their country by secret agents, with foreign money and encouragement. The Fascist party of Doriot grows slowly but nevertheless grows, bolstered by every success of foreign Fascism, and every French concession to blackmail. In the African colonies of France, foreign agents work to weaken the French military control over the native tribes and troops. There is underground, everywhere, this evil thing creeping: war, war, war. . . .

But France Has a Friend

And on the surface, France is as beautiful as ever, as gay, as brilliant and as green. When things look very dark—Czechoslovakia encircled and menaced (and Czechoslovakia is as vital to France as any of its own frontiers), the hot sky of Spain specked with black Junkers and silver Savoia-Marchettis, Germany loud and arrogant in its demands, Austria gone, Italy bleeding France and England as successfully as if it were the greatest power in Europe—then the French invite George VI, king-emperor, to visit them. There was far more to that royal visit than a handsome show, and the French knew it. Paris was bright with flags, and flowers grew everywhere, and even the butcher shops had

BLACK STAR

To Frenchmen, the ruined towns and scarred soil, the battlefields and cemeteries of Northern France are grim reminders. Above, the ruins of Montfaucon

WIDE WORLD

Colonial troops are important factors in French military preparedness. These are Algerian Spahis, participating with regular French troops in war games

graceful pictures of George and Elizabeth, displayed among the steaks and sausages. And all Paris went into the streets to welcome the royal guests. And all France echoed to the tune of "God Save the King," via the radio, and everyone had a marvelous time.

But also France showed its hostile and bullying neighbors that it was solidly united to a strong friend, even if that strong friend was at the moment behaving like a fifth-rate power with no outlet to the sea. The French said in effect to themselves and the world: "All right. We are blackmailed and we concede until our diplomacy looks like a crazy retreat. We do not want war. But if you make war, here we are with a strong friend. If ever we start fighting, we will win." Only gloomy or superstitious people remembered that George V had come to call on the French shortly before the last war.

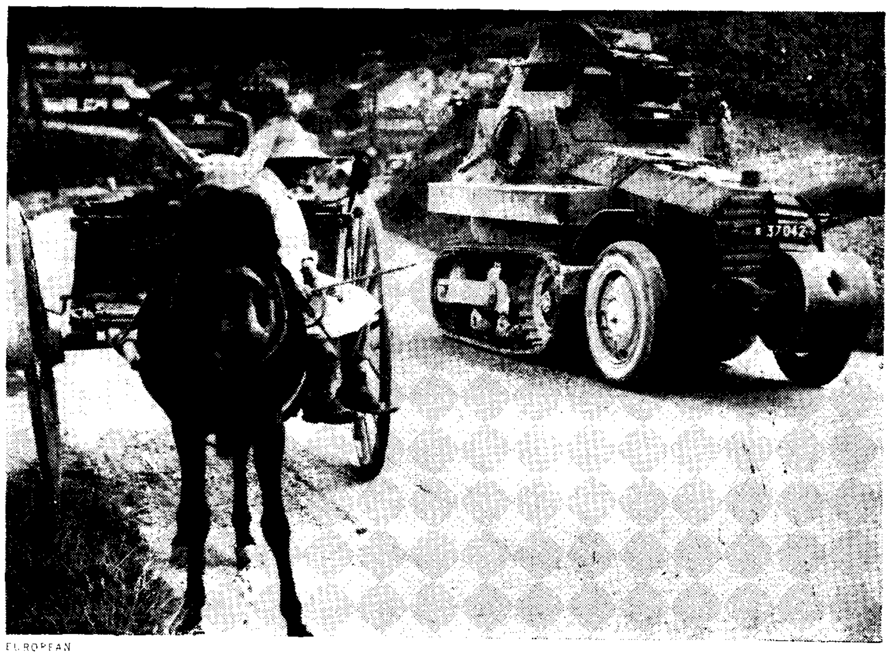
At present, in France, there is none of the elaborate war preparation of the civilian population that goes on in England, Czechoslovakia and the dictator countries. The civilian population is left alone, possibly because the French government has not yet decided how to handle this problem, possibly also because the French people have a genius for doing things at the last minute, and for not getting panicked.

The army is a different matter. Military service has been lengthened to two years, and the unfortunate young men of France, who all dislike the barracks violently, are trained with care to perform in a modern army. In case of war 8,900,000 of these soldiers could be mobilized. Nearly nine million of the always short, always horribly clothed, disorderly-looking troops who never seem able to march in step but who can fight—as all the world knows—in a way to command awe.

Two cavalry divisions are mechanized, with light armored fighting tanks, and light cars and motorcycles. Ten infantry divisions are motorized: they have tractor-drawn artillery, and small armored carriers for mortars, machine guns and ammunition. The troops can be carried in motor lorries, and thus these units are able to operate far from a railhead with great speed. Mechanization and motorization of the army goes on: the French general staff fears above all a surprise attack, and as it took two weeks in the last war before the mass armies got going in the field, they wish to have a partial lightning-swift army to throw into defense immediately. They must also have an army that can be moved with speed but without congestion: everyone knows the damage that enemy airplanes can do to troop concentrations.

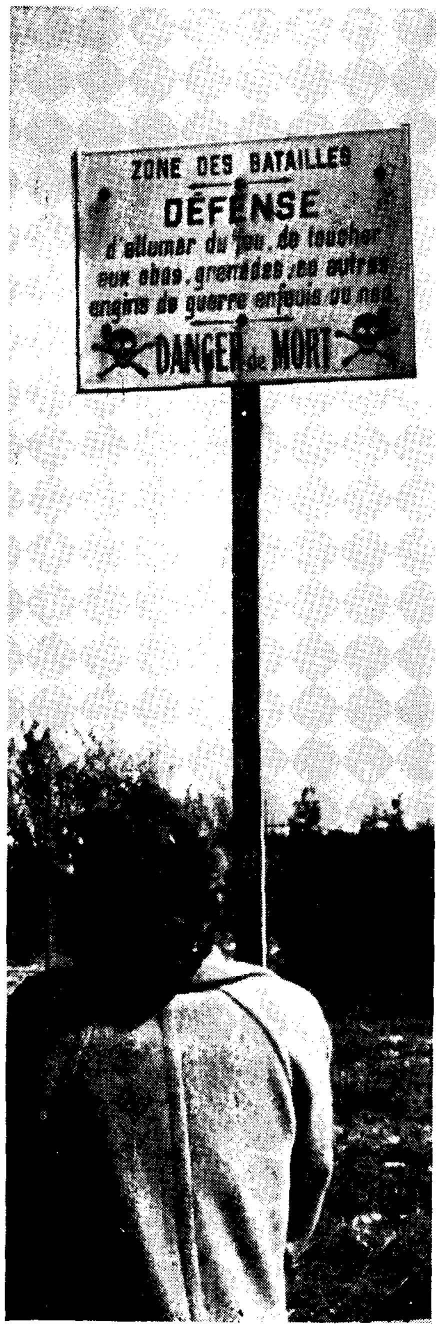
France has a navy consisting of 179 units, including capital ships, aircraft carriers, torpedo boats and submarines. More are under construction. And the navy takes on vital importance in view of the Mediterranean as it now is, with Italy at both ends, and supplies and men

(Continued on page 34)



EUROPEAN

A light French fighting tank, a unit in the lightning-swift special forces maintained against surprise invasion


ZONE DES BATAILLES
DÉFENSE
d'allumer du feu, de toucher aux obus, grenades, ou autres engins de guerre enfouis ou non
DANGER de MORT

BLACK STAR

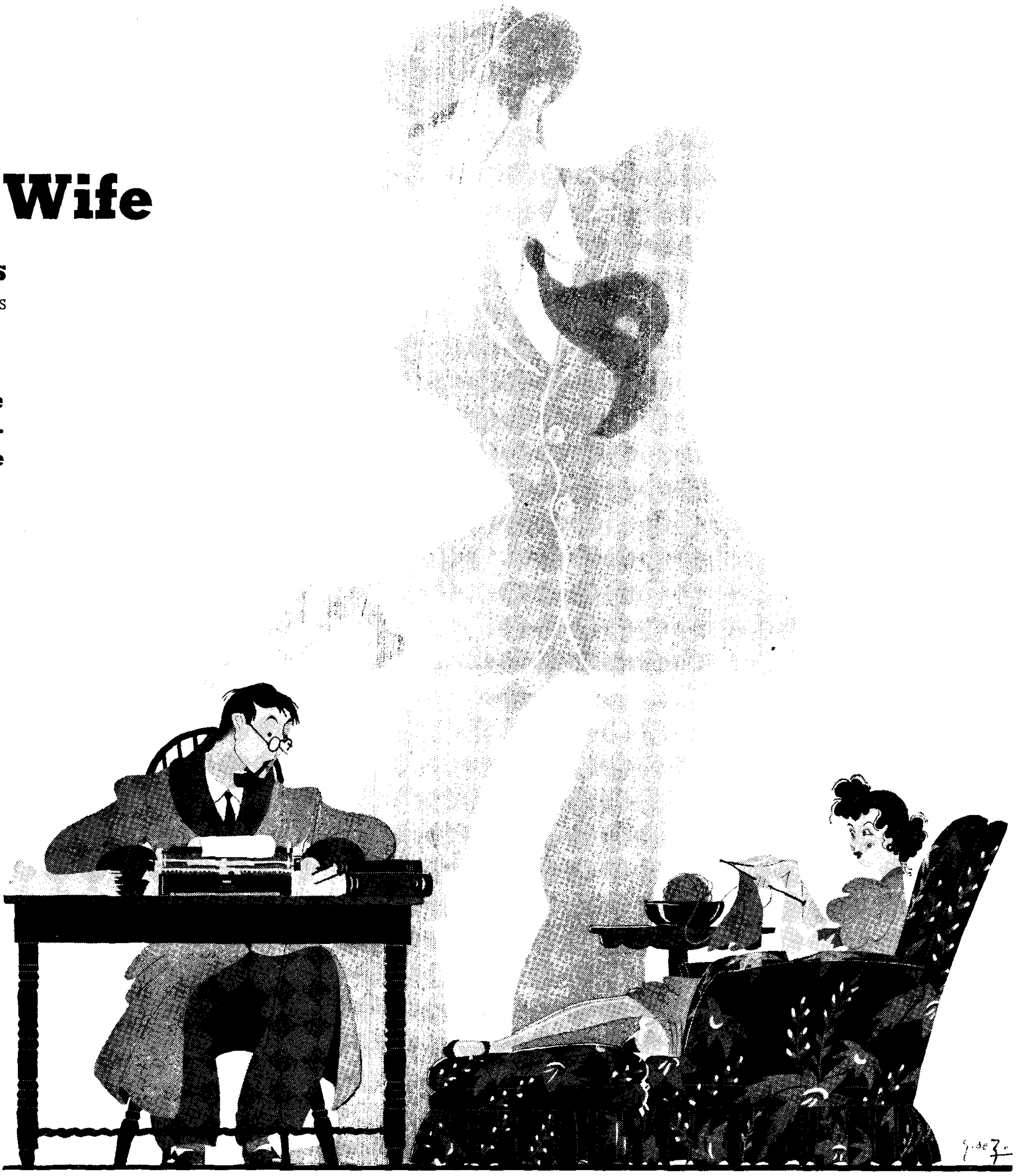
A World War battlefield sign warns against shells: "Danger of Death"

Something to Tell the Wife

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The day they bring Peter home on a shutter his wife will be impressed. But not a moment before



The real Peter was a liar, by profession and without reproach

THERE were two Peters, and even Alice, who was married to both of them, sometimes found it hard to distinguish one from the other. Peter in his proper person was one of those individuals to whom interesting and exciting things are forever almost happening; but the things that never quite happened to Peter himself did happen, by a pleasant fictional sublimation, to the other Peter. For the real Peter was a liar, by profession and without reproach; and any incident might pass through his imaginative processes and emerge as a presumably autobiographical but actually purely fictional adventure of the other Peter. A small but enthusiastic circle of readers looked for these adventures, laughed over them, discussed them with one another. There was beginning to be a cult of the other Peter.

Peter and Alice always came to the farm for the month of October, Peter to sit at his desk all morning and to gun the familiar covers all afternoon, while Alice kept him comfortable and kept the house in order and serene. They had here no telephone, no radio, no daily paper. Except for the mail every evening, they withdrew completely from the world.

There came a crisp and lovely day in the third week of the month. When Peter rose at first sun, frost had whitened the stubble in the orchard; the countryside was an exquisite mosaic of fantastically brilliant colors. Nevertheless he stayed virtuously at his desk till well past noon, and it was not till a quarter past one that he left the farm. Alice kissed him and said remindingly:

“You'll be careful, won't you?”

“Sure, I always am.”

“I worry so, with you poking around through the woods alone.”

He chuckled and said, nodding toward his eighteen-month-old setter pup already eager in the car: “If anything goes wrong, I'll send Chips home with a note tied to his collar, like the dogs in the Sunday School books. Or at least the other Peter will. Nothing ever actually happens to me. 'By. I may gun late, so don't expect me till you see me.”

She kissed him again and let him go. He decided to gun certain covers east of the village, where the farms were for the most part abandoned and most of the roads were more or less disused. He turned that way, and at the crossroad a state policeman stepped out with uplifted hand, and another officer by the roadside held an automatic shotgun palpably ready for use.

Peter ground his brakes and skidded to an instant stop; and the officers approached him, one on either side. They looked at him; they looked into the seat beside him; and since Peter's was that model called a “business coupe,” with a luggage compartment instead of a rumble in the rear, one of them opened that compartment and looked in. They made these investigations without uttering a word; and Peter, feeling as guilty as the most respectable citizens inevitably do feel when an officer gives them any personal attention, cleared his throat and asked:

“What's the trouble, officer?”

The man beside him shook his head. “No trouble,” he said. He asked politely: “Finding any birds?”

“A few. What's wrong?”

“Not a thing,” the policeman assured him. “Drive on.”

SO PETER gulped and drove on; but when his breathing returned to normal, he began to grin delightedly. This was reality, not make-believe. Those state policemen were after somebody, and they were serious and ready to shoot. Probably a dangerous prisoner had escaped from the state prison down at Thomaston. Peter, driving on toward the cover he meant to gun, elaborated the situation in his thoughts. Since they were watching the roads, the fugitive had, obviously, a car; probably stolen. But since the roads were watched, sooner or later he would have to abandon the car and take to the woods. Peter began to shape in his thoughts one of those sketches that were his stock in trade. In the sketch, the other Peter encountered the prisoner, and they shot it out! Peter liked that phrase. They shot it out, and no doubt the other Peter captured the criminal and marched him back here and delivered him to the state policemen.

The incidents he now imagined were plausible enough. Peter could shoot a shotgun quickly and well. Also—this was palpably a part of his imaginative life—he always carried in a separate pocket of his hunting coat one shell loaded with buckshot and another loaded with a single ball. He carried those heavy loads, he was accustomed to explain, in case he met a quarrelsome moose—or even a fretful bear.

He left his car beside the road today at a familiar spot, and he left the key in the lock. No one ever touched a hunter's car, or stole from it, in this locality. Then he called Chips in and put a bell on his collar; and he added another collar, curiously encumbered.

Chips was only partly trained. He ranged wide. It was necessary to slow him down. So Peter had rigged a length of long-linked chain like a jumping yoke, against which Chips must bang his shins if he ran too fast. The chain dangled across the dog's forelegs, high up; and Chips was forever getting his feet through the chain.

At such times Chips sat down and howled, flatly refusing to travel under such handicaps till Peter had untangled his legs from the chain. Also, to slow him down and to make him mindful of authority, a thirty-foot length of rope dragged from the pup's collar. This sometimes became entangled in brush; and when that happened, Chips likewise yipped and howled till Peter found him and released him.

When Chips was fully accoutered, looking something like an inadequately harnessed horse, Peter stepped into the covers. He carried his gun on his shoulder, trigger up, holding it as a man may hold a revolver raised and ready to be thrown down on a target instantly. Chips was ranging to Peter's left when a partridge jumped on his right, ten or fifteen yards away. Peter's gun snapped down and he pulled. The bird fell dead.

"That was a quick one, Chips. That bird hadn't flown ten feet before I cut him down." He grinned and added: "If that partridge had been this escaped convict, old boy, we'd have had him cold."

HIS thoughts went back to the policemen and the fugitive they sought; and during the next hour or two, while he made a wide circuit, he found himself wondering where the fugitive would hide if he were driven off the highways. Peter himself knew a dozen remote abandoned farms which might still offer shelter. There was one on the shoulder of the mountain a mile or so beyond where he had left his car.

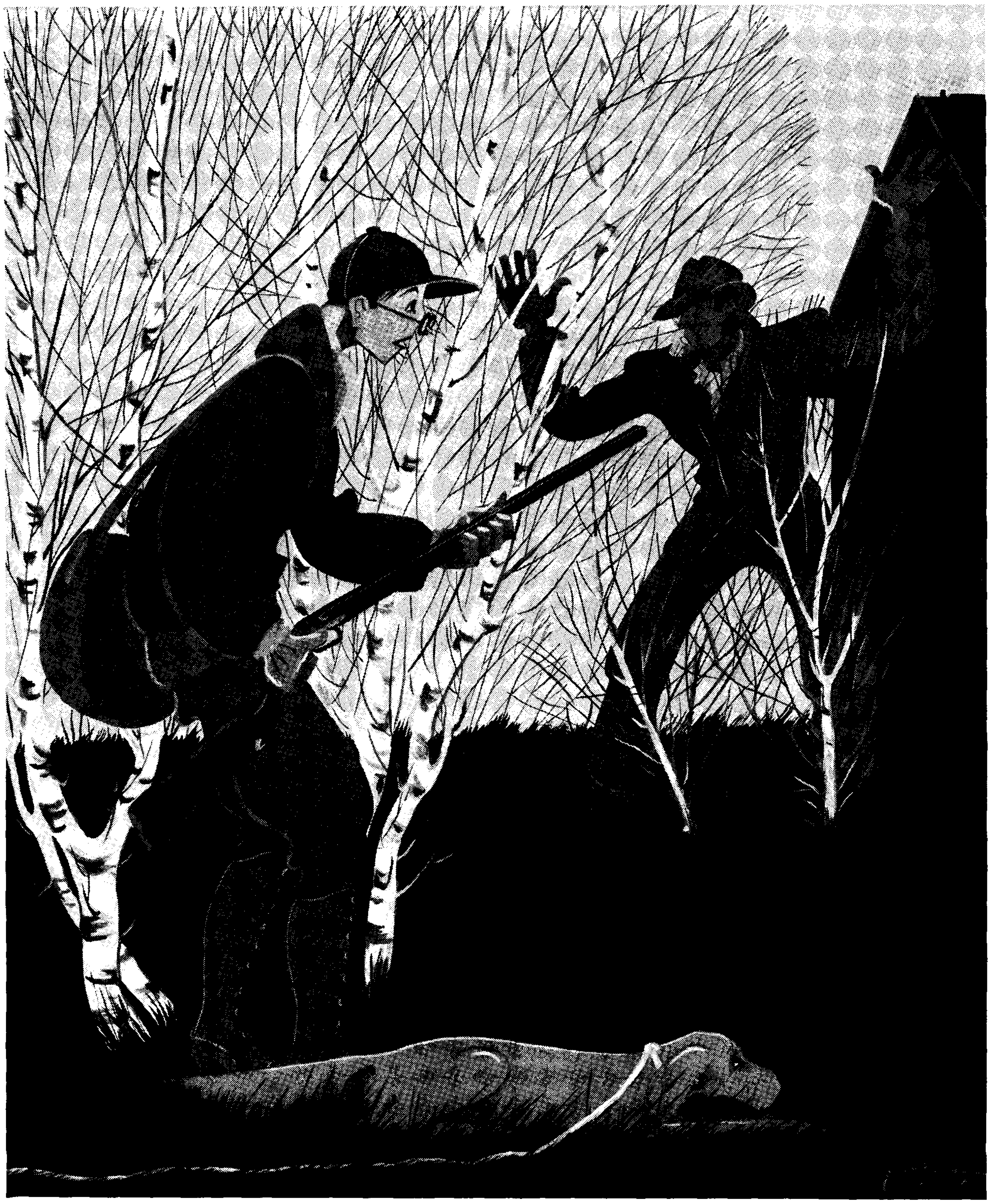
Peter thought today, as he kept one ear open for Chips' ranging bell, that if the escaped convict took to the woods and found that house, he might shelter there for days. No one ever went that way.

Chips gave him a point on a woodcock and he killed the bird neatly. He lost some time in a cedar swamp where by trying to take a short cut he plunged into waist-deep mire; and when he found his way at last to the spot where he had left his car, the sun was well down the sky. And the car was not there! This, clearly, was absurd. No one hereabouts ever touched a hunter's car. Nevertheless Peter's car was gone!

He wondered whether it was possible that he had left it, absent-mindedly, somewhere else. He noticed Chips snuffing at a spot on the ground. Then he remembered that there was, a hundred yards farther up the road, a hayfield with an opening in the wall. He thought he might have left the car there today, instead of here; and he went to see, and saw his car and laughed at his own absent-minded error.

But then he realized that this was not his car in the meadow. It was not even the same make of car as his. It was new and shiny, and the right rear tire was flat. Some other gunners must have left it there.

But meanwhile his own car had disappeared; and Peter went to look again where he thought he had left it, to see whether there were tire tracks that would give him a clew. Chips was still sniffing and snuffing along the road; but Peter was concerned about his car. He found the wheel tracks. There remained no doubt that his car had been here, and now was gone.



Peter said: "Keep coming!" Later he said: "Hold it!" The man stopped. Peter said: "Where's your gun?"

He scratched his head reflectively, and then he began to wonder what Chips was sniffing at. He looked, and saw a small brown spot in the dust of the road. Of course, it could not be blood; but it looked like blood. Peter chuckled at himself for imagining that it was blood. Chips was nosing along some sort of trail toward the other car. Peter followed him, and he saw more dark spots. Chips trailed them to the other car, and Peter opened the door and looked in. On the rubber floor mat in front there was a stain that also looked like blood.

Probably, Peter reflected, some gunner had killed a partridge and dropped it there on the floor of the car. Freshkilled birds often bled a little.

But then he realized that there were no feathers. Dead partridges shed their feathers easily.

Peter said agreeably: "Chips, this is ready-made! I needn't add a line. I can just write what happened. He's wounded; his tire went flat; he stole my car!"

He went back to examine the tracks of his tires. They appeared to go straight ahead up the mountain road. He walked up the road for two or three hundred yards. Chips wanted to stay by the car in the meadow and sniff at that stain on the floor, and the spots on the ground; but Peter called him to heel, and the dog, his chains clanking, his bell tinkling, thirty feet of rope trailing behind him, came obediently along.

PETER walked steadily up the road for a while, and then suddenly he stopped. Something stirred in the back of his mind; something he had overlooked. Then he retraced his steps and found what it was he had noticed without understanding. He found where a car—his car—had come up the road past a gap in the wall, and then backed through that gap into the meadow inside the wall.

Peter recognized the place. This was the beginning of an old road he had investigated a year ago. A mile or so up in the woods there was that abandoned farm where a man might find shelter and be hidden and secure.

His car had left tracks clearly visible in the stubble in the meadow.

Peter grinned. "Chips," he said, "we're asleep! We're dreaming. None of this is really happening; but—let's keep on till we wake up. What do you say?"

Chips wagged his tail.

But Peter did not move at once. He removed his shells and inserted those two he always carried, buckshot in the first barrel, the shell loaded with a single ball in the second.

He looked along the wheel tracks in the stubble toward the woods beyond the meadow where the tracks disappeared. The distance was a fair eighty yards. The woods were thick; thick enough so that the car was hidden in them, and a man might be hidden there as easily. A man with a gun, for instance.

But then it was hardly possible that this convict had a gun, even if he were

(Continued on page 59)

Not Another Stitch

By Avery Strakosch

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Valentina arrives for business, chic in long-sleeved black dress pinned high at the neck. For a special luncheon date she pushes up her sleeves, brings her neckline lower with a jeweled pin

For a wedding of the same afternoon, she twists a scarf of finest white silk jersey around her neck, lets it streak down one side of the dress; experiments with hats. Presto, three costumes from one. (Never mind the gentleman in draperies)

America's most glamorous dressmaker mixes common sense with bewitching costumes in a way that will appeal to Father

SHE will look you over in a silent, detached manner, and after a moment you will be friends for life, or—"Madame, you won't like my clothes," she may say. "I am certain they are not for you!"

You must take your chance on whether your personality appeals to her if you hope to have Valentina, the most talked-about dressmaker in New York, make your clothes. But once you've passed your exam, your worries are over. And you'll be wise to say nothing, except perhaps to mention for what occasions you want to wear them. That's the way Lily Pons does. She telephones Valentina she's invited to a cocktail party and gives the old feminine ululation that she has nothing to wear. Then she settles back. She knows she'll appear at the party in a new frock that will knock everyone's eye out, maybe one in clear tones of pink or blue utterly different. "Combinations of four decided tones of pink or four blues do marvelous things for Lily," says Valentina.

It's the nonprofessional women who buy clothes merely for the sake of buying them—they infuriate Valentina.

"What? A new street outfit? Ridiculous!" she'll scold. "What's wrong with the navy one I made you four years ago?" Or, "*Another* black dinner dress? Nonsense! You still have that chiffon, haven't you? Why, you only got it in 1932!"

If you select clothes wisely, well cut, simple, of good material, you should wear them, according to Valentina—and feel simply elegant every moment—four to seven years. For it's up to you to give life to a dress, and to prolong it, too, by your individual style of wearing it. This ought to be swell news for Father.

Here are Valentina's rules for buying; she warns they are hard to follow:

1. Before starting out digest your enthusiasm. Don't let yourself be carried away by something that someone says is the latest thing. Decide sanely what your wardrobe needs most and then refuse to deviate.
2. Resist set obvious colors unless you have an unlimited purse.
3. Keep away from tricky fabrics. They are always a passing fancy.
4. Use bright barbaric colors only in accessories.

Now that you're strong-minded and sales-resistant, the idea is to concentrate on one thing only: the line of your clothes. For line is the basic law of good dressmaking. And you're on your way to achieving that simple flowing line if you refuse point-blank to buy anything that fits so snugly you look pushed into it. A famous architect raves about Valentina's clothes, says they are architecturally correct, logical, satisfactory in structure for the person wearing them. Insist—Valentina says this is all-important—that your clothes hang on you. And be sure you always allow enough material for comfortable movement *inside them.* (Englishmen have done this for years and you know their reputation for looking well in their oldest worn tweeds.)

What Dresses Are For

Everything you put on should give you assurance. If a dress doesn't do that for you, Valentina says, the finest material and workmanship can't keep it from being a dud. Be suspicious of any garment that you don't feel at ease in right away, regardless of the alterations that may be required. But if that dress is right for you, hooray! Whatever defects you have of figure (and beauty specialists say that not one woman in one hundred thousand is perfectly proportioned) will seem to fade, and your good points come to the fore. So count that day lost, warns Valentina, when your young man says, "What a lovely dress!" instead of "How charming you look!"

"Take me, for example," says Gladys Swarthout. "Clothes—Valentina's—do everything for me. I've an athletic figure—a small long waist, broad shoulders. But my arms aren't nearly long enough, and my neck is—well, thickish. Typically a singer's neck. And my legs! They're much too short!" Miss Swarthout appeared incredibly lovely—tall, slender, svelte—as she objectively discussed her imperfections. "But you'd never realize all this, in this frock!" (A lightweight, pink beige wool, utterly simple, all line.) "It's because the cut of the sleeve makes my arms appear longer. My neck seems thin—Valentina's trick of building up my hats. (I wore high-crowned hats long before they appeared by the dozens.) And the line of my skirt. She starts it at just the right distance above my waist, making it seem higher, and so giving you the illusion that my legs are in proportion to the rest of me!"

Now you have a rough idea of why Valentina insists a dress is a very personal affair, and why she runs a temperature when people try to copy her clothes.

"This line always creates the illusion for the eye," she says. "You can't copy an illusion! You can only create one! But the point is," continues Valentina, "that you and I can create our own illusions (and make ourselves look better) if we will try. Think it over as you stand before your mirror. What illusion can you create in your appearance? Sum yourself up honestly. Then try your shoulderline higher, your waistline lower. . . . Try turning your sleeve back a few inches at the cuff. Rip away all trimming that isn't absolutely necessary. You'll be surprised what a difference these things make."

Valentina herself started just so—by experimenting with her own clothes in relation to herself. She first attracted attention in New York ten years ago (she and her husband, George Schlee, escaped the Russian revolution via Paris) when she appeared at the smartest premières and night clubs in long classic draperies. The gossip columns commented on her courage, for those were the days, you'll recall, when it was mayhem to wear a skirt below your knee. Fashion editors were astonished as they watched her go against contemporary fashion to appear more modern than anyone else. Smart women stared enviously, admitted she was the

(Continued on page 29)

OLD DOG

By Howard Breslin

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

CLIMBING the stoop of Shotsy Dunn's apartment house, Matt Crandall glared at the cop across the street. The sight of the uniform brought back the commissioner's voice and the way the words came at him like punches. "Discharged." . . . "A disgrace to the force." . . . "Graft!"

Graft! Crandall snorted and jammed his finger against the bell under Shotsy's name.

The door lock clicked and he went in. Being on the other side of the fence, he thought, wasn't so different. People like Shotsy Dunn would pay plenty for the things he'd learned in ten years on the force.

Falcharri, Shotsy's lieutenant, was waiting at the head of the stairs. "Hello, Copper," said Falcharri, grinning.

Crandall flushed. "Cut it."

"Sure, Matt." The dark face wrinkled with a silent laugh. "Only kidding." He ushered Crandall into the apartment.

There were four men in the room. Shotsy, in shirt sleeves, was putting cartridges in a revolver. Crandall nodded to Abe Pringle in a corner. He didn't know the other two.

Shotsy glanced up. "It's all set, Matt. We went over the ground." The big man had a slow, heavy voice. "Like you said. At that hour only one guard. And no customers."

Crandall sat down. Falcharri brought him a drink and he tossed it off. "You saw the fence?"

Shotsy thumbed the cylinder of the gun. "Yeah. Found him right where you said. He gave a good price considerin' the stuff's got to be broken up."

"I told you he would."

Abe Pringle spoke suddenly. "But broad daylight! It ain't sensible—"

"Shut up." Shotsy looked at Crandall. "You got a gun?"

"No. They—they made me turn mine in—downtown."

The big man held out the revolver, butt first. Crandall took it; his eyes widened. It was a regulation service pistol, a twin of the one he had had on the force.

Shotsy smiled. "I figured you'd be handier with one of these. Why teach an old dog new tricks?"

Crandall pocketed the gun. Shotsy looked at his watch, stood up, and put on his coat. "Abe drives," he said. "You two cover the help. They'll all be in the back of the store."

The strangers nodded together. One said: "Is it straight about that afternoon tea stuff?"

"Straight." Crandall grinned. "The jeweler's an Englishman. Everything stops for tea." His glance stayed on the strangers.

"Western boys, Matt." Shotsy pointed his thumb at the pair. "They leave right after the pay-off. Ain't that how you wanted it?"

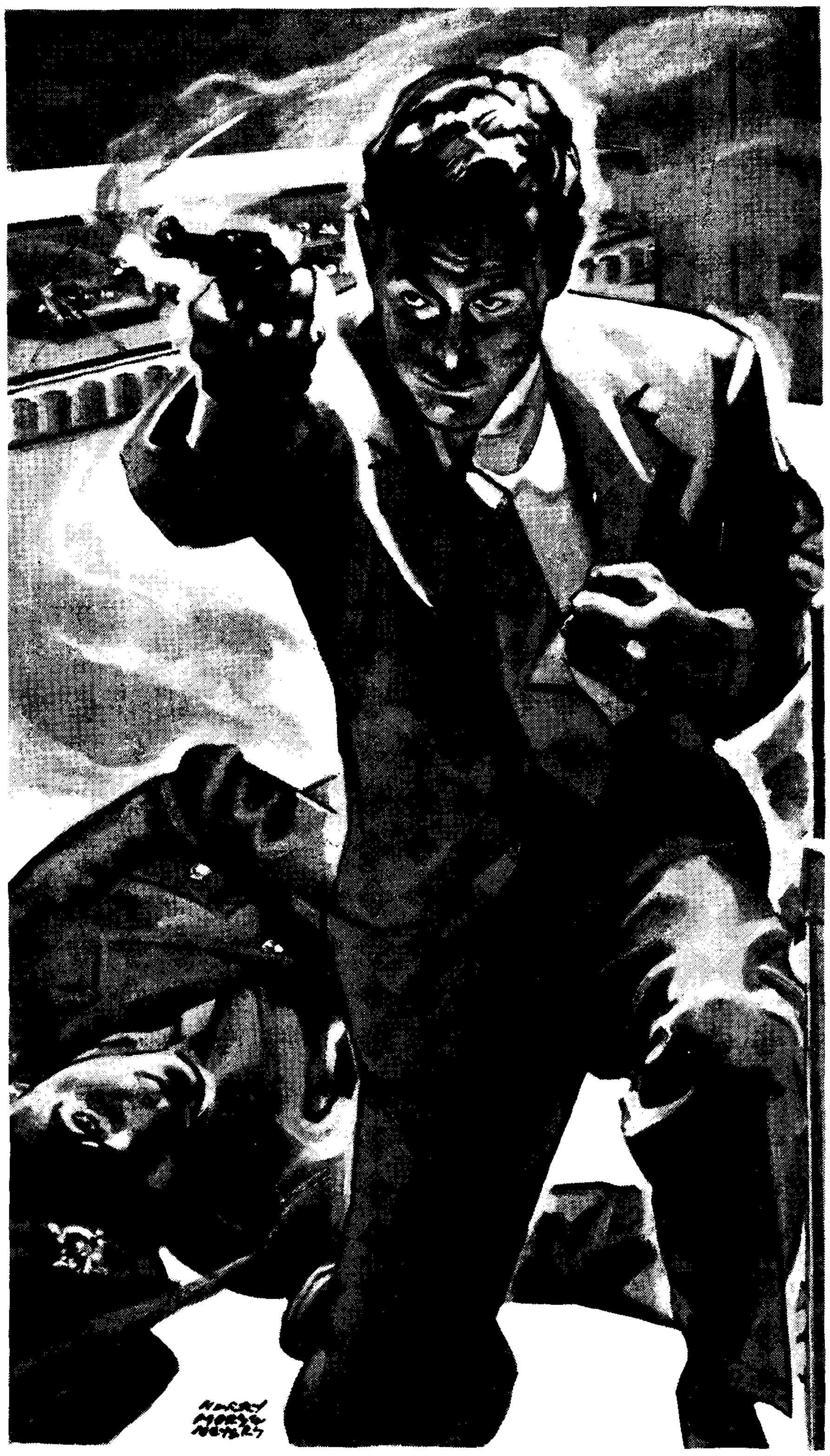
Crandall nodded.

Riding downtown in Shotsy's big car, Crandall felt completely at ease. This was exactly like raiding a hide-out with the squad. . . .

They parked in the side street.

Shotsy said: "Right on schedule. All right, boys." The two gunmen got out. "No noise. Slug the guard. We'll give you fifteen seconds."

One of the men said: "Come on, Moe." They strolled around the corner.



Twice a bullet drove him to his knees, but he struggled up

Shotsy kept his eyes on his watch. Abe nervously drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. No one spoke.

Shotsy put his watch away. "Time. Let's go."

THEY walked around the corner and into the jewelry store. A stout gray-haired guard lay on his face behind a desk. Crandall glanced down, and looked away quickly. The uniform was the same color as a patrolman's. Falcharri kicked the guard's cap out of his way. "Smooth," he said softly.

"Too smooth." Crandall felt a flash of anger. These gorillas always thought they were so brainy. He took out his gun. Automatically he put his left hand in his trousers pocket, the fingers groping, then gulped, remembering that his shield wasn't there any more. Always in a gun fight Crandall had gripped his shield. The edges cutting into his palm gave him a sense of security.

He shook off a feeling of panic. Falcharri was opening one of the showcases; Shotsy was walking toward the back of the store.

The man called Moe backed out of a doorway, gun in hand. He nodded to Shotsy and disappeared again. Shotsy came back, a cloth bag in his hand.

Crandall moved over to a glass counter and began removing trays of rings. Stooped over, working swiftly, he heard Shotsy's voice rip through the silence with one roared curse.

Crandall straightened. The gray-haired guard, his face cut, was on his feet lurching toward the doorway. Falcharri raced past, snarling, but it was too late—his blow was drowned in the wild scream of the burglar alarm.

Crandall grunted with satisfaction. Trust a crook to get something balled up. They couldn't even knock out an old man.

Outside on the street someone shouted. Moe ran out of the back room, but Shotsy's call checked him. "Easy does it. Easy!"

Falcharri ran back to the counter. He grabbed handfuls of rings, stuffing his pockets. "Matt! The back way. You said there was a back way."

"Sure." Crandall vaulted the counter. His feet slipped on the carpet and he fell, hitting his head. A shot smashed through the front window.

Falcharri kept running. "Easy," called Shotsy. "Only one. Mousetrap him."

Another shot came from the street. Crandall, dazed, crawled sideways, and crouched between two showcases.

Through the glass he could see the front door plainly. A young cop, wild-eyed, charged into the shop, shooting as he ran. Crandall groaned. The damn' fool rookie! Rushing in like that!

THREE guns fired in volleys as Shotsy, Moe and Falcharri opened up together. Crandall saw the wave of bullets slam against the young cop, who pitched forward and rolled over in a grotesque somersault.

"Matt," yelled Shotsy. "Come on! Hurry!"

The cop lay only a foot away from Crandall. He tried to get up.

"Lie still," whispered Crandall.

The cop turned his head; he stared.

"Matt! The back way!"

Crandall reached out and yanked at the cop's chest. Then he stood up. Falcharri beckoned; the rest were hurrying away.

"Halt," cried Crandall.

His tone jerked them around. The four men stared.

"Halt," repeated Crandall, watching them. "You shot a cop."

Shotsy swore at him. Falcharri jerked up his gun and fired.

Crandall shot, moved to his left, and shot again. Then, they all started to shoot and he could see nothing but figures and smoke and flashes. Twice a bullet drove him to his knees, but he struggled up. He thought one of them was down, but he wasn't sure. Suddenly there were more guns behind him and he wondered how they'd circled him.

He saw Shotsy kneel, taking deliberate aim. Crandall pulled the trigger, but his gun was empty. He just stood there and took it.

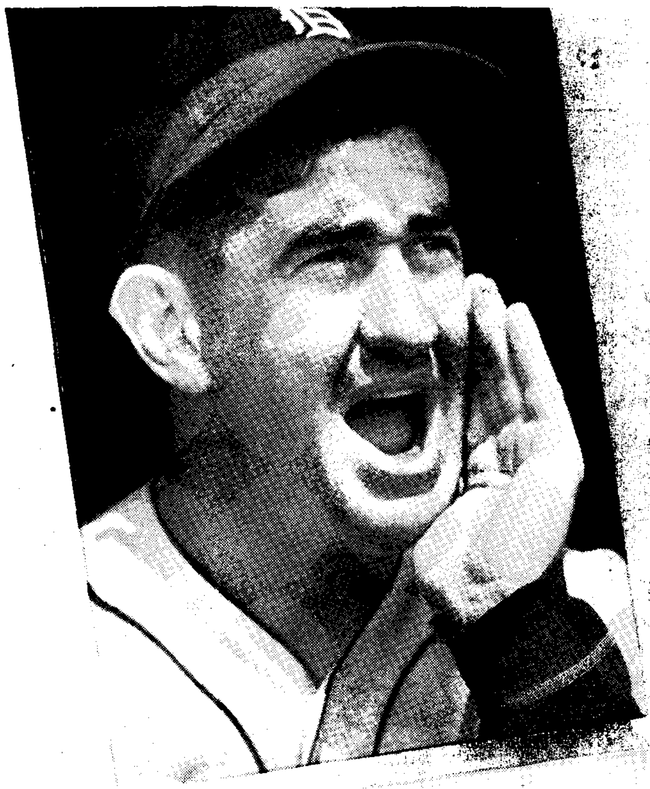
The wounded rookie told the inspector: "The guy must've been nuts. He got two and wounded another. And first I thought he was one of them."

They hadn't taken Shotsy away when they unfolded Crandall's left fist. They found the rookie's badge in his palm. Shotsy stared. "I should've known," he muttered. "Too old for new tricks."

Fall Guys

By Mickey Cochrane as told to Richard McCann

You baseball fans are likely to see the poorest playing of the season when you attend the world series. That's the prediction of a veteran player and manager who tells you here why the champions go into a slump just at the time when they should be playing their best game



Mickey Cochrane

PICTURES, INC.

YOU undoubtedly have often read the line about this and that athlete high-stepping up to the Hall of Fame only to have the door slammed in his face. It's just an expression but it happened literally as well as figuratively to the Detroit Tigers once.

Specifically, it happened just before the sixth game of the 1934 world series between the Tigers and the St. Louis Cardinals.

We had won the previous day to take a lead in games of three to two. All we had to do was to win that sixth tussle and the series was ours. It looked as if we couldn't lose. Schoolboy Rowe was rested and ready for the big game. He had made the Cardinals eat meekly out of his huge right hand in the second game of the series, giving up seven scattered hits in twelve innings, and on the strength of that he was a 4-to-1 shot to shoo us home in that sixth game.

Well, a half hour before game time I went down into the clubhouse to see how he was feeling. I found him dunking his pitching hand in a basin of hot water. There was a sheepish look on his face.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

He tried to grin sort of apologetically. "I slammed a door on my hand last night," he said.

"You what?" I roared.

"I slammed a door on my hand. Look," and he held up the hand that held our hopes. It was so puffed up it looked as though it might float away like a balloon. And it was bruised so badly that it hurt me just to look at it.

"What do you mean, you slammed a door? Don't give me that stuff! Who'd you hit?" I must have been yelling at him. After all, how can you believe a door will slam on a guy's hand when a whole town is praying for victory and a team is playing for $50,000 and more? These things just don't happen—at least, they shouldn't.

"Honest, Mickey," Rowe insisted, "honest, a door slammed on it. I didn't hit anybody, honest."

"Well," I said, "you've got to pitch anyway—swollen hand or no swollen hand. If you can't throw that ball up there you'll have to kick it up because there's nobody else on this club ready to work today."

"I can do it. I can do it," he said gamely enough. "I don't think my curve'll break much—but I can throw my fast ball all right."

But he couldn't. He couldn't throw his fast ball nor his curve. The Cardinals won the game to tie it up and then went on the next day to win the series.

Now, the point of this sad tale of Rowe is that the best of us become fall guys for this or that reason and you never can tell what's going to happen in a world series.

When the experts sat down before the series to figure out the winner there wasn't one who scratched his head and said, "Now let me see—Rowe will mash his hand in a door along about the sixth game and—well, and that'll give the Cards the series."

No, of course nobody figured that way because there wasn't anything in the statistics about pitchers mashing their hands in doors during the season, and all the pre-series figuring, you know, is based on season records.

Season records and statistics! Phooey. You can take them and print 'em in the latest edition of Joe Miller's Joke Book. They are about as valuable in pre-series reckoning as the latest figures on carloadings in Iowa and the number of

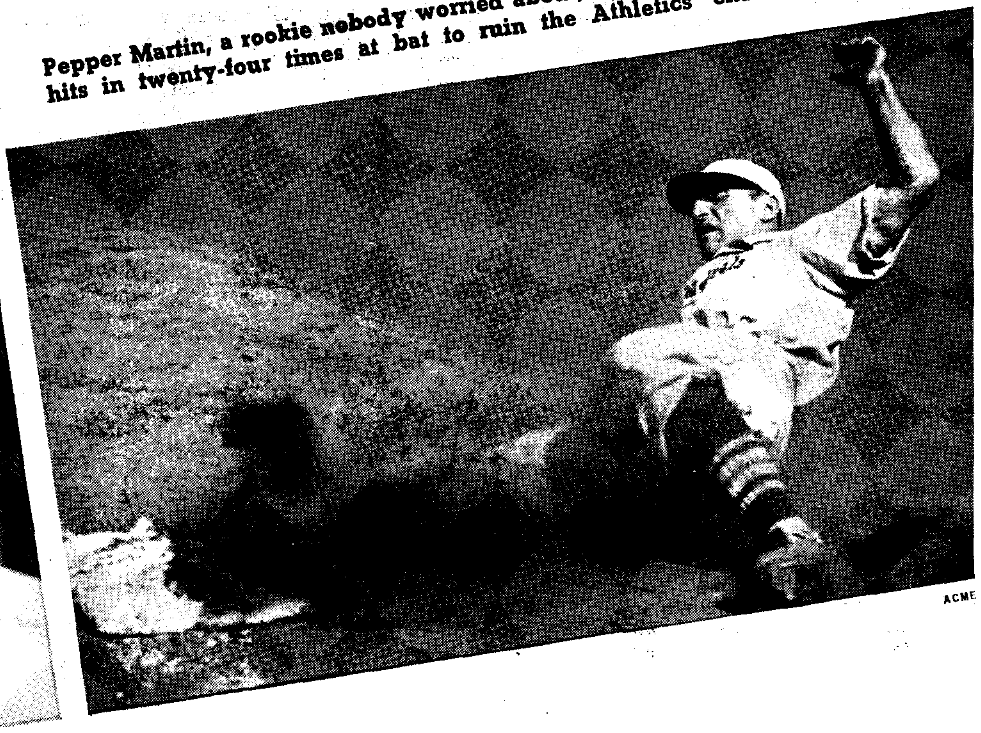
(Continued on page 38)

Schoolboy Rowe. A door slammed on his hand to decide the sixth and crucial game of the 1934 series

ACME

Howard Ehmke. Experts were confounded when he went in to pitch the first game of the 1929 series

PICTURES, INC.



Pepper Martin, a rookie nobody worried about, banged out an even dozen hits in twenty-four times at bat to ruin the Athletics' chances in 1931

ACME

Troubled Star

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

SUSANNA BRADFORD returns home to Morrison University to find that her father, President Bradford, brilliant and fearless administrator, is the victim of an unscrupulous political attack from the Zimmerman newspapers, whose owner hopes to foster his own political ambitions through this campaign against the university.

At the university, Susanna is surprised and alarmed to meet Alec Cornish, to whom, six years before, while they were both undergraduates, she had been secretly married. She has since divorced Alec and has not encountered him until now, when he has been assigned to the university on a government research project. She is frightened then, when shortly after she is seen around the campus with Professor Carl Gilson, charming young sociologist to whom she is much attracted despite his questionable reputation, she receives from an unknown enemy a series of anonymous letters that apparently threaten an exposure of her former marriage.

Susanna and Alec meet Emery Smith, brilliant young editor of the college daily, and Betty Stevens, attractive coed, who confide that they believe that Maxie Blotz, owner of a popular student rendezvous, the Tetlow Inn, and Bill Snelling, newspaper reporter assigned to cover sports, are in reality agents of Zimmerman, with orders to disclose, or even to create, a campus scandal that will jeopardize the record of Susanna's father!

Later, Susanna learns that Carl Gilson is also receiving anonymous letters that warn him to keep away from her. Meanwhile, Betty Stevens learns that her roommate, Julie Lomax, talented young lead in the varsity show, has been having a violent love affair with Gilson, which he breaks off abruptly, after she too receives an anonymous letter. Julie gives the letter to Emery, who takes it to Alec. Alec, after reading the letter, goes to Gilson and accuses him of writing these letters himself with the hope of frightening Susanna into marrying him, and thus protect and assure his official position on the faculty. Gilson and Alec quarrel violently. Later, Alec returns to Susanna, hoping to protect her from Gilson's influence; but she informs him that despite his accusations, she intends to marry Gilson—immediately. Whereupon Alec intimates that their divorce was never legal, that she is still Mrs. Alexander Cornish.

VI

MUCH later, when she could see things clearly, Susanna was to decide that the turning point came when she met Betty Stevens in a shop in downtown Webster.

That was early in the afternoon of the last day of the Morrison Foibles. It had been the afternoon of the second performance when Carl came to her in his extremity and when Alec followed him, making that terrible denunciation and that even more terrible revelation about her divorce. . . .

There were two simple facts: she was still married to Alec Cornish; and, somewhere in Webster, Carl was going about his preparations, in the pressure of his own crisis, to marry her tomorrow afternoon. Quite impersonally, she saw what she must do and realized that she would do it, no matter what skies fell. She would have gone to find him, as soon as the frozen blood in her veins resumed its movement, but her father telephoned and then she could not go. She had not known that he was back from Benton but he was and, in the casual confidence of a college president, he told her, little more than an hour before dinnertime, that a refugee scholar from Germany and his wife would be coming to dinner, and that he had asked David and Caroline Bingham, of the chemistry department, as well.

She finally reached Carl not at his house but at his office in Cass Hall. By now a cold torpor lay along her nerves as if she were sheathed in ice. She said slowly, her voice sluggish, "My dearest, I'm not marrying you tomorrow," and so unleashed, in Cass Hall, a vehemence that she could understand and pity, but that could not penetrate the ice that bound her. She could only say, with a dry weariness, "I know, Carl. . . . Nothing can be done. . . . I'm not marrying you tomorrow because I can't marry you—not for a long while—not for months. . . . I can't tell you—not over the telephone. . . . I can't see you. . . . No, not tonight. . . . No. The president of Morrison University is dining at home with a visiting scholar. . . . Scholars have to eat no matter whose heart breaks. . . . I can't, Carl—you must believe me. I can't. . . . Oh, I tell you I can't, now, over the telephone, without seeing you. But it's true—I can't marry you for months. That's fixed—it's certain—it's as sure as death."

NO WONDER that, under the knife, he turned angry. No wonder that he began to plead and threaten, to stampede into what must be panic.

When he said, "You're throwing me to my enemies to protect yourself," she could think of no one she needed protection from except herself. When he demanded to see her this instant, she could only say, "It's impossible unless you want to see my father too, and I don't think we want to see him together." Then, once, "My dear, you might spare a single thought for me." That was harsh, unnecessary, but she was just dreary now, sunk in lethargy, and so she made an end squarely in the middle of his angry reply, "I'll come to see you tomorrow, Carl—don't try to call me again tonight."

So there remained only to go through the evening with some effect of being a hostess. . . .

Professor Blumberg was small and grizzled; his wife was stout and altogether charming. In any other circumstances, to hear, in this achieved safety, their tales of cruelty overseas would have wrung Susanna's heart with pity. But she had no pity to spare for them, and only an exhausting self-control kept her listening to what they said. It was over at last, and apparently it was successful too, for her father said, when they were alone, "Blumberg will stay with us—he'll even be grateful to us, all the rest of his life. So there's another first-rate scientist at Morrison."

HE KEPT his gaze on her. "You look ghastly. Do you want to tell me what it is?"

She said, "It's a heart ailment. No, I don't think we need talk about it. While you've been trying to steer your college on a safe course, I've been failing to keep my life on an intelligent one. Every so often I have to be a complete fool. It hasn't been fatal yet. Maybe it won't be now."

Stephen Bradford sat down, a tired man, grayer than he had been two months ago. "I haven't had time to be a member of the human race, still less a father, Susan. . . . No father can do anything about the heart. Except back you

(Continued on page 41)

Betty moved against his arms, but he wouldn't let her go. He said, over her shoulder, "Get out of here, Henderson!"

Cats Love Music

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Ding-Dong Williams and the lady get-off. A musical collaboration that threatened the reason of every man, woman and child within earshot

MR. DING-DONG WILLIAMS' vague brown eyes were troubled as he listened gravely to Angela's last-minute instructions. His fiancée still seemed pretty upset about his wanting to buy all the monkeys in that pet store. As she was saying, the King of Swing had to learn to control himself, to remember that he was a public figure. If it hadn't been for those monkeys Angela wouldn't be going to Catalina alone today. As it was she had decided he needed time to let things sink in.

Every now and then Ding-Dong would nod soberly. Angela was very pert and cute in the blue gabardine suit that best set off her blondness, and Ding-Dong looked even unhappier as he realized there would be lifeguards and things at Catalina. That forlorn look made it doubly difficult for Angela to be really firm with him.

But fiancés had to be trained early, especially those who were a little swing-simple to begin with. Even Mr. Williams admitted that, like all hot men, he ran more toward soul than brains.

Now, standing in the midst of all those island-bound passengers, he looked so melancholy that Angela stopped suddenly and kissed him. "I love you, too," she said. "All there is. It's just that you have to grow up, Ding-Dong."

"I will," he said soberly. "You're my upbeat, Angela. Every time I look at you I wanta give out."

The whistle blew hoarsely then and Angela started him toward the gangplank. "Now, remember," she said, "you go right on Washington Boulevard. You have to be at the Paradise at eight."

"I won't get lost," he said. "There's a sign up. It says Ding-Dong Williams and band. Admission seventy-five cents."

She kissed him again at that and was almost tempted to give up her vacation. Then she reminded herself sternly that this was important to their future happiness.

"I'll call you every day," she promised.

He nodded soberly. "You don't need to worry, Angela. I won't get in jail or anything."

He was still standing on the dock when the boat slowly pulled away from the pier. No one looking at him would have imagined that here was the greatest ride-man of his time; the wildest of living licorice sticks. He was just a nice-looking and rather small young man with dark brown hair that was neatly split in the middle.

He was very careful driving back up Washington, observing all the stop signals and remembering to put his hand out. It was already dusk when he reached Culver City and he started to step on it a little and then, just as suddenly, he halted as he heard a calliope.

A MOTH-EATEN little carnival was holding down a vacant lot and Ding-Dong realized then that the calliope must go with the wheezy merry-go-round. He got out of his car and bought a ticket and, choosing a particularly placid-looking horse, mounted it. Even Angela would agree that wooden animals didn't count.

After a while, the heavy icky strains of the calliope began to tell on him. He rode absent-mindedly, not even holding a close rein, as he studied the pipes and the music, a little frown furrowing his forehead. Suddenly he dismounted and walked over to the greasy man who operated the merry-go-round.

"Nothing's ever done about calliopes," said Ding-Dong.

The man looked at him suspiciously. "There ain't nothin' to be done," he said. "You either like 'em or you don't like 'em."

Ding-Dong shook his head. "You haven't any business," he said patiently. "What you need is some smoky-joe bounce time. When a spot lays an egg because they've been too icky, they get themselves a jive crew and the gates swing wide. You need gut-bucket jam."

"A smart guy, huh?" said the man, reaching for a wrench. "You think I don't unnerstand pig latin, huh?"

"Pig latin?" Ding-Dong asked politely, noticing that the belligerent man's expression had changed suddenly. Mr. Williams turned and saw that a big policeman was standing behind him. Culver City was always full of motion-picture cops and Ding-Dong was about to turn his attention back to the calliope when he suddenly realized that this policeman wasn't wearing make-up. He looked again and the policeman was still scowling at him.

"Yes, you!" grated the policeman. "I suppose you don't know you parked your car in the middle of the street!"

Ding-Dong stared into the boulevard. Sure enough, he had.

"I did hear some honking," he said. "I didn't know it was for me."

The policeman already had his book out. "Here's something else for you," he said grimly. "Sign here."

Ding-Dong did. The policeman stared at his signature and then at Mr. Williams. "This your name?" he asked cautiously.

"Well," said the reed man, "Mother calls me Charles but the cats call me Ding-Dong."

The policeman nodded heavily, his darkest suspicions confirmed. "You look sort of lonesome out here all by yourself, Ding-Dong," he said with sudden gentleness. "Let's ride into town together."

Mr. Elmer Feldkamp, the sole owner and proprietor of the Paradise, the West's Finest Ballroom, was dancing with rage by the time Ding-Dong made his belated entrance. Mr. Feldkamp pounced upon his stellar attraction as Mr. Williams, clarinet clutched under his arm, scurried in through the kitchen entrance.

"You got no pride?" roared Mr. Feldkamp. "At the money I pay you you should come in through the pantry?"

"I gotta come in this way," Ding-Dong said, sounding a little harassed. "If you come in the front door people stare at you."

Mr. Feldkamp groaned. "Such double talk! With four thousand cash customers, not to mention a party of movie stars and practically no paper in the house, you hafta be late!"

"I'm sorry," Ding-Dong said miserably, "but the policeman didn't want me to leave." A shadow crossed his face. "They kept tapping my knee and things. I had quite a time."

"Forget I mentioned it!" Mr. Feldkamp implored. "Just get out there and give big!"

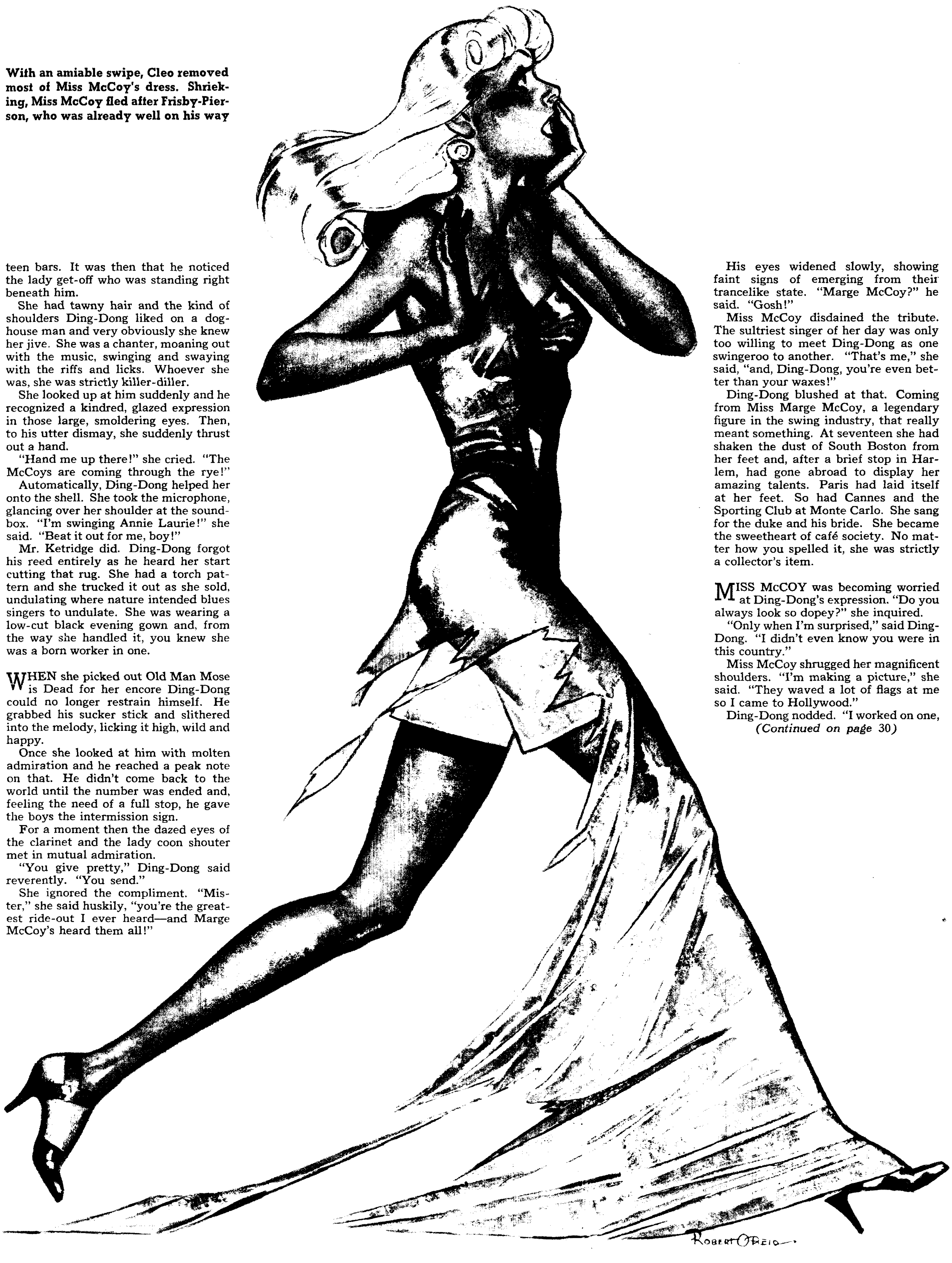
"You don't hafta worry," Ding-Dong said darkly. "When I get all upset, I hafta riff it out. It eases me."

DING-DONG was even better than his word. Within ten minutes Mr. Feldkamp had some brand-new worries. How long would it take four thousand jitterbugs to demolish the West's Finest Ballroom completely? How much stomping per square foot could the building take?

Mr. Williams, however, was not concerned with such mundane trifles. He was in a bad soul state and trying to lather himself out of it. He was hanging his hat on high C and going to work from there. The cats even, accustomed as they were to being out of the world, had never endured such ecstasy.

Ding-Dong, feeling on the floy-floy side, was exploring his trunk. He shifted suddenly into one of the Dixieland stands, the Livery Stable Blues. His suitcase man, totally unprepared for this new book, was left sitting there on his hand, entirely surrounded by his hides and pot-roast hats. Only Chris Ketridge, the black-and-white man, stayed up there.

Ding-Dong, hearing the slip horns bite into the second chorus, laid out for six-



With an amiable swipe, Cleo removed most of Miss McCoy's dress. Shrieking, Miss McCoy fled after Frisby-Pierson, who was already well on his way

teen bars. It was then that he noticed the lady get-off who was standing right beneath him.

She had tawny hair and the kind of shoulders Ding-Dong liked on a doghouse man and very obviously she knew her jive. She was a chanter, moaning out with the music, swinging and swaying with the riffs and licks. Whoever she was, she was strictly killer-diller.

She looked up at him suddenly and he recognized a kindred, glazed expression in those large, smoldering eyes. Then, to his utter dismay, she suddenly thrust out a hand.

"Hand me up there!" she cried. "The McCoys are coming through the rye!"

Automatically, Ding-Dong helped her onto the shell. She took the microphone, glancing over her shoulder at the soundbox. "I'm swinging Annie Laurie!" she said. "Beat it out for me, boy!"

Mr. Ketridge did. Ding-Dong forgot his reed entirely as he heard her start cutting that rug. She had a torch pattern and she trucked it out as she sold, undulating where nature intended blues singers to undulate. She was wearing a low-cut black evening gown and, from the way she handled it, you knew she was a born worker in one.

WHEN she picked out Old Man Mose is Dead for her encore Ding-Dong could no longer restrain himself. He grabbed his sucker stick and slithered into the melody, licking it high, wild and happy.

Once she looked at him with molten admiration and he reached a peak note on that. He didn't come back to the world until the number was ended and, feeling the need of a full stop, he gave the boys the intermission sign.

For a moment then the dazed eyes of the clarinet and the lady coon shouter met in mutual admiration.

"You give pretty," Ding-Dong said reverently. "You send."

She ignored the compliment. "Mister," she said huskily, "you're the greatest ride-out I ever heard—and Marge McCoy's heard them all!"

His eyes widened slowly, showing faint signs of emerging from their trancelike state. "Marge McCoy?" he said. "Gosh!"

Miss McCoy disdained the tribute. The sultriest singer of her day was only too willing to meet Ding-Dong as one swingeroo to another. "That's me," she said, "and, Ding-Dong, you're even better than your waxes!"

Ding-Dong blushed at that. Coming from Miss Marge McCoy, a legendary figure in the swing industry, that really meant something. At seventeen she had shaken the dust of South Boston from her feet and, after a brief stop in Harlem, had gone abroad to display her amazing talents. Paris had laid itself at her feet. So had Cannes and the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo. She sang for the duke and his bride. She became the sweetheart of café society. No matter how you spelled it, she was strictly a collector's item.

MISS McCOY was becoming worried at Ding-Dong's expression. "Do you always look so dopey?" she inquired.

"Only when I'm surprised," said Ding-Dong. "I didn't even know you were in this country."

Miss McCoy shrugged her magnificent shoulders. "I'm making a picture," she said. "They waved a lot of flags at me so I came to Hollywood."

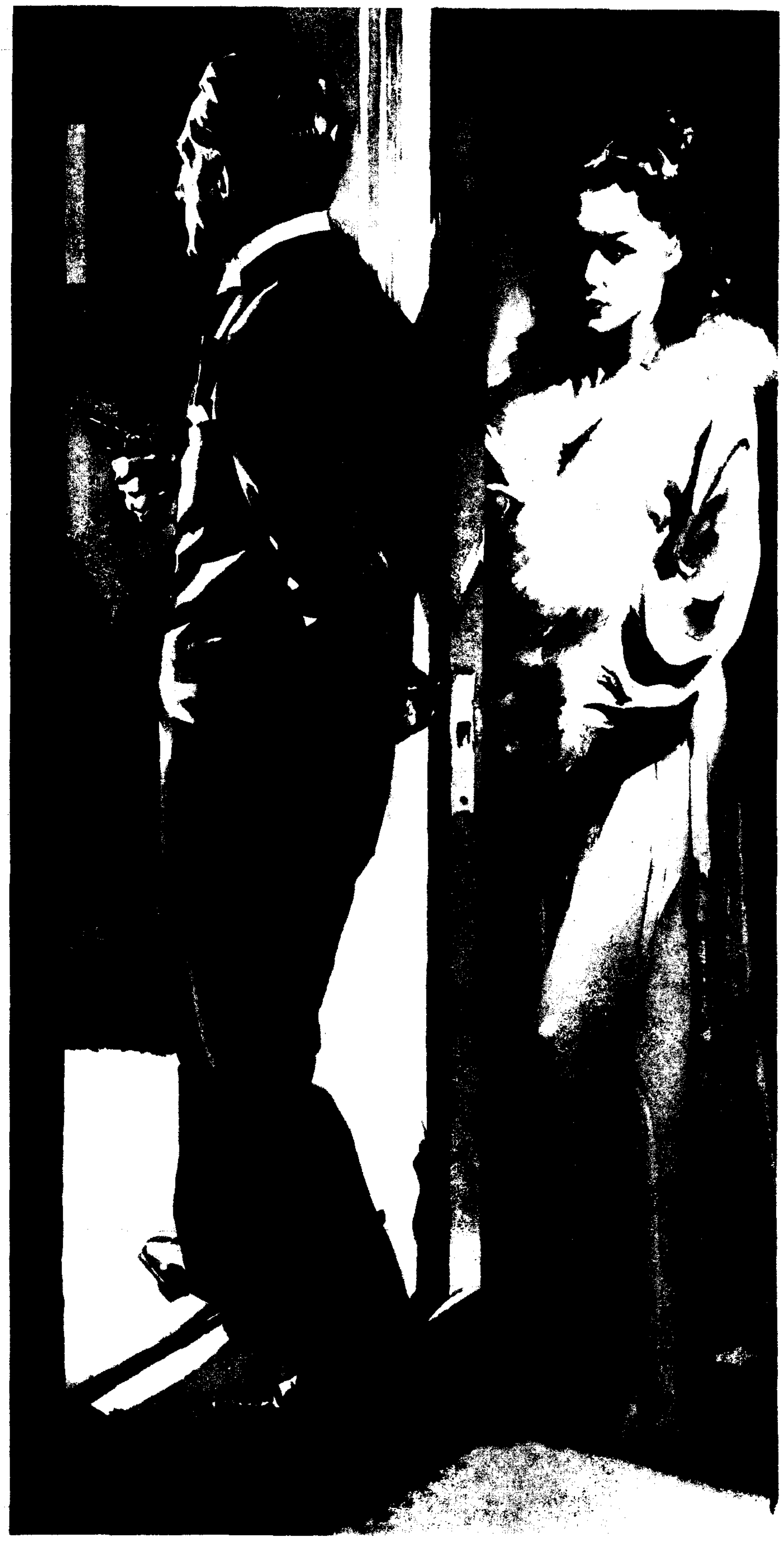
Ding-Dong nodded. "I worked on one,

(Continued on page 30)

The Spymaster

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



He passed through. What followed was a matter of breathless seconds

The Story Thus Far:

IN DEALING with the super-spy, Horace Florestan, the difficulty has been not so much to catch up with him, as to catch him red-handed. So far he has successfully countered every move of England's agents, headed by Admiral Guy Cheshire, Chief of Naval Intelligence. That Florestan has organized and is directing an underground service of information for his alien employers is undoubted; that he has purchased by bribery the loyalty of English officials of high position—notably certain naval officers—is also sure. But there is no direct proof with which to put a stop to Florestan's activities. Yet he must be stopped if peace is to be preserved and a disastrous war averted.

Of vital importance in Florestan's network of agents is the Italian Princess Sabine, wife of Henry D. Prestley, American financier. Sabine, from patriotic motives, has effectively schemed to secure British military and naval secrets and has transmitted them to Rome. Discovering this, Cheshire has compelled Sabine to surrender her position in the spy ring to her younger sister, the Countess Elida. To Elida he now purveys, from time to time, counterfeit documents whose apparent significance is immensely weighty. And these forgeries pass stealthily from Elida's hands into the secret channels established by Florestan.

Meantime, Cheshire discovers that one Henry Copeland, residing quietly with his wife at the Milan Court Hotel, is in fact Horace Florestan. In the spy's absence, he gains the confidence of Mrs. Florestan, learns that she hates and fears her husband. She admits Cheshire to Florestan's rooms in the Milan Court, where the officer hopes to secure some tangible evidence with which to destroy his adversary. Cheshire realizes that the woman may be leading him into a trap, but he takes a desperate chance. With Deborah Florestan's help he does find a vital clue—a pistol and a box of special cartridges. With these in his possession he will proceed to prove against Florestan a murder—the recent killing of Sir Theodore Meldicott, powerful munitions magnate.

Elated, Cheshire turns to thank her. "Dear—" she falters, stepping toward him. At that moment they hear the grating of a key in the outside door. There is an instant's pause —afterward an ominous knocking.

VIII

THE woman drew slowly away. Her voice as she spoke had a certain terrible hopelessness but it was steady and scarcely raised above a whisper.

"Someone has entered," she said, "but I drew the bolt of the sitting-room door. They can come no farther. Is this what God sends instead of hell?"

There was agony in her eyes as they lingered upon his. She was shivering all over.

"I do not wish anything to happen to you," she went on. "All I shall ask you is to remember. Look behind you."

He obeyed. There was another door.

"That leads through his bathroom. You open the door of that and you are in a side passage. Exactly opposite you are the service stairs. Go!"

"And leave you?"

She looked around.

"Nothing can hurt me more than having to say that one word—go," she told him.

He shook his head. Then he realized that she was passionately in earnest.

"Nothing is to be gained by your staying," she insisted as the knocking came once more. "At my own pace I return to the sitting room. I pass into my own room, I wake up and admit whoever it may be. I have no wish to have my body torn to pieces, as my spirit and mind will be from now on. Go!"

"I can protect you against anything in the world," he assured her. "I have authority at my back and a gun in my hand. I will take you away with me."

Her face lightened. She leaned forward and kissed him.

"Dear—my dear," she said. "I shall be thankful all my life that those were your last words before you went. Now —go!"

Again there came the knocking. The terror in her face was an inspiration to Cheshire. The thought that he had been so near leaving her shamed him. He smiled as he led her into the sitting room and saw her enter her own room.

"Lock your door," he whispered.

She obeyed him. He waited for a few seconds; he even fancied that he heard the creak of her bed. He closed the door leading from Florestan's bedroom, straightened his tie, glanced at the loading of the revolver and withdrew the bolt of the sitting-room door. . . .

One man, and one man only, was standing there waiting—a man in a black overcoat and a black Homburg hat, and with his hands in his pockets. There was no appearance of haste about him, no signs of excitement, nor was there any concealment in his person or dress. It was Florestan who entered the sitting room with a grim smile upon his lips.

"My friend Cheshire," he remarked. "I have been looking forward to another meeting with you."

As he spoke, he was divesting himself of coat and hat. He threw them upon the table. He appeared to be unarmed. There was nothing truculent about his voice or his bearing, but beyond a doubt it was Florestan.

"QUEER meeting, this," Florestan remarked as he seated himself in an easy chair. "Mind if I ring for some ice?" he added, reaching out toward the bell.

"You can do what you like, I suppose, in your own apartments," Cheshire answered.

"Of course, of course," the other assented. "To tell you the truth, I had forgotten for the moment that they were my own apartments. You seem so completely at home here. May I ask—would you think it an impertinence—but is your visit here the visit of, shall we say, a Lothario? Have you, in short, been calling upon my wife, or have you come here on some burglarious exploit?"

"I know nothing of your wife," was the curt reply. "I came here to see if I could discover any evidence that would enable me to put you promptly under arrest for the murder of Sir Theodore Meldicott."

Florestan nodded understandingly, almost sympathetically. He showed no signs of emotion.

"I cannot think why you liaison officers between Scotland Yard and all those mysterious departments of the navy and military, I cannot think why you choose to do your own lowdown work instead of leaving it to the underlings. You should use your brains to discover the likely places for your men to search and let them do the searching. If you had gone upon that principle you would not be in the parlous position you occupy at the present moment."

Cheshire nodded approval.

"Spoken like a master," he admitted. "It is not the police themselves who want to butt in. It is we who are new to the job. We cannot keep from interfering. I should have telephoned, of course, to my friends at Scotland Yard and I should have said: 'Mr. Florestan is away from the rooms he occupies in the Milan Hotel in the name of Copeland. Kindly search them and see if you can find any explosive cartridges that would fit a No. 5 Webley revolver.' Instead of that I came myself."

"You should not have done that," Florestan remonstrated. "You have submitted yourself to unreasonable risk and you have compromised my wife."

The waiter brought in the ice. He was on the point of leaving the room when Cheshire stopped him.

"Would it not be better," he suggested to Florestan, "if you ordered also some whisky and a siphon of soda, or whatever it is you wish to drink?"

"I have them both in my bedroom."

"Yes, but consider this," Cheshire continued, "I am not likely to allow you to go into your bedroom to find them. There is something there in the third drawer that might interfere with my plans."

"So clever of you," the other observed, scratching his chin. "Yes, of course. There is a very handy revolver in that third drawer. You are afraid I might get that instead of the whisky."

"Why should I run the risk?" Cheshire demanded.

"Bring a bottle of whisky and a siphon," Florestan ordered from the waiter.

The waiter left the room. Florestan smiled.

"Now, my midnight visitor," he said, "I will tell you why I keep rooms in the center of civilization and feel myself, generally speaking, secure. That waiter is chosen by me, so is the valet on this floor, so are the chambermaids. The

(Continued on page 45)

Here's some wise advice you can't possibly follow

"PUT YOUR EGGS in a lot of baskets."

That is an old investment principle the wisdom of which nobody disputes. But for the average man, there is just one thing wrong with it—he hasn't enough eggs.

Even the man of great wealth finds it difficult to follow the principle of diversification far enough. To do so means that he must spread his money over many different types of investments, over many different industries and in many sections of the country.

But the principle of broad diversification *can* be followed by a life insurance company.

Many factors join hands to form a protecting ring of safety around the money the company invests for the benefit of its policyholders. The dollars invested go only into types of securities defined by wise rules based on the long experience of life insurance companies and embodied in the insurance laws of the various States and of the Dominion of Canada.

A staff of investment specialists, each an expert in his particular investment field, has been drilled for years to consider return *on* the principal secondary to return *of* the principal.

In the course of making investments, a mass of economic information is compiled, weighed, and digested. And the placing of every dollar that goes forth to earn has been checked and cross-checked.

There is no "risk-less" investment. Life insurance companies do, however, achieve maximum safety for their funds, not only by having a very large number of eggs, but also by investigating thoroughly each of the many different baskets into which they put those eggs. *Life insurance offers to the man with only "one egg" a reassuring means of putting that egg into many baskets.*

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
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A Life for a Life

Continued from page 12

tired and slept soundly the rest of the night. Mrs. Elliott remained in the house with me. The young people were forced to spend the night with neighbors because of the plaster and debris that had fallen in their rooms. Meanwhile, a cordon of police had been thrown around the entire district.

The state of New York, incidentally, paid for the damage to the house, the legislature appropriating the sum of $2,300 for rebuilding and repairs.

I agreed with an editorial that appeared in a New York paper a few days after the bombing. It said:

"The truth that bomb throwers always defeat their own purpose is vividly emphasized in the act of the desperate criminals who tried to assassinate Robert G. Elliott, executioner at Sing Sing.

"The bombers succeeded in damaging Elliott's home and in spreading momentary terror throughout the neighborhood.

"They succeeded also in driving the public to adopt even more rigid measures than before for its own protection.

"Elliott's death would have done nothing to prevent the execution of other condemned persons. This man is a mere cog in the judicial and penal system of New York State. His passing would have found many other men ready and anxious to carry on his grim duties. Electrocutions would have proceeded without a hitch.

"The job of executioner is provided for under laws designed to restrain crime. Many earnest people believe these laws to be unjust. Much constructive good work has been done to bring about substantial changes. Changes will be made only when a majority of citizens are convinced that it is safe to change.

"That day is postponed every time a spectacular murder is committed and every time fiendish men set bombs that imperil life and property."

The Inevitable Aftermath

On May 19th, the day after the early-morning bombing, I received a letter. Written in an almost illegible scrawl, it was dated May 17th but was postmarked May 18th, from Paterson, New Jersey. It read:

"Dear Mr. Elliott:

"Do not think for a minute that if you have a dozen policemen to save your property or your life, it is immaterial for your kindness which you have shown toward us as mankind human beings. You are a slob like anyone else, so be careful before your lights are out. You will get yours for not minding your own business."

It was signed "Trustee," probably meant to be "Trusty." At any rate, I have always assumed from the choice of words and grammatical construction that the writer of the letter was not a trustee of a church, a college or any similar institution.

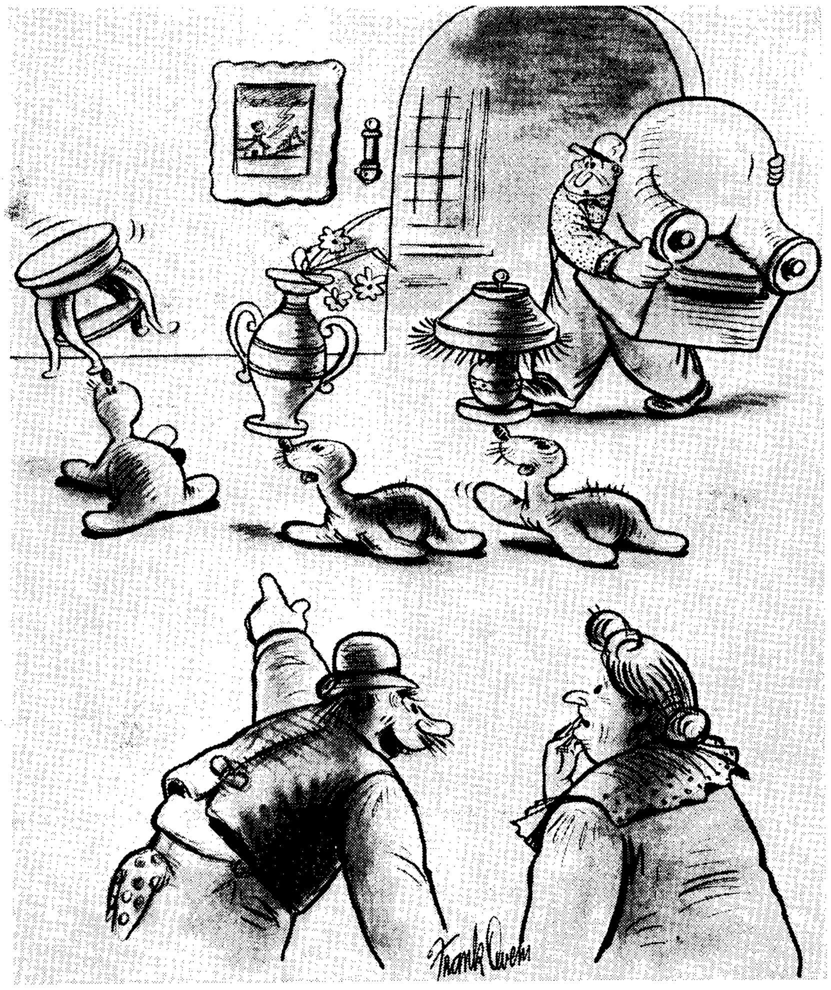
The chances are that the man who wrote the letter was a former convict, perhaps a former trusty, one of whose pals had gone to the electric chair or was scheduled to go. I never connected this scrawled threat with the bomb that made a shambles of our house and spoiled some of my prettiest rosebushes. If the letter had been postmarked, as it was dated, May 17th, then perhaps it might have been really significant. But what happened, I imagine, was that this bitter man, reading in the newspapers on May 18th of the bombing, dated the letter May 17th, either mistakenly or craftily, and mailed it in an attempt to frighten me and my family.

I mention that letter, not because it provided any clue to the bombing but because I know there are thousands of self-respecting, intelligent people who feel toward me almost as the illiterate man who scrawled that threat. I know this because I receive hundreds of letters whenever the execution of a well-known murderer brings my name into the news and into their minds. The threats of violence do not worry me save as they may be directed against my family. But even these do not cause me, Mrs. Elliott or our children real alarm because we have looked into the sources of enough of them, with the aid of detectives, to know that most are products of erratic but comparatively harmless minds.

But I do ponder often the protests that come to me from earnest people in the name of religion.

Am I a murderer?

I deny the charge. I have told you before in these articles of my philosophy: that I consider myself a part of society's plan to restrain and punish wrongdoers, just as the judges, the juries, the police and the citizens are part of that plan. But I know that many, many people don't believe that.



"Don't worry, ma'am! I got them to carry out the expensive stuff!"

FRANK OWEN

Ask the Neighbors

With my acquaintances, the people who really know me, it is different. I believe I have as many friends as any man who is naturally quiet and not a good-time Charlie. My son and daughters have had as many friends as any young people should have. I should never have considered doing this, to say the least unusual, work if I had not believed I could manage it without handicapping my children and their outlook on life. I would have resigned the moment I saw that happening.

But I cannot see that it has made their lives any different than if I had happened to continue as an ordinary electrician, or had become a grocer, or a druggist, or the Methodist minister my mother wanted me to be. And, as I analyze my daily life, I can't see that my relationships with my neighbors would have been different. I was recently invited to become a trustee of the Congregational Church of which my wife and I are members. My neighbors in Richmond Hill are as neighborly as your neighbors. Some of them envy me my roses and my grandchildren, and some of them have jokingly said that they envy me the short hours of my profession. But none of my friends has ever tried to get my job, although I can't say as much for some other people whose letters I shall tell you about a little later.

On the day our home was bombed, Gertrude was a little distracted, as any girl of seventeen might have been at being almost blown from her bed in the middle of the night and seeing half of her home a wreck. She was then in Newtown, Long Island, High School, finishing preparation for the art course she later completed with distinction at Pratt Institute.

The teacher in one class that day chided her for her lack of concentration. Not surprisingly, tears crept into Gertrude's eyes and the teacher inquired more gently what was bothering her. On being told the whole story, the teacher excused my daughter for the remainder of the day and thereafter was one of her most understanding instructors and friends.

Now, I don't blame the people who have read fantastic and untrue stories about me and who see me as the American counterpart of that bizarre Frenchman, Henri Anatole Deibler, the current master of France's bloody guillotine. Judging from the lurid stories I have read of M. Deibler, I'm not sure that I'd be very comfortable with him myself. He is pictured as a man with no friends, a social outcast, whose appearance in public sends people scattering in all directions.

I don't make public appearances, as such, but I do know that my appearance in my back yard or garden sends some of the neighbors' children and my grandchildren running toward me, not away from me. They like my flowers and they like to be the actors in the motion-picture skits in which I'm cameraman, director, producer and all.

But the magazines that deal in stories of crime picture me in manner as somber and grotesque as France's M. Deibler. The legend accompanying one picture read that "Elliot ended by hanging himself." I considered that misstatement the most shocking and serious exaggeration ever printed about me. I demanded satisfaction and got it.

Our Camera-Shyest Citizen

I don't blame people for being a bit squeamish, people who don't know me and who have depended on distorted writings for their impressions of me. Because my predecessor, John Hulbert, was a man who literally "walked alone," avoided the company of his fellows and finally ended his own life by shooting, it has freely been predicted that I would do the same. But John Hulbert's eyesight was failing so rapidly that he faced blindness. His wife had died and domestic troubles had brought him grief, which I have been spared.

Rarely have I told anyone of my identity, not because I wished to be mysterious but because I did not want to seem to exploit my connection with the fascinating (to so many people) subject of legal death. For that reason, I have avoided photographers as much as possible. Two or three years ago, an association of newspaper photographers in convention voted me the distinction of being the most difficult man in America to photograph, with J. P. Morgan second.

Perhaps if I had courted more attention and permitted more photographs and stories, then such myths as the one spiked by a friend of mine in Pittsburgh would not have gained circulation.

My friend, a newspaperman whom I have known for years, informed me that a mail carrier in a suburb of Pittsburgh had been spreading a strange story. Asserting that he knew me personally, this man had told a fanciful tale of how I had become the state executioner because my wife and two of my children had been murdered some years ago. He said that I had taken to the bleak business because I was sour on the world and wanted to avenge the deaths of my relatives.

"I certainly lost no time in driving a nail into that story," wrote my newspaper friend to me. And I am glad he did so, because the deepest conviction I have in regard to capital punishment is that vengeance should play no part. I am glad that only in rare instances during my experience have wardens permitted friends or members of the

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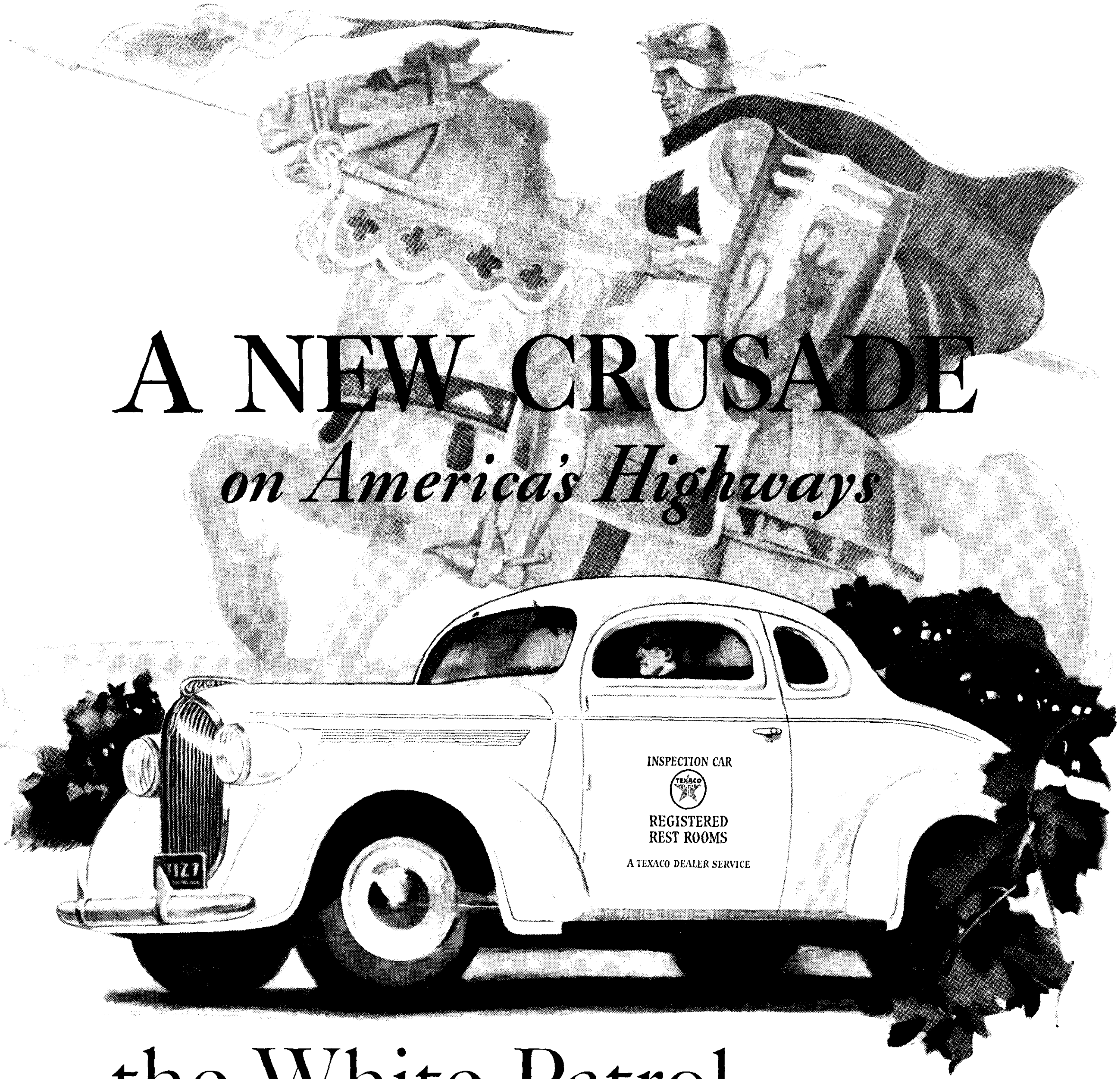

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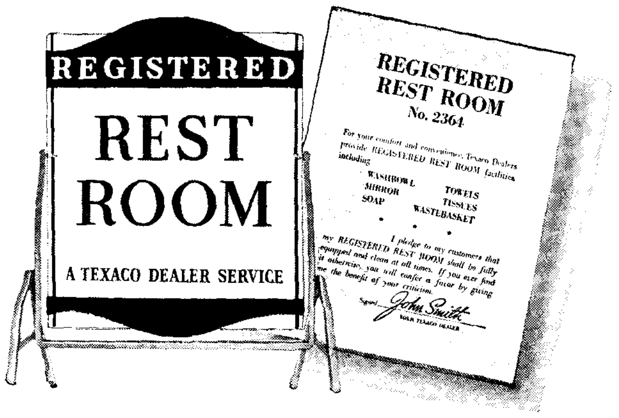

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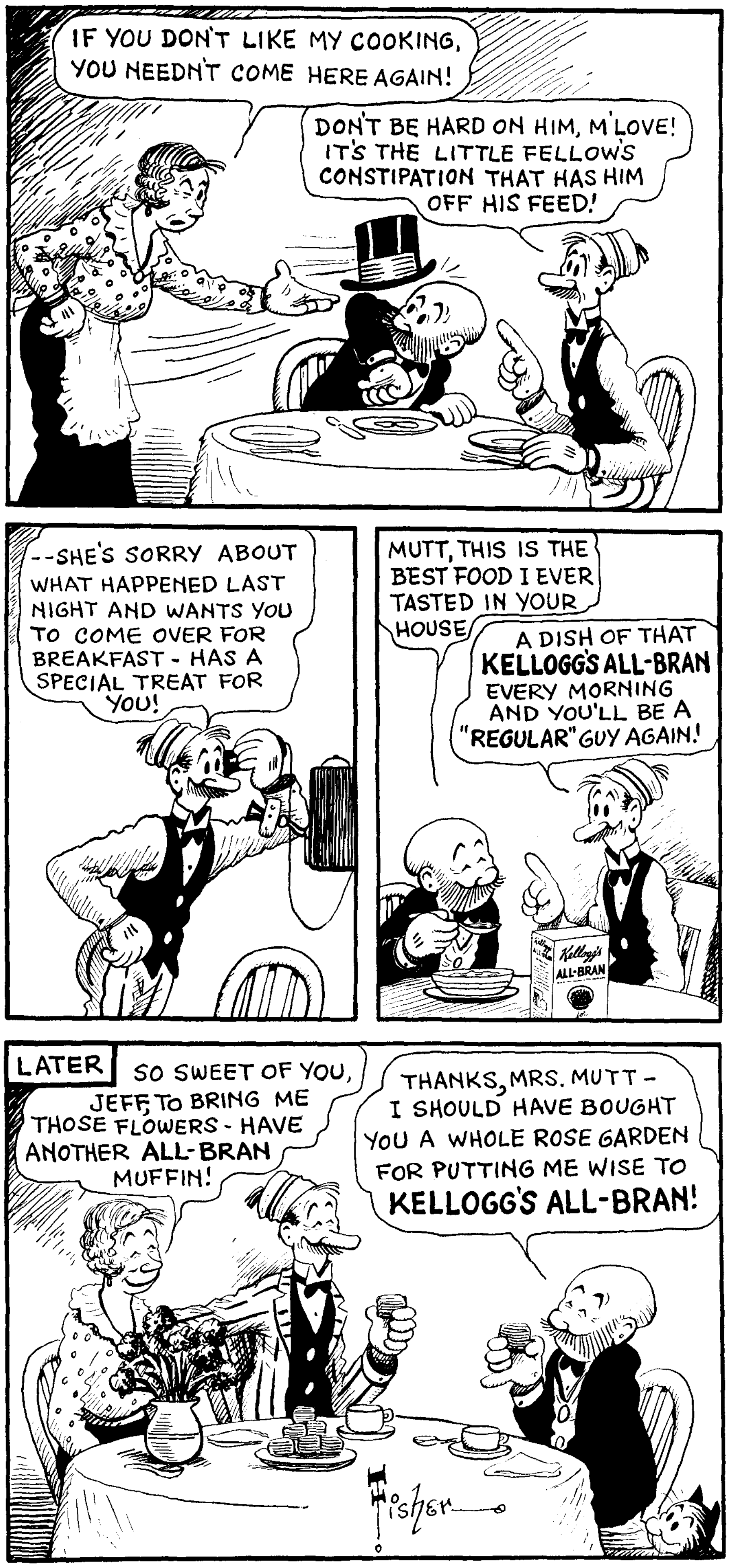
MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher


IF YOU DON'T LIKE MY COOKING, YOU NEEDN'T COME HERE AGAIN!
DON'T BE HARD ON HIM, M'LOVE! IT'S THE LITTLE FELLOW'S CONSTIPATION THAT HAS HIM OFF HIS FEED!
--SHE'S SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT AND WANTS YOU TO COME OVER FOR BREAKFAST - HAS A SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU!
MUTT, THIS IS THE BEST FOOD I EVER TASTED IN YOUR HOUSE!
A DISH OF THAT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN EVERY MORNING AND YOU'LL BE A "REGULAR" GUY AGAIN!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
LATER
SO SWEET OF YOU, JEFF, TO BRING ME THOSE FLOWERS - HAVE ANOTHER ALL-BRAN MUFFIN!
THANKS, MRS. MUTT - I SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT YOU A WHOLE ROSE GARDEN FOR PUTTING ME WISE TO KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN!
Fisher

It is lack of "bulk" in the diet that so often causes common constipation! And "bulk" doesn't mean the *amount* you eat—but a *kind* of food that supplies the soft, "bulky" mass you need to aid elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies both this needed "bulk" and the intestinal-tonic vitamin, B_1. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars"! Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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A Natural Laxative Cereal

murdered victim's family to be in the death chamber as I electrocuted a condemned person. Vengeance is barbaric.

And yet I am charged with the spirit of vengeance in so many of the hundreds of letters I receive. Here's one:

"Mr. Elliott: Your daughter will die just like you killed Irene Schroeder." This was unsigned.

Another:

"Give up your infernal work and take a Christian job! Where do you think to spend eternity? The spirits of your victims are going at night around your house. Convert or you go to hell." This was also unsigned.

Another, dated January 13, 1928:

"Dog Elliott. You dirty, filthy ——, you should drop dead long ago, for you are a cold-blooded butcher and murderer, also Warden Lawes better look out and watch his step. You better resign your job at once if you care to live much longer, also your friend, the warden. Also the state doctor ought to be in hell long ago and the black hand will get you all sooner or later and beware all of you. THE BLACK HAND GANG."

The World's Worst Fan Mail

A letter like that is no occasion for real worry because it is obviously an empty threat. It is possible, of course, that the man or men who wrote that letter planted the bomb that blew up my house four months later. But I hardly believe so. The human snake does not rattle a warning before he strikes.

But some of the letters, from obviously more intelligent citizens, are equally abusive. As for example this one, in more readable English and signed by a person whose name I don't need to mention here:

"Robert Elliott: I cannot restrain myself from writing to you of the ways and means you have acquired in the manner which makes you a living. From what I understand, you are at a time of life when men have more knowledge of the ways of the world, and to think that there is an individual that really would turn on a current that would send humans to their death in such a brutal manner. You ought to bury your face in the dirt. If there is any manly principle left in your inhuman carcass, you should blow out your brains if you have any. I would not do your rotten work for any price. I could not be hired for such a purpose for all they could give me in this world. I would be ashamed to let the sun shine on me or to breathe the fresh air. You are worse than the criminals you send to their doom. How can you look a man in the face, how can you raise children, how can you look your wife or relatives in the face and call yourself a man? If you cannot get a living any other way, you ought to starve to death, you poor, miserable cur. What kind of a thinking mind have you, anyway?"

I hope the man who signed that letter reads these articles. I expect that he will. Much more sincerely am I troubled by the letter that comes from the deeply religious person, such as this one:

"Mr. Elliott: How can you press the button of electricity to send people to their death? It is murder. You or anyone else that does that in the sight of God is doing wrong. Think upon this, you do it for money. God's eyes go up and down over the earth. Think of your taking 100 lives."

Such a letter causes me much more concern than the brief note that came shortly before the Hauptmann execution:

"If you give R. B. H. the juice, you will be sorry," it read. "You will pay for it as he does, for he is not guilty."

But I believe I should rather receive that letter than one that came from a man in Oklahoma, who wrote a few weeks later: "Good for you, Mr. Elliott. Don't ever let your conscience bother you about spinning the wheel of the rheostat that sent two thousand volts of electricity through the body of Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Hauptmann got exactly what was coming to him when he was electrocuted."

That letter showed pleasure in death, and vengeance. The writer of that letter was not thinking of Hauptmann's aged mother in Germany, nor even of the mother of the little Lindbergh boy. I was thinking of both as I sent the current through the kidnaper's body.

And then there was the letter I received from a mother in the same mail asking: "Will you kindly honor my little girl and I (sic) by autographing the two cards enclosed. Please, Mr. Elliott, don't disappoint us, as we have Governor Hoffman's and all of the lawyers on both sides of the Hauptmann case and we would like to have yours also."

I can understand the threatening letters, the letters from distressed religionists, the letters that call me a murderer. But I can't understand the dozens, or hundreds, of letters that come in after a notorious case, begging my autograph. I mentioned this to Mrs. Elliott as we talked one day recently about these articles. She said that these people probably are the same kind as those who stood in thousands for ten or eleven hours in a New York street a short while ago waiting for an erratic, unfortunate young man to jump from a ledge seventeen stories to his death—and then screamed as he did so.

Perhaps you think that if I were to resign as the official executioner of six states tomorrow, there would be difficulty in finding a successor. Three or four years ago an erroneous newspaper report stated that my health was failing and that I was about to resign.

I received several hundred letters asking that I use my influence to gain appointments for the writers.

They Want to Kill People

From Fairland, Indiana:

"It has been a lifelong ambition of mine to be an executioner. I have no fanatical desire or publicity stunt in mind in wishing to enter this line of work. It has been a hobby of mine for years, experimenting with electricity in destroying animals, and have worked for the most humane executions by electricity." This man went on to state what he believed were his qualifications, including a college degree in science and membership in the Christian Church.

Another, from Salem, Massachusetts:

"I wrote to you a few weeks ago and haven't received an answer yet. I really meant what I said in my letter about wanting the job as executioner. It wouldn't take me long to learn how to do the work, all I have to do is see you do it once. I am having a hard time trying to make a living for my wife and son. That is why I am asking you to help me this way."

The following letter from a woman in Kingston, New York, was one of the strangest. It followed a newspaper report that I would attempt to be excused from the execution of Ruth Snyder, a report that was unfounded, of course. This was the letter:

"Dear Mr. Elliott:

"I saw in the news that you just did not care to execute Mrs. Snyder. If you don't want to do it, will you let me have the first offer? I won't mind it one bit to execute Mrs. Snyder. It is just what she should get, the chair. I could execute Ruth Snyder with a good heart and think I had done a good deed. I think, Mr. Elliott, if they did have a woman executioner for the same states you have, it would be more than right to have a woman execute a woman, and that would take a whole lot off your mind. If you would like to have me help you the night the two are put in the chair, I will be more than glad to do so. I hope to hear from you soon."

These are only samples of the hundreds that come to me—the strangest "fan mail" in the world. I do not have to quote more to explain why capital punishment endures; why there is never a lack of witnesses on the night that a murderer goes to his death, and why the future of capital punishment in six Eastern states depends not a bit on the presence of one Robert G. Elliott.

My comfort is that with no vengeance and with a high respect for the religious beliefs that assure life in the hereafter, I do this work without the grim pleasure indicated by so many of those letters from people who would succeed me. And, with the experience of the years behind me, I do it as humanely and quickly as it can be done.

To know that the condemned man has made his peace with his Maker is as much comfort to me as to his spiritual guide on that last walk to the chair. I have seen how belief in religion and the hereafter strengthens a man, even the most hardened of men, in the waning hours of his life. I have seen only one man in my experience who had to be carried to the chair. He was a mulatto of immature mind who had murdered a farmer. The fact that most men gain strength in the last hour is due to the fact that all but a small percentage of them turn to a religious faith.

It has always been a mystery to me why people voluntarily attend murder trials and executions. I have never gone to a murder trial in my life.

There was a night at Sing Sing that six were scheduled to be executed. Several times I have put four to death on the same occasion but never more. The sentences of four of the six were finally commuted but the two ringleaders were to die.

A friend of mine who had driven to the prison with me that night overheard a conversation in the visitors' room as the witnesses awaited the call to the warden's office. One had just learned of the commutation of the four sentences.

"Well, that's a fine mess," he sputtered. "Here I come all the way up from New York to see six of them get the works and a chicken-hearted governor lets four of them off. If I'd dreamed he was going to pull a stunt like that, I'd have stayed in Brooklyn. And I voted for that governor, too. I'll never do it again. Any man who lets murderers off as easily as that will never get another vote of mine. It's an outrage. Something ought to be done about it."

I, too, feel that something ought to be done about it; something that would bar that kind of man from being the wide-eyed, morbid witness as a fellow human is put to death by the authority of the state in which he and too many others like him may vote.

The fourth of this series of articles will appear in next week's Collier's

Not Another Stitch

Continued from page 18

most elegant figure in any gathering. One finally offered to back her in the dressmaking business. Naively Valentina accepted.

Beginner's luck nearly swamped Valentina. The disappearance one day of her backer with all the cash almost ruined her. Only the help and insistence of several clients kept her in business.

Today at cocktail hour you'd never guess her small shop was a commercial establishment. It's more of a social salon, where noted society women from Park Avenue and famous artists of opera, stage and screen meet.

"People are always calling me exotic because I am so simple," Valentina says furiously. "Designers have become so involved in their own idiotic fashion changes that they no longer recognize simplicity when they see it!

"To simplify a dress I make as few seams as possible. And I am forever standing away looking at it, asking myself what I can take from it rather than what I can add to it. Every daytime dress should be made so simple that it can do double or triple duty merely by adding or subtracting a sash or frill."

Color Provides the Lift

Don't go to Valentina if you have a yen for wild colors. (Color tricks the eye, too, exactly as line does.) To black she gives the major role in any wardrobe because it has everything, she says. Dignity, elegance, sophistication, simplicity, chic. Beige and gray are her favorites for light wool dresses. They give you a pickup of spirit on even the darkest day.

"Very definite, pure colors," she says, "are bad. They detract from the vitality of your appearance, let you down—and color should always give you a lift."

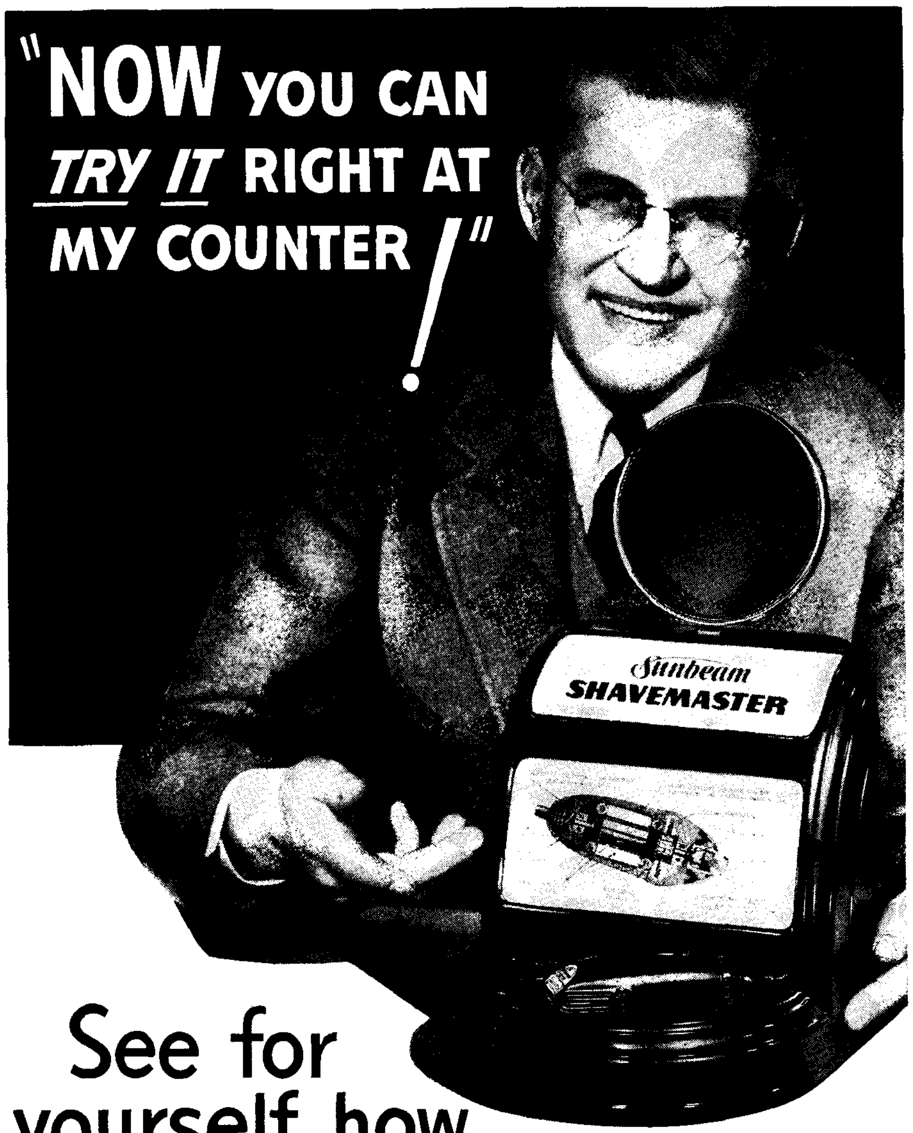
So play safe with indefinite colors and you'll add to your charm. Of course black—a high-necked, long-sleeved black dinner dress—is tops in simplicity and mystery, too. White is the most flattering choice for an evening gown, especially if you allow yourself only one. But be sure you lay over it a draped evening wrap in a softly mysterious color.

Around Valentina have grown countless legends concerning her prima-donna ways. You are apt to hear she is temperamental, that she goes into a cold white rage if you're late for a fitting. They say, too, she's likely to make you only the clothes she wants rather than those you order. You may weakly complain that after all you have to wear them. She'll counter, saying that she and your friends have to look at them. The fact is that Valentina has proved herself right so often that she frequently grows impatient with her clients' ideas on dress and her contempt is ill-concealed. But just evince a glimmer of understanding and her poker face in its frame of a long tawny bob grows animated. You won't be able to resist her.

"That's the trouble with most women," says Valentina, "they think they know what they want. (Men will agree.) And for some inexplicable reason, when it comes to their clothes, what they want is nearly always wrong."

A certain actress, who shall be nameless, famous for her classic beauty, is a pertinent example. The first time she swept into Valentina's shop, she proceeded to give exact instructions on how her clothes were to be made—lots of frills, bouffant skirts, piquant bows. While she talked Valentina made up her mind to refuse the order, but suddenly decided to take it. Several weeks after the clothes were delivered, the actress came furiously to Valentina. "Why do the costumes you make for Grace Moore look so much smarter than anything I have?" she demanded.

"I am glad you like them," smiled Valentina. "You see she does not design them. I do."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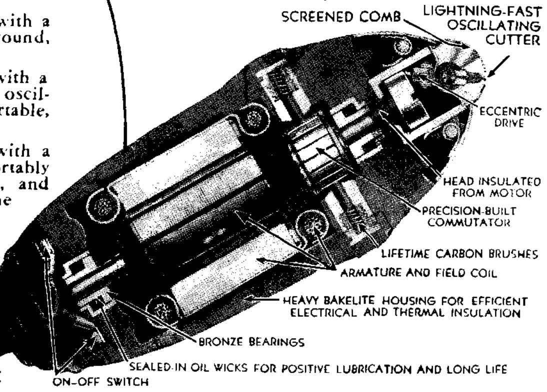
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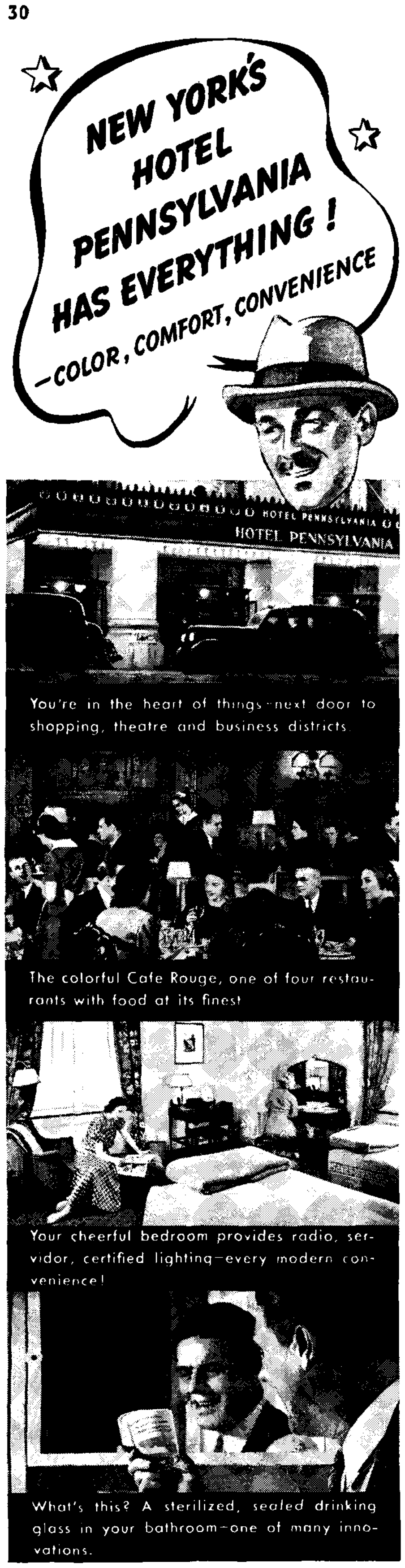
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Cats Love Music

Continued from page 23

too," he said. "They called it Goodby Love, only it didn't work out that way. The fellow got the girl."

A little man wearing a monocle was struggling through the alligators. As he worked his way up to the platform he waved frantically at Miss McCoy and finally caught her eye.

"It's Frisby-Pierson," she said to Ding-Dong. "Sometimes I'm engaged to him." Then, to her part-time fiancé: "I'll be with you in a minute, Toots. Go on back to the table."

Mr. Frisby-Pierson found his voice at that. "But we cawn't wait!" he protested. "Some bobbies just came in and said that Leo and Cleo were creating a disturbance!"

Miss McCoy let out an anguished cry. "Come on!" she gasped, grabbing Ding-Dong's hand, "they can't law my cats and live to tell about it!"

"Law who?" asked Ding-Dong as she dragged him through the crowd, Frisby-Pierson clinging to her other elbow. Miss McCoy didn't answer. Her bosom heaving and fire in her eyes, she charged directly for the exit and the adjacent parking lot.

OUTSIDE a cordon of police were holding back the throngs who clustered around an impressive chromium and black foreign limousine. Miss McCoy grabbed the nearest bluecoat.

"What goes on?" she demanded.

The officer stared at her. "Plenty!" he said bitterly. "There's some wild animals in the back seat of that car!"

"Wild animals?" asked Ding-Dong, who was very cat-conscious. He hurried after Miss McCoy and her frantic Frisby-Pierson. She threw open the door and two young leopards bolted from the seat and threw themselves upon her.

The crowd let out a shriek and stampeded in all directions, being outfooted only by the law. Those few foolhardy souls who remained saw that the leopards' intentions were strictly honorable. They were licking Miss McCoy's hands.

"Sometimes I think they like the taste of these diamonds," she said to Mr. Williams, whose hypnotized gaze was still on them. Realizing his interest, she said then: "These are Leo and Cleo. A rajah gave them to me."

A cautious face appeared around a neighboring car and was gradually followed by the uniform that went with the face. "You gotta leave," the policeman said faintly. "This parking lot ain't any zoo, lady."

Miss McCoy thrust her fiancé into the car and the two leopards joyously bounded in after him. She hesitated only long enough to shake hands with Mr. Williams.

"You'll be hearing from me," she said, pressing his hand a lot harder than was absolutely necessary. Ding-Dong was still nodding dazedly as the limousine swept away.

MISS McCOY was as good as her threat. She showed at the Paradise the following night, attired in a red dress that looked as if it had been poured on her. She collared Ding-Dong at intermission.

"Cut it short, honey," she said. "I'm on that fence tonight."

"I beg pardon?" asked Ding-Dong, wondering if Miss McCoy might possibly be a reefer.

"I gotta send it away," she said huskily.

"Oh," said Ding-Dong, "you wanta make jam!" He shook his head. "I can't. Angela wouldn't like it."

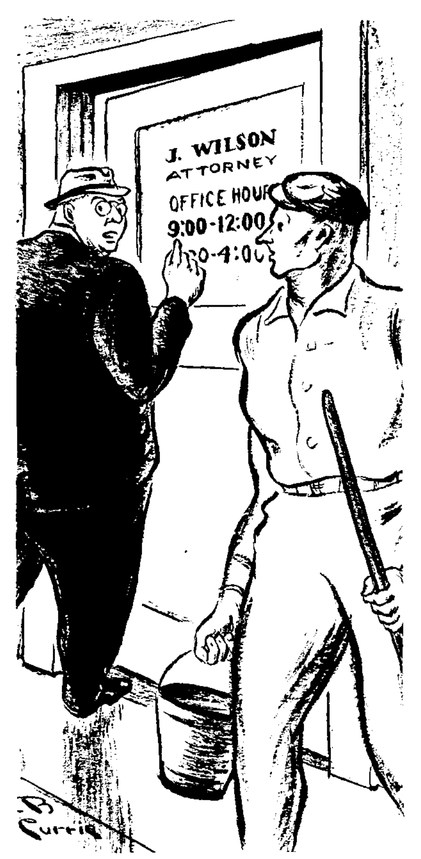
"Swell," said Miss McCoy. "I'll be waiting in the car."

So, an hour later, not even Ding-Dong was surprised to find himself being bustled away in that sleek limousine. The leopards awoke from their nap and cuddled all over him. Only his ears were visible as Miss McCoy ordered the driver to take them to the Cocoanut Grove.

"Aren't these leopards sorta sissy?" Ding-Dong inquired, sounding embarrassed. "They don't act like any I ever saw."

"They're not sissy," said Miss McCoy. "They're just refined."

Rouben of the Grove didn't share Miss McCoy's sentiments. He looked once at the leopards and then firmly closed the doors to the palm room. "I am so sorry, Miss McCoy, but no leopards do we allow. There are ordinances."



"Have this changed to 9:30, Henry. I can't be coming in late this way every morning"

BRUCE CURRIE

Ding-Dong looked doubtfully at the lady in red. "Maybe we could check them," he suggested. "That is, if they won't get lonesome."

"We will not!" said Miss McCoy. "Where I go, my leopards go!"

Ding-Dong looked at Rouben. "I guess we'll have to go someplace else."

At the Sidewinder Swing Club, however, the party was greeted with open arms. Leo and Cleo, who had been developing a slight case of the sniffles, were given warm milk, and when their mistress, at the M. C.'s beck and call, took over the stand, they docilely followed her, spreading themselves about her feet like asthmatic rugs.

Miss McCoy certainly grooved it, Ding-Dong thought admiringly as he watched her from the side lines. There was a clear, shimmering tone that made him think of Bix's trumpet.

When she went into Moanin' Low, he could stand it no longer. "Gotta give!" he said suddenly, grabbing his clarinet from the table. Marge glanced at him as he leaped up on the stand and what she saw satisfied her. She had known he could only take it so long.

She hit a break then and said huskily, "Take it away, popcorn man!" and Ding-Dong closed his eyes and brought up his clarinet, pointing it higher and higher as he reached for his licks. Miss McCoy gave out with a long, sibilant sigh.

It was after four o'clock before the cats would finally let them go. Wearily they bundled the leopards into the car and sagged back against the seat. Miss McCoy glanced at Ding-Dong. "I'm not unwound," she said. "I need air and lots of it."

"That's the way I am," said Mr. Williams. "I gotta run down."

Marge nodded and spoke into the driver's tube. "Twice around the park." She looked at Ding-Dong then. "You know something?" she said meditatively. "You're the cutest reed I've seen in a long time."

Ding-Dong gulped and wished unhappily that Angela were there to cope with the situation. He edged away.

"Come over here," said Miss McCoy. "I like 'em bashful."

"I can't," said Ding-Dong. "I'm engaged. It's not nice to go around kissing people when you're engaged."

"That's what you think," said the determined lady, kissing him thoroughly. Ding-Dong quivered briefly, then sat quite still, feeling numb all over. Miss McCoy drew back and looked at him. "You see?"

Ding-Dong couldn't answer. He just sat there staring straight ahead.

THEY rode that way for half an hour while Marge chain-smoked cigarettes and her nerves had their coming-out party. When Ding-Dong could tell she was quieting down again he cautiously looked at her.

"You wanta see something pretty?" he asked abruptly.

"Why not?"

Ding-Dong tapped the driver's shoulder. "Turn down the next road." He glanced eagerly at Miss McCoy. "You'll like this," he promised. She nodded doubtfully, suddenly suspicious that Mr. Williams might be one of those nature lovers who went in for sunrises and things.

"Here we are!" he said suddenly. "This ranch here."

Marge rolled down a window as Ding-Dong hastily opened the door. "What gives?" she demanded.

"Ostriches," said Ding-Dong. "Lots of them."

The singer and the leopards hurried after him. Soon the four of them were standing with their noses pressed against the fence.

"Not bad," said Miss McCoy, "though, personally, I prefer them on a hat."

"They've better in the St. Louis zoo," Ding-Dong admitted. "Better but not so many of them."

Leo and Cleo stalked around a corner of the fence, seeking a better view. They had just stationed themselves at this new vantage point when the ostrich owner appeared, bearing two pails of feed. He took one look at the leopards, screamed and dashed for the house.

Even as Ding-Dong and Marge came hastening around the corner the man reappeared with a shotgun in his hand. He let go a salt-and-pepper blast that took Leo and Cleo in a most vulnerable spot. Yelping, they bolted for the car.

"Put down that gun, you coward!" screamed Miss McCoy, throwing herself at the man's throat. Ding-Dong was

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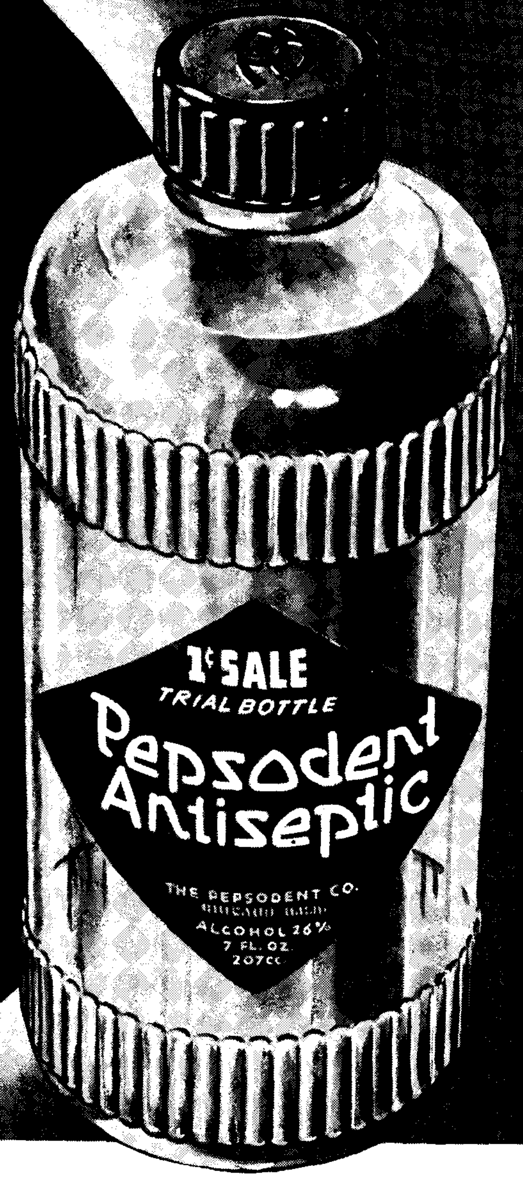
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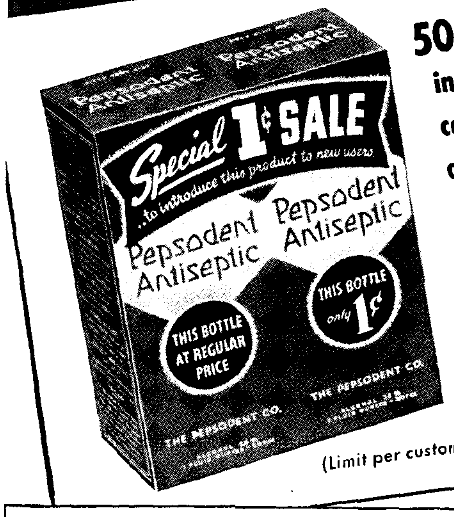
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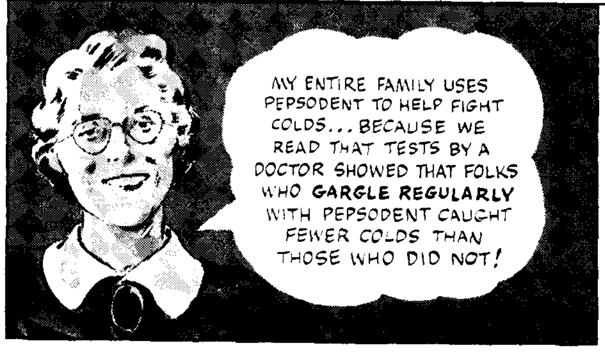
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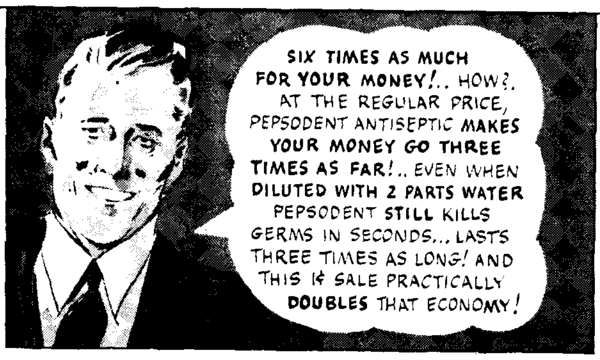
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"Your Face Is So Familiar..."

SHE: *Now* I remember you! Aren't you my husband?

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SHE: So that's the reason for this local-boy-makes-good-air! It's almost too good to last.

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That smart hat is in "Caribou Gray" . . . one of Stetson's superb new range of "Rod-and-Gun" colors for Fall. Now being shown in the world's leading stores. $5, $7.50, $10 and up to $40. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia. Stetsons made in Canada, from $5.50.

Step Out with a STETSON!

still trying to separate them when the sheriff's car arrived.

"A fine thing!" said Miss McCoy, surveying their tank. "A guy shoots at my leopards and so *we* go to jail!"

"It'll be all right," Ding-Dong said dismally. "I got Chris on the phone and he's coming right over to bail us out. Just so long as it don't get in the papers—" his voice trailed away. If Angela ever heard about this. . . .

"Quit pacing the floor," said Miss McCoy. "I'm dizzy enough."

Ding-Dong stopped abruptly, peering down the corridor as a familiar figure appeared with the keeper. Mr. Williams rattled his bars then and his faithful piano hurried toward him. Ding-Dong let out a piteous moan as he saw that Angela was with him.

"I couldn't help it," Mr. Ketridge said miserably. "She flew back last night and came around looking for you. We picked up your trail a couple of times and then she got mad. Etta took her home with us so she could have a good cry."

"I didn't!" Angela said fiercely, staring at Miss McCoy. When a girl flies all the way from Catalina to forgive a man and then finds him out with a common redhead, the truth no longer matters. Nothing matters. Nothing!

Miss McCoy was studying Angela with equal interest as the keeper let them out of their cell. "Nice but on the icky side," she said.

"She's no icky," Mr. Williams said defensively. "She's as whacky as we are. She likes her smoky-joe."

Angela stared at them in open-mouthed horror. While she was still thinking up something cutting to say, Miss McCoy said: "Have it your own way, Ding-Dong, but I know long underwear when I see it."

"What?" screamed Angela. "If you—"

"It's all right," said Ding-Dong. "She just means you're a long-hair, Angela. She means you're not union."

"Oh!" Angela gasped sharply, her heart a sudden heavy thing within her. She had always wondered what would happen if Ding-Dong ever met a girl who talked his language. Now she knew—the hard way. She was almost crying when she said, "Nobody can talk that way about me, Ding-Dong Williams! You promised you'd stay away from the jam and animals and things, and now look what's happened!" She was openly crying now. "You've got to choose between me and your old smoky-joe, Ding-Dong!"

He turned ashen at this ultimatum. "I can't do either," he said weakly. "I just can't, Angela. I gotta have you both!"

She was already twisting her engagement finger. "Very well, then!" she said wildly. "You can't eat your cake and have it too! Besides, I could never love a man who had that woman's lipstick on his collar!"

She thrust the ring into his hand. "You can use this to bail yourself out," she cried, turning and fleeing down the corridor.

AT THE end of the painful week that followed, Ding-Dong was sure that his clarinet was all he had left in the world. Angela refused to see him, talk to him or listen to mutual friends.

Consequently he had no sales resistance when Mr. Ancil Steinberg, that eminent producer, invited him to a Sunday night soiree. "And bring this hotcha singer, see?" instructed Mr. Steinberg. "Maybe later I get her out in the kitchen and we talk contract, y'unnerstand?"

Dutifully, the doleful Ding-Dong and his licorice stick arrived, accompanied by Miss McCoy, Mr. Frisby-Pierson and Leo and Cleo, who were still sensitive about sitting down. Mr. Steinberg shied away at the sight of the leopards.

"It's all right," said Ding-Dong. "They're sissy leopards."

"Maybe," Mr. Steinberg conceded fearfully, "but no animals do I trust. Not even the rugs in my den."

Miss McCoy was surveying the living room, crowded with Hollywood's chosen. And all those who matter were watching Ding-Dong and Miss McCoy with equal interest. Already Harrison Carroll had rumored that it was a romance between these swingaroos. Miss McCoy, always best before a capacity audience, spoke loudly to Mr. Steinberg. "Not Buckingham Palace," she said, "but very cozy."

Ding-Dong sidled away, looking for some quiet place where he wouldn't be noticed. All these parties were the same, he thought morbidly. There were a lot of people, all talking at once, all redappling one another and pretending they meant it. And there was always a guest attraction, just like bank nights at theaters. Tonight it was Miss Marge McCoy, late of the Riviera.

THEY flocked around her, hemming her in, and she loved it. Ding-Dong caught an occasional glimpse of Frisby-Pierson's monocle in the swirling melee and once there was a yelp as Cleo was stepped on. Whimpering, the leopards emerged from the crowd and came skulking to Ding-Dong.

But for once they were ignored. Ding-Dong had just sighted one person who wasn't making over Miss McCoy. Angela, looking all sweet and pretty in a white dress, was watching from the side lines. Mr. Williams hurried over.

"Angela!" he cried, his voice doing an unexpected break. "Look, Angela—"

"I am looking," she said coldly, "and if you're not careful you'll be stepping on your Miss McCoy's leopards."

"She's not my Miss McCoy," Ding-Dong said sadly. "It's just that she won't let me be, Angela."

He looked so bewildered and forlorn that Angela had a hard time being really firm. Fortunately her escort, Mr. Ted Magee of the studio publicity department, came up then bearing two cocktails. Ding-Dog looked from Mr. Magee to his erstwhile fiancée. "Is he with you?"

Angela put her arm through Ted's. "Of course. I didn't have any leopards to keep me company."

"I see," said Ding-Dong. "I don't stay around where I'm not wanted." He walked away.

The party went on and on, until around midnight Ding-Dong could stand it no longer. While all the guests were thronged in that living room that looked like a set of the doge's palace, Mr. Williams retired to the kitchen seeking solitude and a glass of water. While he was drinking Leo and Cleo came softly padding into the room and sat down gingerly, regarding him with humid, loving eyes.

"You wanta drink?" asked Ding-Dong. He started to turn the faucet and then, remembering their aristocratic stomachs and pampered tastes, hesitated. Finally he noticed the bottles of champagne lying on the table. With much popping of corks he opened them all and poured the bubbly into a dishpan, setting it down before his leopard friends.

"Go right ahead," said Ding-Dong. "It won't upset you."

They started to lap it slowly, then stopped suddenly and stared at each other. Ding-Dong, who always worked up an appetite when he was unhappy, had finally discovered some crackers and ketchup. Now he was eating solemnly, hardly hearing the noisy, busy thirst that was taking place around him. Once he noticed vaguely that Leo stopped long enough to give Cleo a playful cuff.

When he had finished, Ding-Dong wandered away in search of the music room. He just couldn't bear the thought of going back and watching Angela enjoying herself with somebody else. Maybe if he found some good bounce stuff—

Leo and Cleo had finished the champagne and were well into the ketchup when Mr. Steinberg came into the kitchen seeking his distinguished clarinet. They stopped and stared up at him, ketchup drooling from their whiskers. Mr. Steinberg froze in his tracks, unable to speak, pray or breathe. Leo and Cleo considered him a moment and then, in a fine display of animal spirits, gave out with a screeching, blood-curdling duet.

Mr. Steinberg turned and fled, shrieking. The leopards stared at each other, both surprised and flattered. No one had ever run from them before. Unsteadily they trotted off after their audience, emerging into the living room as two artists should, with a loud and dramatic entrance. Their bravissimo hiccoughing was topped only by the hoarse screams of the guests.

Mr. Steve Moore, the famous he-man star, took one look at that dribbling ketchup, shrieked and plunged headlong over the sofa, landing squarely atop Mr. Ancil Steinberg. Miss Marge McCoy, hardly able to believe her fascinated eyes, was still standing openmouthed when Cleo came ambling up and with an amiable swipe removed most of her dress. Shrieking, Miss McCoy fled after Frisby-Pierson, who was already well on his way to a clothes closet.

WHEN all had taken to cover and the better tapestries had been satisfactorily clawed into rags, Leo and Cleo sallied forth into the garden, seeking new worlds to conquer. Mr. Steinberg made a cautious sortie from behind his sofa and was just bolting the doors when Ding-Dong came into the room.

"I thought I heard some noise," he said apologetically, staring at the heads were popping out from behind the furniture. "Hide and seek?" he hazarded.

Miss McCoy, still trembling as she draped a piano scarf where it would do the most good, said hoarsely, "The cats are loose!"

Ding-Dong stared at her, unable to understand why everybody was so white-faced.

"Why, that's nothing to worry about," he said reasonably. "They probably just came up here looking for jam. I'll take care of them." Clutching his clarinet, he went out into the night.

The piano scarf slipped from Miss McCoy's numbed grasp. She let out a shriek: "He thought I meant jitterbugs!"

Angela, who had almost fainted at the sight of the leopards, now had to be restrained forcibly as she recognized Ding-Dong's mistake in the identity of the cats in question. "Let me go!" she screamed. "We have to save him!"

"It ain't no use," Mr. Steinberg said sadly as an ungodly caterwauling went up outdoors. "By now there ain't enough left to make a good hamburger."

Angela shook off her captors at that. Crying, she headed blindly for the door, went out into that inky blackness and sudden, heavy silence.

"Ding-Dong!" she cried hysterically. "Ding-Dong, are you all right?"

"Sure," said his voice, floating back from the far end of the garden and sounding vaguely disappointed. "There's nobody here but these leopards."

Angela plunged after his voice. When she had located the approximate source of the wailing reed, there was no Ding-Dong. As she started to retrace her steps, the music stopped.

"Up here," said his voice. "Up this tree here."

Angela looked up. There was Ding-Dong seated on the lowest limb with Leo and Cleo crouched beside him, their eyes gleaming in the night. They hiccoughed gently as he put the clarinet down for the moment. "I'm soothing them," he explained. "They act all upset. It musta been the wine I gave them."

Angela didn't know whether to laugh or cry. As he resumed his melancholy lullaby, she finally got control of herself and said sternly, "You come right down here, Ding-Dong Williams!"

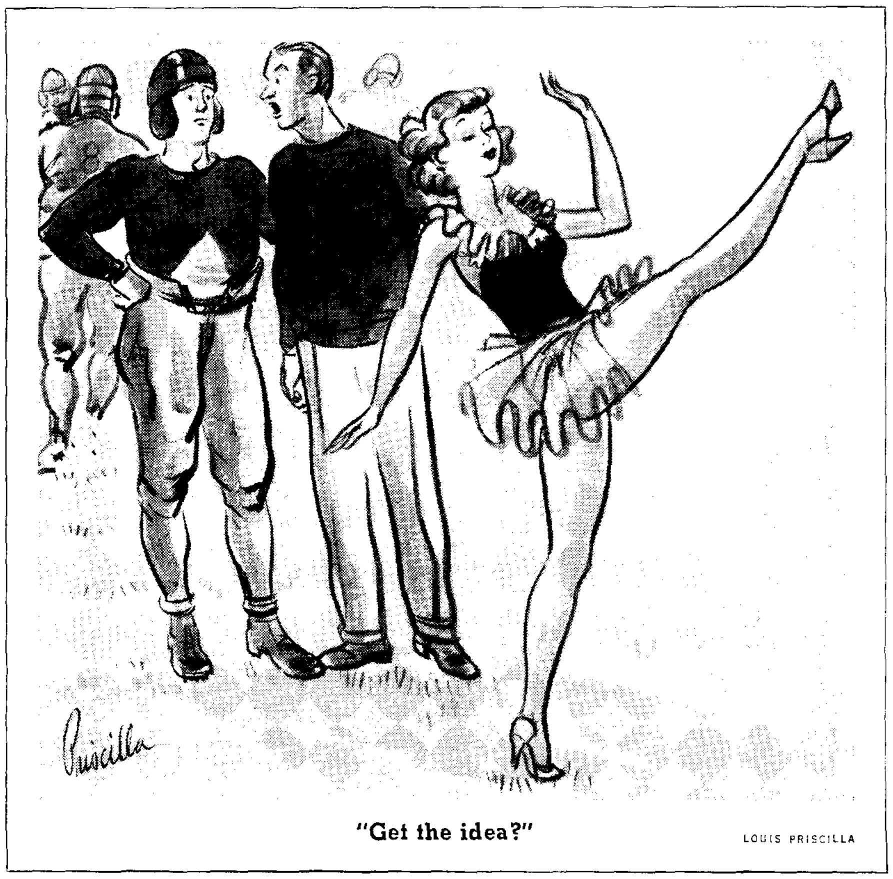
"Why should I?" he asked bleakly. "No matter what I do I'm up a tree."

"You heard me," she said and her voice was like it used to be. "I love you but I won't marry any man who thinks he's Tarzan!"

"Why didn't you say so?" asked Ding-Dong, shinning down the tree. He took her in his arms, and as she lifted her face to his, Leo and Cleo came down and watched them approvingly.

"See?" said Ding-Dong. "They like you, too."

"Be quiet," said Angela. "This is no time for words."



"Get the idea?"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

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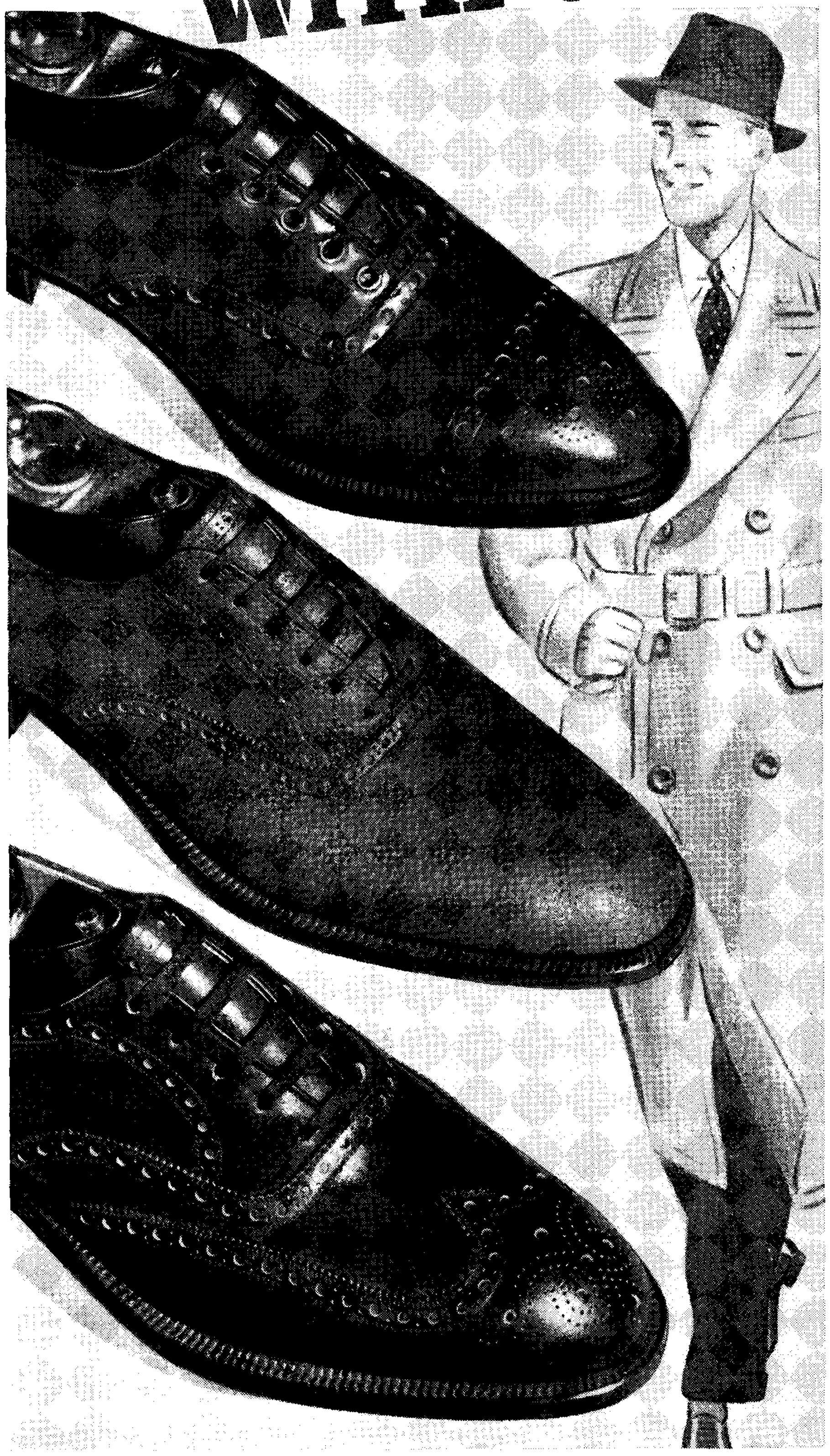

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WALK·OVER

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Guns Against France

Continued from page 15

from Africa needing safe convoy to France.

The air force in France is its weakest present military arm: France is supposed to have approximately 2,000 planes, but various military authorities claim that only about 250 of these are modern and efficient fighting weapons. They have just started to produce a new Potez bomber that will do 400 miles an hour and state that they can produce fifteen of these machines per month. It is estimated that the present output of military planes is between thirty and forty a month, which is a pitiful number in contrast with France's neighbors, but there is no reason—considering the great manufacturing resources of France—for the aviation to remain inadequate.

There is the Maginot Line along the German frontier—125 miles of connected subterranean shellproof vaults, trenches and barracks. There are the forts on the Italian frontier, well placed in the mountains and garrisoned. But the Pyrenees frontier is protected principally by nature, which is not much good these days, and the ports of the Mediterranean are disturbingly vulnerable.

If tomorrow France had to fight the Fascist countries alone, defending itself on the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean, it would lose. But there are two points to make: France will not have to fight tomorrow, and France will never have to fight alone.

You have driven over the Col de Portet d'Aspet and the Col de Buret and the Col d'Ares and it is like tightrope walking to keep the car on the road. There in the direction of Spain is that uncertain new frontier: high and sharp and silver-white with snow.

At Pont du Roi, the frontier station, the lieutenant in charge appeared at the side of the car. He had a fat, pleasant face and wanted to talk. In his village, the lieutenant said, not far from here, people worried about this frontier. The Pyrenees were high, to be sure, but they were not fortified and who could say how quiet they would be if Franco won. "The situation of France is not gay," he said, "not gay at all. We are probably going to be surrounded. One is unquiet," he went on, and pursed his lips and looked even fatter and more cheerful than before.

Michel, the young blond guard, interrupted: "I do not believe there will be a war so soon as all that. The dictators see now that they are not so strong. Look at Spain—it is taking them a long time, isn't it?—and that's not over yet. Look at China." They all laughed with pleasure, thinking of China, as you would laugh if a small boy beat up a bully.

Albert, the third guard, who came from the Loire and had a fine mustache, said: "They have plenty of arms in Germany but they do not have enough to eat. They cannot start a war, not yet, anyhow."

"It is all very difficult," the lieutenant said. He was older and he had been in the last war and didn't like the looks of things. "In France we are good-humored and we do not believe anything so terrible can happen, but who knows? It is a good thing anyhow that the Pyrenees are so high. It is no joke to climb over them."

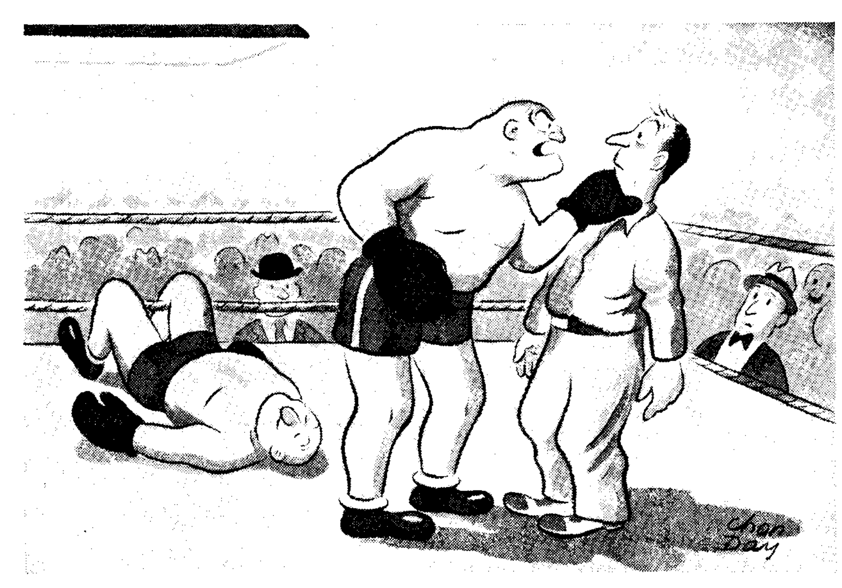
"All Dictators Are Bad"

Massat is a village lying between the snow mountains of the Pyrenees and nothing seems to go there or come from there. On the road in the sun, climbing up the mountain to deliver letters to the peasants, is Monsieur Pichandeau the postman, who holds the letter in his left hand, having lost his right arm at Verdun.

It is Thursday, market day, and the peasants are standing in the square, looking with interest at the new dark steel blades for the scythes, and the alarm clocks and the tough shoelaces, hanging in bunches for work shoes, and the cheap jewelry and patent medicines that are displayed in the outdoor booths. A drum beats in the square and they wander over to hear the town crier. He is reliable and they prefer him to the newspapers that are written by foolish people in the cities. Ferdinand, the speaker, tells them news of local value and then he begins on questions of international importance. They listen now, almost angrily. No one ever wants to go to war again, but they feel that France is being slowly surrounded by enemies.

Monsieur Pichandeau has returned from delivering letters and is listening with the peasants while Ferdinand tells them of Germany and Czechoslovakia, and Italy's latest efforts in Spain.

"Dictators," Monsieur Pichandeau says, "all dictators are bad. They will not keep quiet. All we want is calm." The peasants nod their heads in agree-



"And you—I don't like you neither!" CHON DAY

IT'S NO FUN
TO HAVE A BLOWOUT
WHEN YOU'RE TRAVELING 50 MILES AN HOUR

Three common causes of blowouts are shown here.

The only way to be sure none of these conditions exists in your tires is to go to a good repair man and have him inspect your tires.

Many repair men do not really repair tires—they repair at them. They stick on patches that sometimes stick—sometimes not. They toss in boots that slip and slide and chafe the tube. They remove the nail in the casing but pay no attention to the hole.

Since 1929 Bowes has been gradually developing better methods and training dealers in the science of safe tire repair.

Robert M. Bowes has devoted his life to the perfection of this neglected phase of the tire business.

We call it the Bowes Safety Tirepair System. The dealer who is qualified to offer it carries the Red and White Bowes Seal. It will pay you to look him up.

If your tire has enough tread left on it he will do a thorough repair job—and a safe one. If it is too far gone, he will tell you so and advise you to buy a new tire.

Let him inspect your tires. He may save you an accident. He is sure to save you money.

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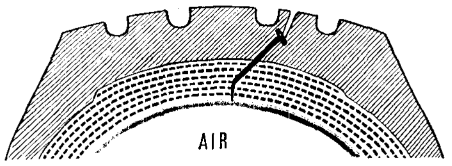
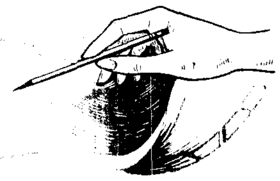
CAUSE



Nails, tacks and glass become buried in casing. You don't see them, but sooner or later they push through.



Stone bruise often causes an X-type break inside casing. When the crevice opens and closes it pinches the tube or chews the boot which may have been put in by careless repair man.

NEGLECTED NAIL HOLE
WEAKENED AREA

"Tire Cancer"—When punctured tube is repaired, hole in casing remains. You don't see it, but it soaks in water and sand. Cords decay and rubber weakens around hole. Often causes blowouts.

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Bowes dealer has Check-N-Spect which tells operator exactly what's going on inside and outside your tire. Enables service man to make 100% correct diagnosis of tire troubles.

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BOWES SEAL FAST

Safety Tirepair System

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1. **THE WAY THEIR SHIRT BOSOMS BUNCH,** some men might as well be wearing "ruffles." On the other hand, Arrow's exclusive "Mitoga" cut keeps your Arrow shirt front always smooth.

2. **SOME MEN'S COLLARS** shrink so tight they feel pretty much like old-time "chokers." Arrow shirts are Sanforized! You get a new shirt *free* if one ever shrinks!

3. **SOME OF THE COLLARS** you see are warped and wavy like our old friend, the "ruff." Arrow has made collars for 77 years—so *every* collar on *every* Arrow shirt is flawlessly tailored.

4. **YOU FIND** Arrow shirts step up your appearance a whale of a lot. Arrow is America's top Men's Stylist. Get the newest patterns and styles, at your Arrow dealer's tomorrow. As low as $2.

ARROW SHIRTS

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks

ment. There has been one war in their lifetime and that was more than enough.

"What is the sense of it?" Monsieur Pichandeau says, angrily waving his stump of a right arm. "France won the last war and what did it get us? Germany lost and look at Germany today. Hitler, he makes all the presidents in the world dance. Let them leave us alone, that is all we want."

There are road controls everywhere: a gendarme steps out from a little red-white-and-blue guardhouse and asks for your papers. The nonintervention, they say. This way to the new frontier, you think. At Bourg Madame a small wooden footbridge crosses a shallow, dirty river and on the other side is Puigcerda, Spain, and war. You could wade the river in sixty seconds. Every so often Puigcerda gets bombed by Franco's planes and the Spanish women and children run to the river and wade to the middle, hoping this nearness to France will protect them, and the good French citizens of Bourg Madame take to their cellars. There is one French antiaircraft gun.

Marseille, the Vulnerable

There was nothing on the road but fat beige sheep and lazy mongrel dogs and old people who stared and forgot to get out of the way. The garrisoned town of Mont Louis was behind, and back there lay the black rock ribs of the mountains and beyond them the shining, unreal angles of the snow mountains. I had been on a road like this but it was in Spain, coming back from Tortosa, and it was blocked with refugees' carts. The carts moved in a slow band down the road, and women and children burdened with their small possessions straggled beside them in the dust. Then the Savoia-Marchetti bombers, like beautiful transparent dragonflies, would hum in the air, and the faces of the people became dark and strained and tragic. . . . And I thought of that Pyrenees frontier, and the new airfields, just the other side of the mountains, and the quiet peasants of France, who love peace, and do not yet know that rain is not the only thing that falls from the skies.

The road followed the sea toward Marseille. It is hard now to look at Marseille without thinking how easy it would be to bomb it. The Italian planes can come from their base at Alcudia in Majorca in 67 minutes and spoil the new harbor, which is France's greatest Mediterranean port. Or the black Junkers that look like wasps could come from their Majorcan base at Polensa in the same time and destroy the factories and terrorize the city. Marseille is lovely, like a village, with flowers for sale on every corner and the old harbor full of colored fishing boats and tiny yachts. Peace is fine, I thought, only it has to last.

I went to a café at five o'clock and waited for the evening siren to blow. Across the street was a factory where they built locomotives. I wanted to talk to the metalworkers: in time of war they would be highly paid and at home; they would be needed to make all the complicated instruments of destruction. At five o'clock the workers started to come through the factory gate, heading for the café for a bit of conversation before dark.

Opposite me sat a blond man with a large blond mustache. The others told me he had two daughters, was a fine worker, and belonged to no political party. He talked about China, and wanted to know whether the United States was going to revise its Neutrality Act. He discussed nonintervention in Spain, and Czechoslovakia, and the others interrupted or agreed to what he said, and the talk rolled on and everyone forgot dinner. You could see that they talked like this every day, like thinking citizens, and that observing the world and how it ran was their delight.

They wanted peace, and when they said it you knew how much it meant to them. But they said that if Czechoslovakia was invaded, and war was declared, they would fight. You had to; you had to stop lawlessness somewhere. They wanted the Spanish frontier opened for free commerce, and they believed the democracies had bungled and betrayed themselves and would have to work quickly and sternly together if Europe was to be saved.

And one of them said: "In case of war, we will take our orders from our leaders (the union leaders) and we have confidence in them. But it is a terrible thing to think that workers will ever have to kill other workers again."

I walked home with Louis Pons, who was a welder and had worked all over the world and enjoyed himself all his life. We passed some men playing boules, that slow southern game like bowling that everyone plays with passion, slinging the round brass balls with care. "The vicious ones," said Louis Pons, "play boules for money. But we play it for a drink and most often just for the pleasure." And on Sunday they went fishing. And they cooked their lunch out of doors, "like savages," and in the evening they went and danced at Bals Musettes, holding their partners with both arms and turning and turning, to the quick metallic music. I must say it sounded a beautiful life to me, and anyone could see why they loved peace.

The road that Napoleon took when he came back from Elba winds gray and cheerless over the Alps. The high tension wires sang with a swift whining noise like bullets, and there toward the right was Italy, another frontier for the French to fear.

At eight o'clock, not far from Grenoble, with the rain coming down in sheets, I had to draw up at the edge of a narrow road in the foothills to let an artillery company pass. It is not usual to find two 15.5 field pieces and six machine guns on mules (the last machine gun decorated with flowers), and the troops, plodding through the rain in peacetime. The road wound between the mountains, beside the river Romanche. Everywhere workers were blasting to widen the road—for troop transport, evidently, to the Italian Frontier.

It All Depends on Hitler

I took the road along the Col du Lauteret, through the tunnels with the icicles that never melt, passing the guardhouses of the Alpine troops, past all the workmen blasting the road wider and wider, into the fortified town of Briancon, thirteen kilometers from Italy. From the handsome old ramparts of the city, looking up, you can see on the crests of the hills three long gray-white cement walls, the new flat forts that ought to hold out against aviation. The town was full of soldiers and the forts were garrisoned to capacity.

The mayor said that he was not a military man and knew nothing about the army, but that was obviously a lie and he studied the blue-flowered wallpaper of his neat office and tried not to look at me. Briancon is a ski center and they don't like war talk: it frightens off the trade. But finally the mayor admitted that if you lived thirteen kilometers from a frontier you did think of war now and again.

"Everything depends on Hitler," he said. "Mussolini will not make war against the French. The Italians are too like the French; we will never fight each other."

A sign outside his office said that anyone who wants to visit the fort may get permission from the military commander. But one could not visit the forts and there were no permits to be obtained. The offices of the military commander were full of officers who would say nothing at all. Below Briancon is an open pass with a railroad running straight through from one country into the other.

It was a relief to be in flat country again and if it hadn't been for the rain you could have seen the wide rich fields, rimmed with weeping willows, and the smooth streams flowing through them. It was fine and quiet until the trucks came, banging like tanks along the road. There were twenty of them, with a 15.5 field gun mounted on each one, the long olive-green steel noses of the guns turned backward toward the next truck. After them came the troop trucks, with all the little soldiers in mussy light blue uniforms leaning over the tailboards and staring at the Sunday cyclists.

I kept thinking what a surprise it would be to see all this on the road between Kansas City and Chicago.

The Heart of France

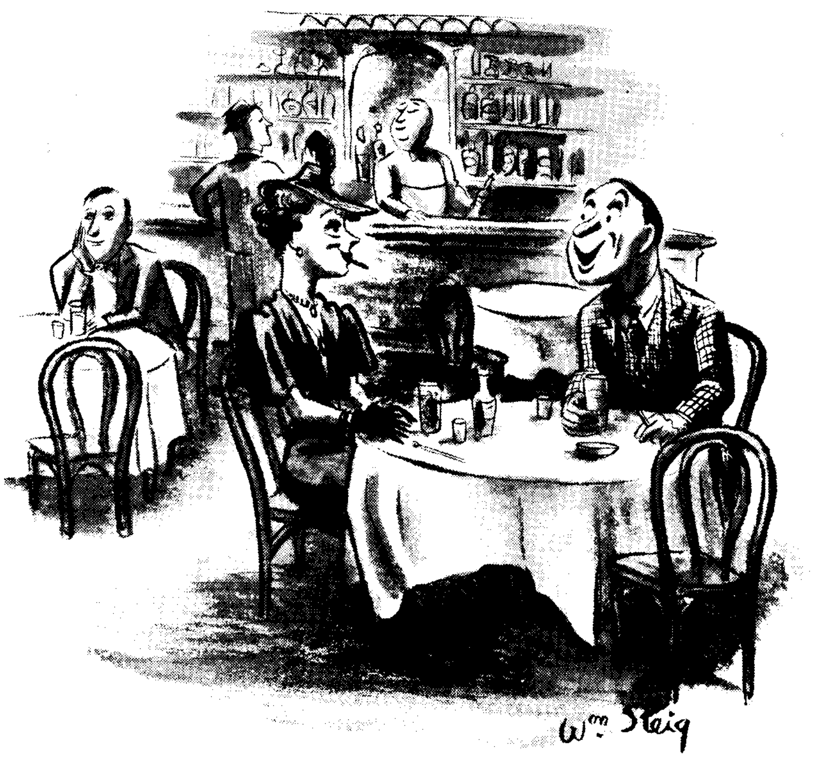
And then the river Cure straightened out and on the other side rose Auxerre, an old town full of wonders, alone in that rich middle country of France, which has not seen a war since the old wars when men fought properly on horseback, and laid off for the winter.

And then Paris. . . . Paris where Russian princesses turned mannequins toast Franco in the Ritz bar. Where bankers invite factory workers turned Fascist to lunch in elegant apartments near the Bois. Where men sleep under the bridges and live on twenty cents a day. Where the Chamber of Deputies banks the Seine, gray and beautiful, and politicians talk until you forget that they are talking about something real: the lives of men. Where the workers wonder what has happened to their Popular Front that they voted in so happily and so successfully, and where rich people say the Popular Front has ruined the country and red anarchy rides the land. Where a salesgirl earns $21 a month and a lady spends $210 on the dress the salesgirl is selling. Where the people eat and dance and drink in outdoor cafés and laugh and amuse themselves and live as brightly as possible, and wonder about war by themselves, with their friends, or looking at their children. . . . Where the unknown soldier is buried.

The French do not want to conquer the world or make anyone else like them. They love what is handsome and gentle in their land, and they love their reasonable and comfortable habits of life. They feel—and maybe they are right—that there is no people on earth more civilized than they. They would like to go on being what they are: building their lives solidly on work and savings, respecting family life and family possessions, arguing, complaining and knowing when to laugh. They insist on being able to say whatever they like at any given moment: the word "freedom" means a great deal to them.

The French know those little bronze markers in the north, which say: Here was the village of . . . and all around are the hills still bleached by high explosive, and the torn earth. They know the villages that stand like bones on the battlefields of the Great War, with only the walls left to show that once people lived here. There are capsized tanks rotting beside the road, with hearts and initials painted on their sides, but tanks nevertheless. And there is still barbed wire, and after twenty years there are signs warning you not to touch anything, not to light fires, because those barren fields can still grow death.

The French have built war memorials and churches and the great mausoleum of Douaumont where the bones of a million unidentified dead lie heaped together. They did not build in triumph but in regret, and as a warning to those who might forget what war really is. Where once the armies fought, there are now gardens of crosses: the English graves covered with rambler roses, and the Italians buried under junipers that try to look like cypresses, and the Polish crosses ornate with bead wreaths and gilt inscriptions: because everyone tried to make the soldiers feel at home, once they were dead. There were over eight and a half million men killed in the last war, and northern France is the greatest cemetery in the world. The French do not want it ever to happen again: there are enough graves to last them for all time. And they know that there is neither victory nor defeat: there is only catastrophe.



"The minute I seen you I just hadda whistle after you"

HERE'S LONESOME LOU KNITTING ONE, PURLING TWO —SHE THINKS THE BAD BREATH ADS MEAN YOU!

ARE YOU TELLING ME TO READ THIS BAD BREATH AD?

DON'T GET MAD, SIS! PLEASE READ IT--AND THEN SEE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK TO OUR DENTIST TOMORROW

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

IF YOU KEEP GOING OUT EVERY NIGHT LIKE THIS, LOU, I'LL HAVE TO FINISH MY SWEATER MYSELF!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

"LEARN TO SAY FLEISCHMANN'S"

(*THAT'S THE SPIRIT*)

Some people look upon Fleischmann's Gin as a luxury because it costs a few cents more a bottle than some other gins. We think drinking *is* a luxury. If you are going to drink, why not drink the best? Why not pay a little more and drink a little less? Learn to say Fleischmann's...that's the spirit.

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ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DRY GIN

Distilled from American Grain. 90 Proof.
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Also Fleischmann's Sloe Gin. 65 Proof

Fall Guys

Continued from page 20

inches of rainfall in the Belgian Congo. Mathematicians tell you that figures never lie, but any grand jury would indict batting, fielding and pitching averages for perjury when it comes to getting them to tell the truth in a world series.

It just so happens that in too many cases during the series a batter with a fat average suddenly suffers a case of astigmatism or something up there at the plate, and the pitcher with an earned-run average lower than a chimney sweep's daily wage finds the side harder to put out than a rambunctious Saturday night celebrant, and a fielder with a flawless record lets the grounders spray through him like a garden hose.

Why? And why is it that two great, smooth-fielding clubs like the Cardinals and the Tigers commit a total of 27 errors in seven games as they did during the 1934 series? Why is it that the fall classic is usually decided, not by the greater playing of one team but by the shabbier playing of the other? Why is it that, as a rule, you'll find the two championship teams playing their worst baseball of the year?

The Bigger They Are—

Well, I'd say there are two general reasons:

1. The boys are physically exhausted. You must remember that they have come through a grueling campaign of 154 games during which they gave everything they had every minute of every inning of every game.

2. They are mentally tense. Victory in the world series means more to a ballplayer than anything you can conceive. They live to play in it and would die to win it. The strain tightens both mind and muscle.

A standout case of a star ballplayer's being physically worn out by the daily gaff from March to October was Roger Peckinpaugh, brilliant shortstop of the 1925 Washington Senators. Roger was particularly brilliant that season, covering more ground than Shanty Hogan's shadow in the Senators' march to the American League pennant. His work earned for him the election as most valuable player of the league for the year.

But the grind was too much. He had given his all to help his team get into the series, and once it was there he couldn't carry on. Physically worn out, he made eight errors in the seven games.

Usually, the good players are the ones most affected by the mental strain. This might seem strange to you, but it is easily explained. You see, the bellwethers of a ball club go into the series heavy with the realization that the responsibility for victory rests on their shoulders. They feel that their teammates and the fans of the city they represent are looking to them to carry the club to victory in the series the same as they did during the season. And, at the same time, the opposition is concentrating on stopping them. The combination sometimes is entirely too much both mentally and physically. Perhaps that might explain why such great players as Ty Cobb and Rogers Hornsby never scintillated in their customary brilliant style in the world series.

The ball club's lesser light, however, goes into the series free of mind and easy of body. He isn't shackled by responsibility. Nobody's expecting much of him, and the opposition isn't worrying about him. When he comes to bat he finds the pitcher heaving a big sigh of relief that the tough guys have been disposed of. So the little guy gets the pitcher letting up, perhaps unconsciously, and smacko!—you've got a base hit and a hero.

I feel that I am most qualified to discourse on this subject of fall guys and heroes who pop up overnight because if ever there was a fall guy it was I in that same series between the A's and Cards.

That was the autumn, you may recall, when a chap named Martin sprinkled pepper all over the field. It got in my eyes, nose, ears and throat—and he got in my hair.

The day before that nightmarish series we had held our usual meeting to go over the hitters and pitchers. The Philadelphia board of strategy, headed by shrewd Connie Mack, went over each of the sluggers in the Cardinal line-up, pointing out this and that fellow's weaknesses, if any. We gave particular attention to Chick Hafey, Jim Bottomley and Frankie Frisch. Hafey and Bottomley had each hit .348 that season and Frisch batted .311. Those were the dangerous men and we concentrated on ways and means of stopping them. And we gave no thought at all to the young fellow named John Leonard Martin, called Pepper.

I don't remember if his name was even brought up during the meeting. If it was he was probably dismissed with a shrug and, "Just a rookie—don't worry about him." After all, it was only his first year in the big show, he had played little more than a hundred games, and had just barely reached the .300 mark. He wasn't dangerous.

Oh, no, not much! While our pitchers were stifling both Bottomley and Hafey, Martin was harder to put out than a four-alarm fire with the wind behind. Sunny Jim got only four hits in 25 times at bat for an average of .160 and Hafey got just four safeties in 24 times at bat for .167. And young Mr. Martin, who wasn't dangerous enough to discuss, banged out an even dozen hits in 24 times at bat for a .500 batting average.

He almost drove me crazy. He wasn't content with torturing me in the afternoon; he made my nights miserable, too. Each night I would have a nightmare of a guy named Pepper stealing my mask and chest protector and kidnaping Lefty Grove.

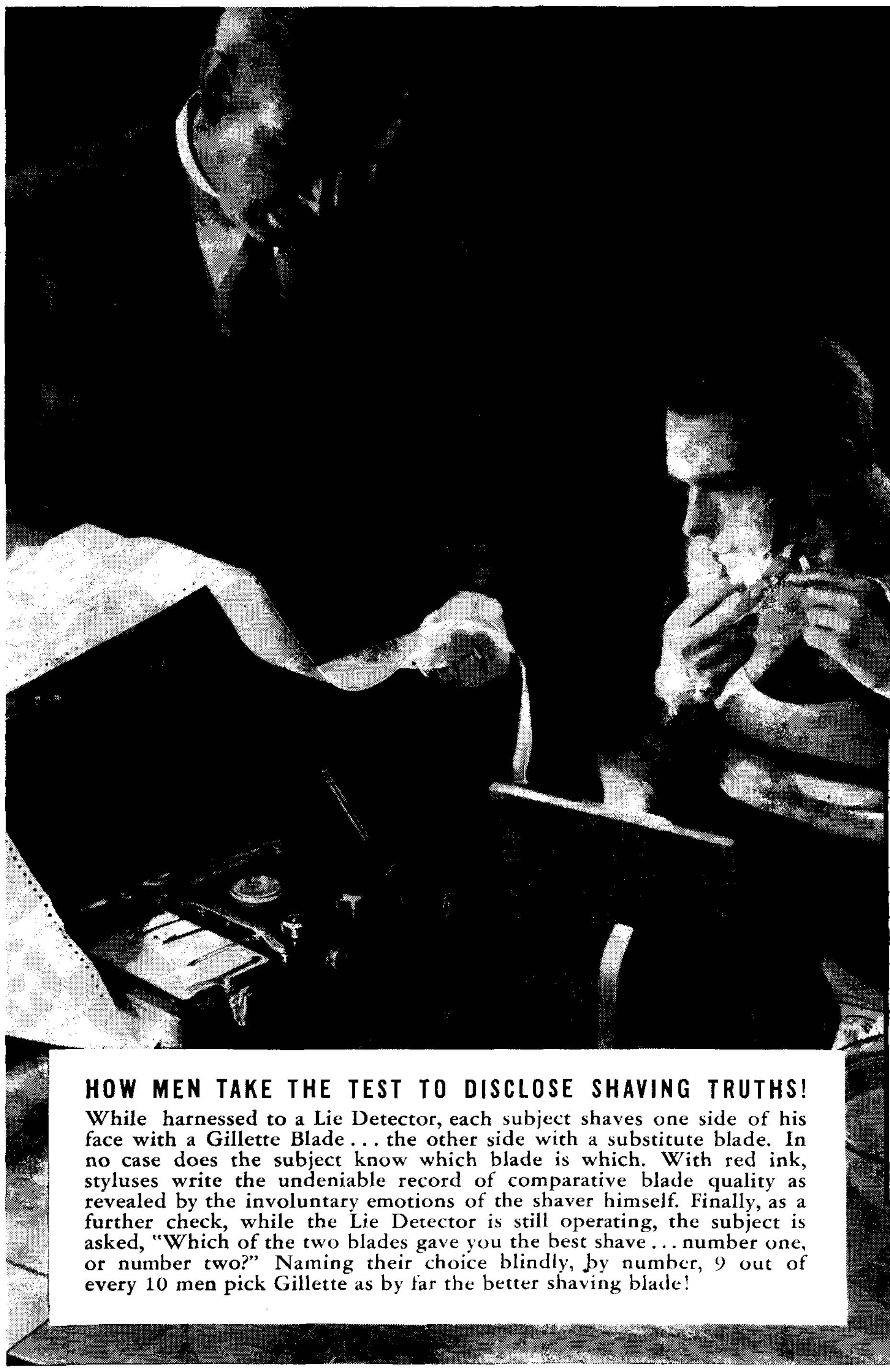
Scouting for Himself

Speaking of Lefty Grove reminds me of the time that Mr. Mack confounded the experts—and the members of the Athletics, too—by keeping Moses on the bench and sending Howard Ehmke out to pitch the opening game of the 1929 Cubs-Athletics series. It was the most daring move I've ever seen a manager make in the world series.

Ehmke hadn't been going so well that year and when he did start going he went from bad to worse. Six weeks before the series, while we're on the road, Mr. Mack tells Ehmke one day: "Go home, Howard. You're not in shape. Go home and stay there until you can pitch." Some of us thought Howard was being disciplined for some reason or another; others thought that the veteran—Howard had been around a long time—was just all washed up. But none thought that he would be out there on the firing line when the heavy cannonading started.

But, while languishing at home, Ehmke took in the five-game series between the Cubs and Phillies at Baker Field. It gave him a great chance to study the Cub hitters close at hand. The local papers commented on his daily presence at the ball park and figured he was acting as scout for Mack to earn his

NEW FACTS ABOUT SHAVING REVEALED BY LIE DETECTOR!



HOW MEN TAKE THE TEST TO DISCLOSE SHAVING TRUTHS!

While harnessed to a Lie Detector, each subject shaves one side of his face with a Gillette Blade . . . the other side with a substitute blade. In no case does the subject know which blade is which. With red ink, styluses write the undeniable record of comparative blade quality as revealed by the involuntary emotions of the shaver himself. Finally, as a further check, while the Lie Detector is still operating, the subject is asked, "Which of the two blades gave you the best shave . . . number one, or number two?" Naming their choice blindly, by number, 9 out of every 10 men pick Gillette as by far the better shaving blade!

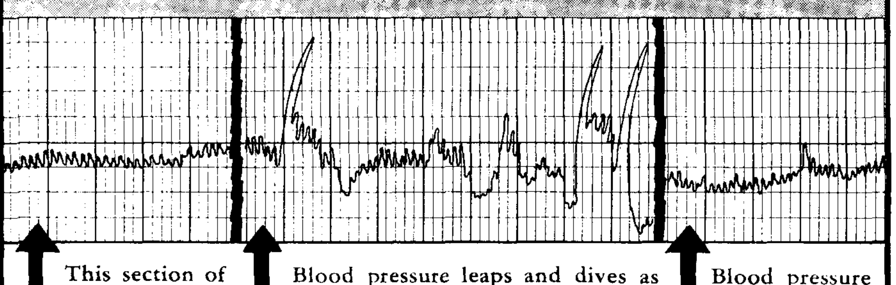
World-Famous Psychologist Proves Vital Importance of Using a Gillette Blade in Your Gillette Razor!

STRAPPED to Lie Detectors, the same scientific instruments used by G-men and police officers throughout the country, hundreds of men take part in an astonishing series of tests that blast false claims and reveal the naked truth about razor blades. These men, shaving under the piercing eye of Dr. William Moulton Marston, eminent psychologist and originator of the famous Lie Detector test, come from all walks of life, represent all types of beards and every kind of shaving problem. Knowing that the Lie Detector tells all . . . reveals the innermost thoughts and feelings . . . these men shave one side of the face with a Gillette Blade, the other side with substitute brands.

Gillette Blades Vastly Superior

The results are astonishing. Here recorded on a graph that lays bare the emotions is convincing proof that the Gillette Blade is far easier on the face . . . a better blade from every standpoint. See the chart below . . . study the evidence . . . then make a comparative test yourself. Ask your dealer for Gillette Blades. Learn how much more shaving comfort and satisfaction Gillette gives you!

ACTUAL RECORD OF ONE MAN'S SHAVE AS RECORDED BY LIE DETECTOR



This section of the chart shows normal blood pressure of subject immediately before he started to shave.

Blood pressure leaps and dives as subject shaves with a substitute blade that scrapes and pulls. This graph is typical of hundreds of tests that have been made with substitude blades of various brands. Shaving time 1 minute, 37½ seconds.

Blood pressure returns almost to normal as Gillette Blade zips through beard. Shaving time 42½ seconds.

Now Let Dr. Marston Give You The Benefit of This Sweeping Investigation

"In conducting exhaustive shaving tests for Gillette I have discovered that the quality of a man's shave has a marked effect upon his mood and general attitude for hours to come. I cannot too strongly emphasize the psychological importance of this.

Bad Shaves Upset Nerves!

"Many subjects who came to me in a cheerful frame of mind actually went out grouchy and irritable because they had shaved one side of their faces with inferior razor blades. This shows how vital it really is to use the best blades obtainable. The results of my study make it possible for me to state flatly . . . and back my statement with positive proof . . . that Gillette Blades are far superior in every respect to competitive blades tested."

ATTENTION! BETTER BUSINESS BUREAUS AND CONSUMER ORGANIZATIONS

Dr. William Moulton Marston's scientific shaving tests are being conducted to reveal the truth about razor blade quality. Gillette invites Better Business Bureaus, consumer organizations and individuals to observe—and participate in—this research. Address your inquiries to Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston, Mass.

DR. MARSTON PROVES CONCLUSIVELY that a Gillette Blade is easier on your face and shaves you in much less time. The critical eye of the camera reveals that this blade also gives you a much cleaner shave. Shown above (left) is a section of a man's face shaved with a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor, (right) another section shaved by another method. Now decide for yourself which gives the clean, close, long-lasting shave you want.

GILLETTE'S NEW BRUSHLESS Shaving Cream is better in five ways! (1) Softens whiskers double quick, (2) soothes the skin, (3) stays moist on your face, (4) speeds shaving and (5) never clogs razor or drains! Men say it is the finest shaving cream they have ever tried. You'll like it, too. Ask your dealer for Gillette Brushless—made with peanut oil. A large tube costs only 25¢!

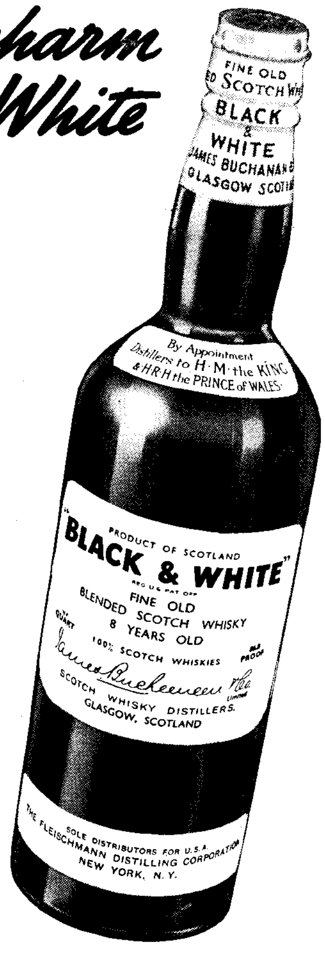
Gillette
Blades

Gillette BLUE BLADES
Gillette BLUE BLADES

PRECISION-MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY

Character!

– that's the charm of Black & White



When you drink Black & White you can't help noticing its definite and positive individuality. You taste it in the magnificent flavor and you sense it in the rare bouquet. These qualities give Black & White a character no other Scotch possesses. And you can always depend upon it—for Black & White's famous blend has never been changed ever since it was created generations ago. Remember to ask for it by name and you'll always get Scotch with the character you'll enjoy.

EIGHT
YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

The Scotch with Character

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

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salary. None dreamed that he was acting as scout for himself, as well.

Frankly, you knew—wherever you were, in Wrigley Field or hunched at your radio—as soon as I did that I would catch Ehmke in the first game of the series.

The day before it got under way we met in Mr. Mack's room and went over the hitters with him. The meeting broke up with no talk at all about who would pitch the next day. But, of course, we all thought it would be either Lefty Grove or George Earnshaw.

The next afternoon after batting practice I was sitting on the bench with Mr. Mack when Ehmke ducked into the dugout and Connie said, in that quiet way of his, "Warm up, Howard." Ehmke never said a word. Just grabbed a ball and started lobbing it back and forth with Cy Perkins. But I still didn't think he was going to pitch. I guessed that Mr. Mack was pulling a little strategy and had Lefty warming up under the stands in hopes that Joe McCarthy, then managing the Cubs, would fall for the trick and bench his right-hand hitters to get as much left-hand batting against the right-handed Ehmke as possible. Then in would come Grove after an inning or so to fire southpaw slants at the Cubs.

Connie Mack's Strategy

Stanley Harris, you may remember, did that back in 1924 when his Washington Senators met John McGraw's New York Giants. The Washington manager sent Curley Ogden to the mound in the seventh and deciding game and McGraw benched his right-hand hitters in favor of a lot of southpaw batters. Ogden pitched to two men, was yanked, and the southpaw, George Megridge, took over the pitching duties to the consternation of the left-hand-heavy Giants.

That's what I thought Mr. Mack was planning to do. But I saw Grove come into the dugout and I could tell that he hadn't been warming up.

"Say, Mr. Mack"—you know, all Philadelphia players call the old master Mister—"say, Mr. Mack," I said, "he isn't going to pitch, is he?"

Mack turned his calm, kindly eyes full on me and they danced with excited merriment.

"Well, I planned to let him pitch," he said quietly. "Is it all right with you?"

I knew, of course, it had to be all right with me. That was just Mr. Mack's way. "Sure," I said, "if he's good enough for you, he's good enough for me."

And he was plenty good enough that day. Nobody ever pitched a better world series game than Ehmke. His hesitation delivery caught the fire-eating Cubs off-stride, his sweeping, cross-fire pitches came out of the blurry background of the left-center stands, and his fast ball hopped and skipped across the corners and over the Cubs' bats. That day he set a new record for strike-outs with 13. It was a thrill catching him.

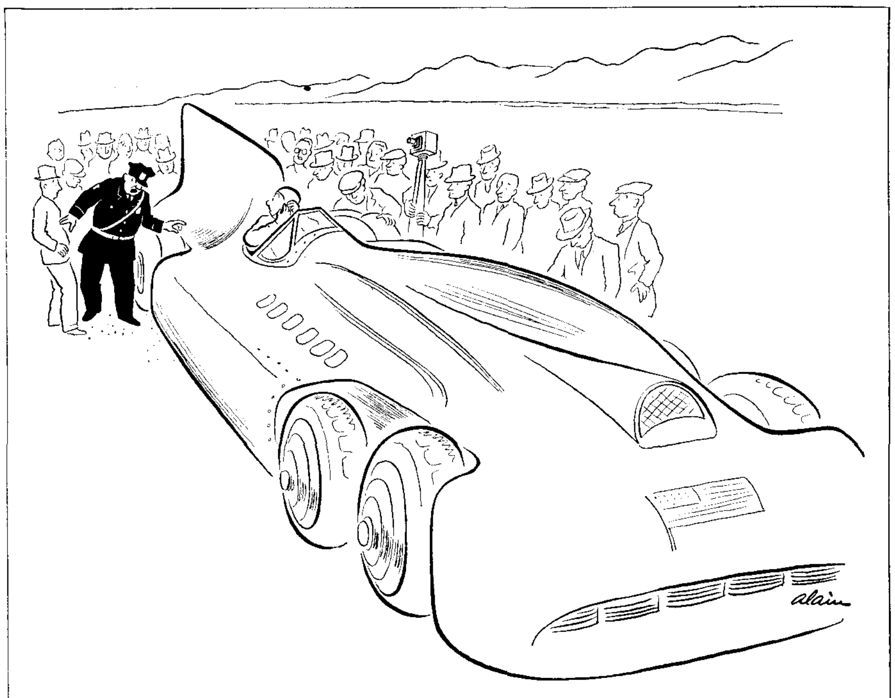
It was great strategy on Mack's part. It bolstered our confidence and couldn't help but bruise the Cubs' morale.

I tried the same thing myself with not such happy results four years later when the Tigers tangled with the Cards in the 1934 series. I held back Rowe and Tommy Bridges, our two best hurlers, and sent cagey, cool Al Crowder, who had been waived by all the American League clubs two months before, to the box for the first game. I thought that the veteran Crowder, having already had a taste of world series competition the year before with Washington, would be steadier than the younger men and if he came through I'd still have Rowe and Bridges to throw at the Cards.

Unfortunately, the general got miserable support. We practically threw the game away in a fine demonstration of the statement in the earlier innings of this article that the worst baseball of the season is frequently committed in the world series. Here we had played alert, airtight baseball for 154 afternoons to win the honor of playing in the series and when we finally realized that honor we booted the ball around like so many bushers.

It was Charley Gehringer, of all people, who started the ball rolling—or should I say, he failed to stop the ball rolling? Charley, one of the smoothest-fielding second basemen in the history of the game, bungled a chance that a high-school lad could've handled. In rapid succession in that inning and the next, Third Baseman Marvin Owen, Shortstop Billy Rogell and First Baseman Hank Greenberg committed errors to complete the sinful cycle. I'm not telling tales out of school. The boys all admit now that they played the worst baseball of the season that day. And it had to come in a world series!

But that's life. And don't be shocked if the boys commit assault and battery on their nice clean season records when they tangle this week in the world series. It happens to the best of 'em. And it all goes to help make the world series the most exciting, uncertain, unpredictable, thrilling spectacle in the sports world.



"One moment. May I see your driver's license?"

ALAIN

Troubled Star

Continued from page 21

to the limit, whatever you decide to do.”

He shrugged and looked infinitely worn. A spurt of feeling got through the ice at last, and she thought that Alec Cornish had at least stopped her from adding to her father's anxieties while they were at their worst. She would hate Alec forever, and she had surely brought Carl to shipwreck, but tomorrow would have no headlines for President Bradford's enemies to make use of.

She said, “How has it been in Benton?”

He smiled wearily. “We seem to have made the turn. The legislature won't investigate me as a monster. Our bills will be reported favorably on Monday. I don't think they can possibly be stopped now. There's always the unforeseen, of course, but I think we're winning.”

SO AT least one Bradford could do what he set out to do, could set himself an objective and get to it over all the obstacles in his path. She said, “That's what counts. If my unruly heart chooses to make a fool of me, that doesn't count.”

But if she was still wrung with the sense of having failed Carl when she fell asleep, she waked to hatred of Alec. She had an instant of terrible pain, realizing that this was to have been her wedding day, and then at once she burned to destroy the man who had prevented the wedding. But what was really intolerable was not Alec but the doubt that he had raised and she was now facing.

Alec had been so completely sure! Alec had dared to accuse Carl of writing those letters—he must have some mad or terrible reason other than jealousy. His face had been stern and obstinate, but it had been sorrowful too. He had stood there and said it. . . . If she once admitted there was a doubt! If the truth were anything at all except that she and Carl were in love, if anything else could enter in for a single moment—why, then, it might be true that an unspeakable trickery had been practiced on her, and she had responded to it like a predestined dupe. She swept her mind clean of the thought, but it kept returning. And this was Alec's fault.

But it was clear that she could not see Carl until she had mastered herself, settled this horrible doubt, and found stability for his heartbreak and her own. She fled from the house and telephone after breakfast, got out her car, and drove all morning long about the countryside. The sun was brilliant on a thin crust of snow; frozen dirt roads hummed under her tires; there were ice boats on Lake Maitland; truckloads of Christmas trees passed her. It was a savage irony that the holiday season was at hand.

She had found no answer when she got back to Webster and dared not go home. She warmed herself with coffee and steaming soup at a little restaurant, then wandered down the street wondering whether to take sanctuary in a movie theater and let the endless debate go on there. But she saw Alec Cornish coming toward her, with Betty Stevens, talking animatedly. He must not see her! She stepped through the nearest door and found herself in a lingerie shop. She stood irresolute, then bought some stockings, and a moment later Betty came in and did the same. The child glanced round the store, saw Susanna, said “Hello” with a curious hostility, and looked away. Surprised, Susanna saw color rising in Betty's cheeks and saw her fingers tap nervously on the counter till her package was ready and she could go.

Susanna followed her out and caught up with her. “Why are you angry at me, Betty?” she said.

Betty faced her with stormy eyes. “It would be pretty presumptuous of me to be angry at you, wouldn't it?” she said.

“Not presumptuous—just surprising. Have I offended you?”

“Why, I haven't seen you for weeks, Miss Bradford.”

The obvious distaste behind that formality added another bewilderment to the day's total. “That's hardly my fault,” Susanna said wearily. “I'm always home, and I've hoped you'd come to see me. I've been busy and distressed—I haven't even been able to see your show. It ends tonight, doesn't it?”

Betty nodded. “My stockings didn't last it out—that's why I was buying some more.” Again hostility came straight at Susanna from gray eyes not used to hardness. “Were you buying your trousseau?”

The word struck hard at an undefended place. How could Betty Stevens know that this was to have been Susanna's wedding day? She couldn't possibly know! Whatever resentment was behind that question, it must have been phrased that way by pure chance. “What makes you think I'm getting a trousseau?” Susanna asked, her temper on the rise.

“If you aren't, you soon will be, won't you?” Betty's chin was disdainful. “It's not my business—I spoke out of turn. Sorry. You see, weddings are in my mind. Today was going to be Julie's wedding day.”

“Julie?”

“Yes. It was all planned—you'd have thought the plans were perfectly darling and ever so thrilling. Julie was to have her three triumphant nights in the Foibles. The big climax was to be tonight. When the curtain went down on the last act, instead of going to the big dance, our lovers were to slip away and drive to Brookfield and enter the promised land. It would make wonderful reading—it certainly must have made wonderful listening. Especially with Julie doing the listening.”

SUSANNA vaguely identified Julie as the star of the Foibles whose picture had been in all the papers for the last few days, and remembered that Betty had talked about her weeks ago. But what had the star of a college show got to do with the searing contempt in Betty's voice?

“Her name is Julie Lomax, isn't it?” Susanna said. “She's with you in the Foibles. I remember. Well, isn't she getting married tonight? Perhaps it's just as well. Dean Hannan invariably expels them when they elope.”

“That would be awful—to get expelled!” Again Betty looked squarely at her. “Maybe you didn't know she's my roommate. Maybe you didn't know the man she was going to marry today is Dr. Gilson. If you didn't,” Betty said slowly, her voice double-distilled contempt, “just possibly you ought to. You ought to know that when you took him away from her, he was promising to marry her. He had been living with her for two months. He had seduced her. She was in love with him and she was his mistress. Only he said she was going to be his wife too. Only she isn't—you're going to be.”

Instantaneously Susanna identified Julie Lomax as the blond Gamma whom Carl had discussed so amusingly months ago, when everything was beginning, and

CAN'T HELP LOVIN'
these smokes o' mine!

In falling for a gal, or a cigarette, I guess science and logic don't figure in much. It's just a case of meeting up with the one number that suits your taste. And the "also-rans" can go sing up a tree.

It's that way with me and Old Golds. It's the old story of love at first light and living happily ever after. They tell me Old Golds are made of prize crop tobaccos, and I'll tell anybody they do have a mellow deep-down flavor that makes other brands seem like a waste of time to me.

And Old Gold's double Cellophane package is something, too! Why that extra jacket of Cellophane delivers every single Old Gold to me as dewy fresh and flower fragrant as my girl's lips. And that's tops...or you can fight me!

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Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
20
Old Gold

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screen-scoops, Tuesday and Thursday nights. Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM*.

I GOT A SMILE OUT OF THE BOSS!
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

Say, who said the boss wasn't human? Right in the middle of a Board meeting he wanted a stick of Beeman's. And with every Director casting hopeful glances in my direction I opened an extra pack in my purse and passed it around.

"Have a treat on Miss Street," said the boss. "You never tasted a tangier flavor. Relax and rejoice with Beeman's. Even our new budget will be easier to take. You will find that flavor as fresh as an ocean breeze."

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

whom the tea tables had been laughing about early in the autumn. Instantaneously she thought, if I marry Carl, I'll always be hearing about something like this, I'll always be learning as casually and unexpectedly as now about some old involvement with a woman. And instantaneously she roused to vindicate and defend him.

"What of it?" she said. "Dr. Gilson is an adult; I'm one too. I advise you to try to be one—and Julie Lomax. But I'm afraid I can't share your dismay over the commonplace."

Betty had turned her face away and was walking more slowly. "I see," she said. Through the whirlpool of her own emotion, Susanna saw that she had inflicted a hurt on Betty—on this young girl who asked more of the world than she could ever ask again, a girl whom she had envied for tenderness and integrity. "I see," Betty repeated. "She didn't have enough. You did. She was in love with him but it's just too bad if she hurts. And she was pretty dumb—a lot dumber than you, I guess. She picked up her slipper and threw it across Faculty Drive and you never would. I guess I'm not hardboiled." She walked a few steps in silence, then: "Maybe you wouldn't be so damn' offhand about it either, if you'd been with her the night he got rid of her. Or the night she got the stinking letter he wrote to her."

That exact moment, Susanna was to remember, set things in motion irrevocably. Mention of a letter struck through her bewilderment, her doubts, and her defenses as no mention of Julie's heartbreak had been able to. At once she had desperate hands on Betty's arm and was demanding, "What letter? What are you talking about? Julie Lomax too?"

"You know what I'm talking about," Betty said wretchedly. "You got them too, but you're hardboiled. Sure Julie got one. A filthy unsigned letter. He wrote it."

"What did it say?"

"It said she had to give him up or some mysterious people would do awful things to him. It didn't say what, or who. So she went and gave him up. That's what he wanted. There wasn't anybody—he just wanted to get rid of her—he knew just how Julie ticked and just what to write. Why—" Betty said frantically, "why should I tell you about it? You know—don't tell me Alec Cornish hasn't told you."

But Alec hadn't told her. He had told her as little as possible. He had told her too little. . . . So here, on a Webster sidewalk, on a winter afternoon—complete catastrophe and complete realization. It was no despairing lover she was to have married today, and would have married except that Alec had broken off the tune—no lover but an expert chess player moving surely in a deliberate but not yet understood deception, who had managed her according to his will.

"I'm not hardboiled," Susanna said clearly, "I'm just a fool."

SHE turned on her heel, not even saying goodby. Folly absolute, folly incredible, folly lifelong. . . .

She went straight to his office in Cass Hall and he was there. The seismic emotions of the last twenty-four hours had wrought havoc on his pale, taut face, and showed in his twitching fingers and his strangely violent eyes. But she had no care for them.

She stood inside the door and said, with complete composure, "I'm not marrying you, Carl. Not today or ever. I know about you now. It took me a long time but I got there in the end." He flung his arms out and a greater violence leaped in his eyes but she said, "Don't bother. You've sung enough arias, you've made enough tragic orations, you've been stretched on the cross quite long enough," and turned and went out, closing the door behind her.

"CANDIDLY," Emery said, "you look like hell. It took me quite a while to work up to telling you, but what are a man's friends for?"

"Candidly, I feel like hell," Alec Cornish admitted. And, privately, on this critical afternoon he wanted to be left alone to grapple with the central mystery. Something fundamental was missing from the picture and must be found.

"Not tonight," Emery protested. "Hold your grudges till noon tomorrow anyway. This is the night when all rules are off—even sorority girls don't have to be home by a given time. The fittest of us will still be dancing when the postman comes. So I'm retiring from the Old Sleuth business—I got things to do. Better dress up and dance."

"By tonight I'll probably be a candidate for a sanitarium or a morgue."

"Yeah, all these deductions get you down. So I'm retiring to private life. But I thought you might like to know the happiness boys have been quarrelin' some more. My spy saw old Bill Snelling get escorted out of the Tetlow Inn by a couple of thugs."

"The detective business is just silly until it gets some facts. You haven't done anything but guess."

"Yeah, I only got the one fact you've found useful." Emery yawned. "Well, I'm a bum detective, I'm turning in my suit. I took my three strikes and I fanned. It was my idea somebody wanted to do Julie Lomax dirt in print, and nobody does. I thought our Bill would like to frame her, maybe, and have some fun in his papers. He didn't. The show's over tonight and nothing happened except Julie framed herself."

Precisely there was the fatal gap. Emery's obstinate idea that Snelling had some dark intention toward Julie Lomax was preposterous—unless in fact there was some partnership between Snelling and Gilson. But if there was, then Snelling's probable knowledge of Julie was far less important than his probable knowledge of Suzanne. Did Snelling know about Gilson and Suzanne? An answer to that would be the key to everything else.

Was Gilson just a mental case playing his own mad game by himself? Or had there been from the first a far more sinister intention shared with someone else—with Snelling?

The question had worn grooves in Alec's mind. And now, if he were to answer it at all, he must answer it in the dark, by himself. He had forfeited all right and opportunity to knowledge of Suzanne forever. He had stopped Gilson but, stopping him, he had lost Suzanne. He knew her too well to hope that she would abide this final indignity. Today she would go to Gilson, force the truth from him, break with him—she had probably done so hours ago. And, turning from Gilson, she would root Alec out of her life forever. . . . He had more than one kind of darkness to cope with.

SHE would go to Gilson today, might have gone to him long since—and if in fact someone else was concerned then the affair would come to a head at once. Something would happen fast—and that was the seed of the unpredictable, perhaps of disaster. What would happen after Suzanne had broken with Gilson?

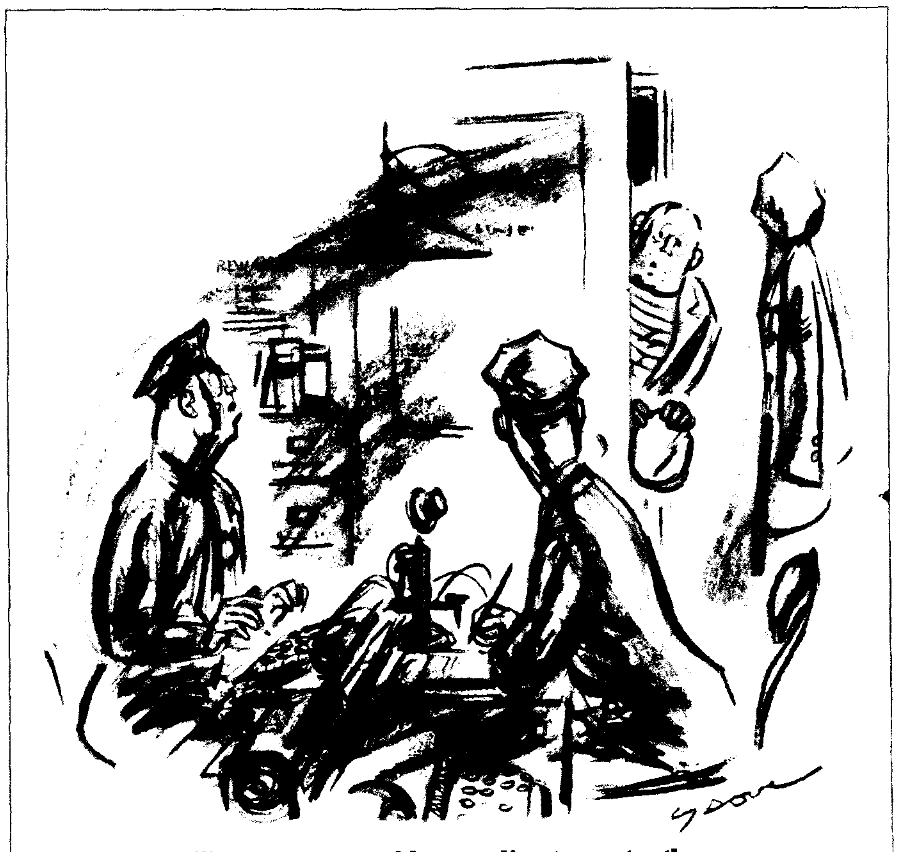
He revolved the monotonous desperation in his mind for another half hour after Emery had gone, then reached a decision, picked up the phone, and called Dean Hannan. But the dean said that he was leaving for Benton with President Bradford in ten minutes.

"I've got to see you," Alec said. "I've got to talk to you about Carl Gilson."

"On Monday," the dean's weary voice came back. "It will have to wait till then. What is it you've got to tell me?"

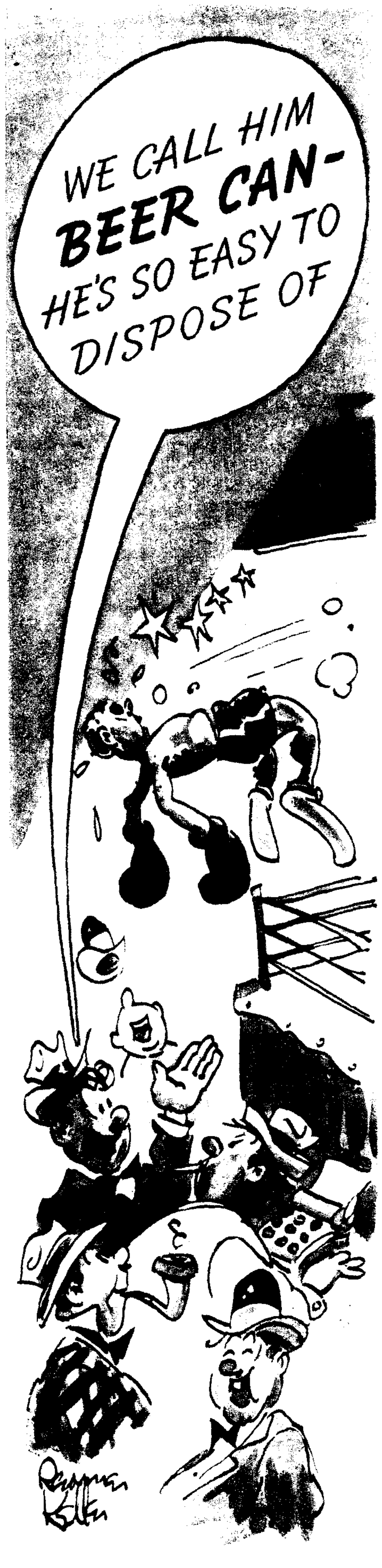
"Plenty. But there's still more I've got to ask. I've got to know the things you hinted at. I'm not speaking frivolously—an emergency may hang on it."

He could hear the familiar soft sigh, as if the world were altogether too much for Dean Hannan. "Morrison University is a perpetual emergency—to my certain knowledge it has been on the brink of disaster for thirty years. You'll have to postpone this emergency till Monday, Alec. I'm consorting with thieves and legislators, and they also count as disaster. Cheer up—in my thirty years the college has never gone over the brink."



"Pardon me, could you direct me to the room where I'm to take the third degree?"

LEONARD DOVE



WE CALL HIM BEER CAN- HE'S SO EASY TO DISPOSE OF

An empty beer can never tries a come-back. No deposits, no returns when you say "I'll have it in Cans."

Alec sat with the phone in his hands. Till Monday. But the thing might be happening now!

From the first curtain the performance soared. Coming upstairs during the opening chorus, Betty heard a kind of rapture in the voices that they hadn't had before, and, passing Jumbo, who was on his way out to the auditorium, she saw that he heard it too. What had been just a good show had become an inspiration. The grind was over, the job was done, and the whole company was having a glorious time. When she made her first entrance she felt the same lift, and the distress of that interview with Susanna vanished, and she heard her voice coming back to her from the far wall rich and round and full. A second later the house answered with a spontaneous, full-throated laugh. Oh, this had been worth waiting for!

It climbed higher and glowed and shone. They were all veterans—and Julie was far in the lead, pulling the rest along with her. The most responsive house Betty had ever seen loved everything, but it loved Julie most of all. It clapped and shouted and stamped and every sign it made carried Julie to a higher pitch.

"Why can't it last forever?" Julie whispered, coming offstage while the Ashton Theater sounded like a mob scene, her eyes deep and shining. And it seemed to last forever—Betty was suspended in timeless satisfaction.

But moment by moment it ebbed away. Moment by moment with the orchestra soft or loud, the lights dimming and coming on, the well-hated, well-loved sequence playing out. So at last she was waiting in the wings with half the chorus behind her and the theater was breathlessly quiet, and a single blue spot was picking out Julie and Jimmy Paige while they sang their closing duet. Julie's voice sweet and sure, Julie's face tender, Julie's white throat and arms and legs inexpressibly lovely in Jumbo's crafty lights, and the two voices rising and blending.

The lights went up, Betty walked out into the double quartette, the chorus formed behind them, she had Julie's left hand and Bob Porter had hers. Final chorus, "Old Hezekiah Morrison, a man both shrewd and pious—"

WHEN the audience was willing to let them go at last, it was just as bad back of the curtain. Everyone was yelling, "Speech, Jumbo! Speech!" and some boys hoisted him on a property airplane and the mob grew quiet enough to hear him. "You're terrible, you're a bunch of hams, you stink!" Jumbo shouted, and they adored him. "Lomax is worst of all! Lomax made this show. She's a honey, she's a darling, she's a lamb! Where's Lomax?" He jumped down and they shoved Julie at him. He said, "Julie, you've got what it takes. You're the best I ever had. You're an actress." Julie looked at him and her face crumpled and she began to bawl. Jumbo roared, "Sure, tears are the coed's alibi!" And Julie, on the rebound, said, "I'm ham, am I, Jumbo?" and tackled him round the knees. That was what it needed and at once the whole chorus was kneeling on Jumbo, shrieking that he was wonderful.

Emery and Perry Henderson were in the dressing room a few minutes later and Emery was saying to Julie, "My brother T O has never learned many words and all he knows you've knocked out of him, but you'll understand. When you hear strangling sounds in his throat that means, 'Julie, you're magnificent.' It's the vote of the congregation—you are magnificent. . . . Hi, Red!" He grinned at Betty and she said indignantly, "I told you years ago never to call me Red—and besides it isn't red, I'm a roan." And he said, "I remember—that was the day you picked me up." Well, Emery was back again! No anxieties, no mysteries, no resentful cross-purposes.

How often had she warmed her shins at the heater in the coupé? She lay back content with the world. "I better watch out," she said, "I'll be bumping my head on a cloud."

"Hope you've stuck to your training," he said. "Eleven-forty. I'd say you've got about six hours of dancing ahead of you."

SIX? She wanted eight, ten, twelve. This was the big night, and all rules were off, and everything had come together exactly right. . . . Half the university seemed to be at the Webster Arms. The main ballroom was packed and there was another orchestra in a smaller one on the floor below and people were dancing in the anterooms and foyers. She saw Julie in the dressing room making her lips perfect, and they smiled happily and went out together. And were all but mobbed. For the first half-hour Betty didn't dance with anyone for more than half the length of the floor. The rush she was getting would put Schulz, Indiana, permanently on the map. She had had to wait four years for this but here it was.

"Yeah, look at the public you got!" Emery yielded her to another pair of arms. "Psi U ape. They know fewer words than Perry. They just make signs."

IT WAS marvelous and the wear and tear was terrific. Pretty soon her blue pumps were black and she had to go to the dressing room and change her stockings, having had the foresight to bring a spare pair. She thought briefly of meeting Susanna, but no unpleasantness could live long tonight and the thought evaporated. When she got back to the ballroom, dancing had come to a pause and the crowd had demanded that closing duet. Julie and Jimmy Paige were in the center of the floor and the orchestra was softly playing the opening bars. Betty stopped on the side lines and, using a kind of Australian crawl stroke, Emery made his way through the mob to her, muttering, "Straight through the veldt!—Wilderness Smith to the trail again."

She took his arm. . . . Julie's voice was softer than it had been in the theater; it had less roundness and more tenderness. The lights caught a brightness in her eyes, and Betty felt her own dampen too. She leaned against Emery. "She did it!" she whispered. "They didn't get her down. They didn't lick her. She stood on her feet and took it and gave it back. I'm for her—I want to bawl."

"We're through talking about Julie. All the girls we talk about from now on are going to be you. Furthermore, you know too damn' many males. We're going downstairs."

It was less crowded and less hysterical in the smaller ballroom. This was a dim, intimate, confiding place. "Yeah," Emery said, "and you're wearing a quarantine sign for all stags. Nobody cuts in. I got some rights and I'm standing on them."

The glance he gave her added to a disturbance already sweet and becoming tremulous. . . . Astonishing how well he danced! They were a perfect agreement of step and rhythm, a single will moving without hesitation to soft, urgent, most deceitful music. How had she ever got the idea that his face was plain or that he didn't wear tails gracefully?

Betty laughed. It wouldn't do—well, anyway, not for a while—to admit that she was having hallucinations. "Somehow I've got a distinct impression that you're all tangled up with a rainbow."

YOU CAN'T MATCH ME FOR CONVENIENCE
BEER

A can is just the right shape and size for carrying beer. A beer can is sturdy, it fits the refrigerator shelf with no waste space. A can protects the delicious flavor of good beer in darkness as complete as the original brewer's vat. When you buy beer always say: "IN CANS."

ANOTHER CONVENIENCE

When no glass is handy, it's easy to drink from the can.

LIGHT'S OUT FLAVOR'S IN

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

I WAS KIND OF BOTHERED TILL THE BOSS SAID, "YOU KNOW GOOD BOURBON, DICK"
WE'VE STILL AN HOUR BEFORE WE TAKE THE TRAIN, AND WE COULD LOOK OVER THOSE COST SHEETS YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON.
FINE, MR. BLAINE. HOW ABOUT GOING OVER TO MY APARTMENT? IT'S RIGHT CLOSE TO THE STATION.
YOU HAVE A NICE COZY PLACE HERE, DICK.
THANKS. AND I'D LIKE TO MIX YOU A HIGHBALL IF YOU CARE FOR ONE.
I WONDER HOW THE BOSS WILL LIKE THIS CRAB ORCHARD. I BET HE PAYS MORE THAN AROUND $1 A PINT FOR HIS BOURBON.
THIS IS AN EXCELLENT HIGHBALL, DICK. CRAB ORCHARD, I'LL BET! I SEE YOU NOT ONLY KNOW GOOD KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, BUT A REAL VALUE WHEN YOU SEE IT.
Crab Orchard BRAND
"Crab Orchard" Brand
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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"Good—we'll save on champagne." His arm tightened a little. "The first time I ever said anything about a dress of yours, you bombed me. Is it safe to ask if Schulz, Indiana, produced that one? Or did Jumbo Maine's theater bring it in from Paris?"

"Jumbo's theater won't buy anything that comes below the knees. And I didn't make it. I saved my egg money—nineteen-ninety-five at the College Shop. Is it nice?"

"Nice!" Emery said indignantly, "you don't use words any better than Perry Henderson! That dress is—it's—well, neither do I. But—" accusingly, "if you think I don't know I've got my arm around it, you're plain crazy."

"I'm not crazy. I know darn' well you have. And furthermore, you'd better have." She looked at him and had to look away at once.

INCREASINGLY there was less to say, less need to say anything. They simply danced or didn't dance but sat on the side lines watching the colors of girls' dresses shift and change in flowing arrangements. And that was odd, because it seemed altogether implausible that there was anyone else here. This was just the two of them and some quiet music that was exactly the right background for their thoughts.

Perry Henderson came by, looking disconsolate and said, "Is Julie down here?" Emery exploded, "No, and you don't belong here either—get the hell away." Perry wandered away.

Emery said, "We've come a long way—across lots sometimes and a lot of detours and some big bumps." She nodded and probably too much of her was in her eyes, but probably he couldn't see very clearly, either. "Somehow you never go on after the first paragraph," she complained, and Emery said, "I can't get the words in the right order." Her eyelids quivered and she knew just how he felt because she was having word trouble too. But voices singing "Hezekiah Morrison" came down the wide stairs. "That's the chorus," she said, "singing my song—I ought to be there." He said, "Do you want to be there?" and she said, "You know darn' well I want to be right here," and he said, with something like a groan, "Well, not right here!"

She was hypnotically watching things happen in his face and her breath was coming unevenly and who said that you couldn't have trouble with your pulses? Emery muttered, "I can't get the damn' words right!"

"Are you sure you're really trying?"

"A while ago it was your dress. Then it was your eyes. Now it's your hair."

She looked square at him. "Remember you touched it one night?"

"Remember?" he said hoarsely. "What do you suppose I do with my spare time?"

"Call me forward if you like, say I'm unmaidenly—I'm certainly trying to be. I've been wondering for an hour if you've lost the use of your hand."

"Oh, Lord, there are a million people!" He seized her arm. "Give me just one potted palm!"

THE foyer opened out into a series of alcoves, and an urgent music had waked in Betty's veins. "I know what's going to happen," she whispered. "I'm going to get kissed."

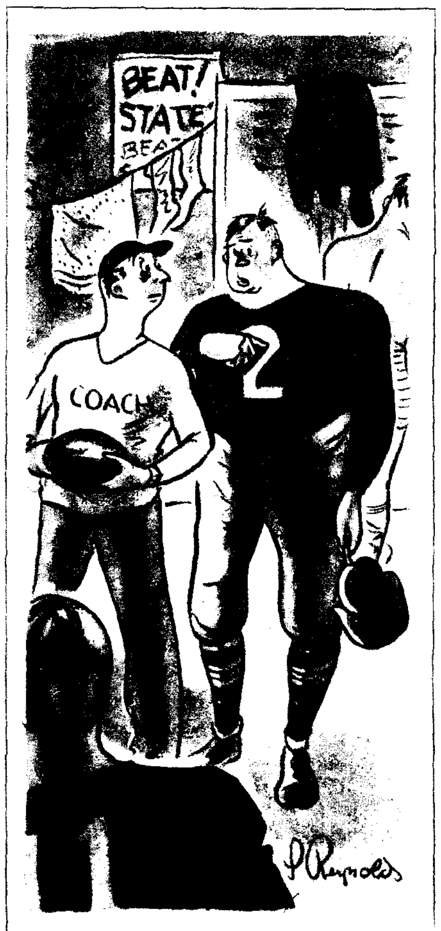
"Yes, and for all the times you didn't up to now," he whispered back. "That is, if there's four square feet without someone there."

"Oh!" she said, "why don't we hurry?"

But every alcove was a public square full of idiotic people and every promising corner had somebody already making use of it. Other people hadn't wasted time making up their minds what nooks were for. They came full circle back to the ballroom and she was still unkissed. Emery was holding her arm tightly and muttering, "We'll have to go outside." Betty saw a door to one side of the wide stairs. "What's that?" she asked. Emery said, "Probably a mop closet," and she pressed his arm and said, "I love mops—I've always wanted one."

But it wasn't a mop closet. It was a small radio broadcasting room, and it was empty and practically dark. Emery closed the door and they stood looking at each other for a tremendous moment. Oh, Emery, oh, darling! and it had come out this way and who could ever have predicted it? Then they weren't looking at each other any more but he had reached for her and she locked her arms behind his head and pressed close and hard against him and raised her face, and she had been kissed at last.

. . . When the great tide subsided for an instant she saw this odd, dear little room hung with velvet, and saw that they were standing by a bass drum, and said, "This is the first time you ever kissed me by a drum—did you know?"


BEAT! STATE
BEA
COACH
2

"In case anybody asts me, what am I this year—a sophomore, junior or senior?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"Or anywhere—"

"—now you have—Oh, Emery, don't waste your time—"

It was much later, there was no knowing how much later, but the whole autumn and winter had meant just this, why, four years of college had meant just this, and things she would remember all her life had been said . . . when, with no warning, the door burst open. Betty moved against Emery's arms but he wouldn't let her go. He said, over her shoulder, "Get out of here, Henderson!"

She turned then, and saw Perry, and ice passed across her nerves, for Perry's face had disaster in it.

"Listen!" he said desperately. "Something's going on. Julie's gone. I been looking for her God knows how long. So I asked the girl at the dressing room. She got her coat and left more than half an hour ago. She's beat it. What the hell is all this stuff you've been talking about?"

(To be continued next week)

The Spymaster

Continued from page 24

liftman also has claims upon me. That is why I am faithful to my rooms 467 to 469."

"The fact that the servants are in your pay won't get you very far," Cheshire observed calmly. He rose to his feet, drew his revolver from his pocket and pointed it steadily at Florestan.

"And now?" the latter asked.

Facing him, Cheshire walked slowly backward toward the door of the bedroom. Florestan watched him without any sign of movement or concern. Cheshire reached the door and with his eyes still fixed upon the other he drew the key from his pocket with his left hand and turned it in the lock. The door remained immovable.

"Careless of you to have closed that door," Florestan observed. "It has a double spring lock—a little affair of my own invention. You might not believe it, but that door is easy enough to open if you know how. Pity, isn't it?"

Cheshire was not to be diverted into speech, but his eyes never left Florestan.

"You see," the other went on, "I have had to think out what I should do in many varying emergencies and prepare for them. This is one. The door opposite, as you may or may not know, leads into the bedchamber of my wife. It is her invariable custom to sleep with her door bolted. Besides, I know you too well to believe that you would willingly disturb the slumbers of a lady."

STILL Cheshire remained silent. Nothing distracted his attention for a single moment from the figure in the easy chair. It seemed to him that he had almost sensed the tensing of the muscles. The man was ready to spring at any time. He moved on toward Mrs. Florestan's door and he was rewarded at last for his vigil. For a single second there was apprehension in the other's face. The mocking smile had left his lips. He leaned a little forward.

"You must not try me too greatly, Mr. Gunman!" he cried out. "Greater cowards than I have taken a risk when they have seen a man trying to enter their wives' bedrooms. Leave that alone!"

Cheshire's eyes never left his adversary's face but with his left hand he inserted the key and turned it. The door yielded at once. He passed through and slammed it. What followed was a matter of breathless seconds. Deborah, still in her white negligee, was standing only a few feet away from him. She pointed to the door on the other side of the bed. She spoke in a curiously low whisper but every word was distinct.

"Both doors are open. Turn to the left."

He was through the first door, through the second and out in the corridor before he heard her voice raised in a cry of well-simulated alarm. There was still no other sound. There was no sign of Florestan. Cheshire ran lightly to the end of the corridor, down four flights of service stairs, into the main corridor. A few seconds later he was in the hall porter's office with the telephone instrument in his hand.

"Give me Scotland Yard," he cried.

There was a brief silence, then a voice at the other end.

"Scotland Yard speaking."

"Admiral Cheshire, XYZ. Florestan in 467 to 469 Milan Hotel is trying to escape. I have a warrant to apprehend him. Bring a squad at once."

The answer came brisk and alert:

"Understood, sir. Squad already summoned."

Cheshire rang off and in another moment he was connected with the manager's office.

"Admiral Cheshire speaking. Florestan, registered here as Henry Copeland, in 467 to 469, is wanted by Scotland Yard. Murder charge. A squad is on the way here to arrest him. Have all exits blocked for the next quarter of an hour. Do you hear me?"

"Certainly, Admiral," was the prompt reply. "We will do as you say at once."

IN RATHER less than five minutes Cheshire, with several plain-clothes men, and Bousson, the manager of the hotel, arrived at the outside of Florestan's suite. There were already two liftmen and the hotel detective in the corridor. The latter answered Cheshire's unspoken inquiry.

"No one has left the suite, sir," he announced. "We were here within a minute of your message."

They opened the outside door and passed through into the sitting room. It was empty. The door of Florestan's bedroom was now open but there was no sign of any occupant there. Then Cheshire knocked at the door of Mrs. Florestan's room.

"Come in!" a sleepy voice bade him.

She turned on the light by the side of her bed as Cheshire and the inspector unlocked her door. She sat up, looking at them with wide-open eyes.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"Your husband is wanted, Mrs. Florestan," Cheshire replied.

"My husband?" she repeated. "He is not here. You can see for yourself that he is not here."

The inspector walked round the apartment. He threw open the cupboards; he searched the bathroom. It was clear that there was no possible place of concealment.

"When did you last see your husband?" Cheshire asked quietly.

Mrs. Florestan shook her head.

"I have not seen him at all tonight," she replied. "I thought that I heard his voice a few minutes ago. I called out but there was no answer."

The little company retired. There was suddenly a call from Florestan's room. They all trooped back into it. One of the squad who had remained there pointed toward the window. It was halfway open and a current of cold air was entering. They hurried to it and looked down into the abyss below. Bousson, with a sudden exclamation, opened the window wider and stepped out onto the balcony. Within a couple of feet were the iron steps and railing of the fire escape.

"When Mr. Copeland, or Florestan, as you call him, took these rooms years ago, he had that connecting handrail made," Bousson pointed out. "He said the only terror he had in life was of fire."

Cheshire looked downward into the gulf of blackness. The inspector was already at the telephone. A thin crowd from the hotel was already gathered below. Too late. Once more, Florestan had disappeared.

CHESHIRE spent two hours closeted with the chairman of the Council of Defense. He made his way back to his suite of rooms in the admiralty in a very thoughtful frame of mind. He passed a quarter of an hour or so dealing with the little pile of letters that were waiting upon his desk, then he sent for Hincks.

The young man made his appearance within a few minutes. He was looking tired, but there was all the fervor of a mighty effort in his speech

HALLELUJAH FOLKS
it's AUNT JEMIMA Pancake Time Again!
"HOORAY! AUNT JEMIMA'S IN TOWN!"
"WITH THE WORLD'S BEST TASTING PANCAKES!"
"THIS IS FRONT PAGE NEWS."
JUS' LOOK AT 'EM, FOLKS. DE TENDEREST, FLUFFIEST, EATIN'EST PANCAKES IN DE LAND. AN' SO EASY TO FIX WID MY SECRET RECIPE. YO' JUS' ADD MILK OR WATER TO MY MAGIC READY-MIX AN' DEY'S ALL READY IN A JIFFY.
PANCAKE DAYS IS HAPPY DAYS
AUNT JEMIMA, YOUR PANCAKES ARE THE FINEST IN THE LAND.
AN' ANYBODY CAN MAKE 'EM JUS' AS TENDER AN' TASTY, IF DEY USES MY MAGIC READY-MIX.
AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES
AUNT JEMIMA

"HEAH I IS, HONEY. An' 'bout time too, 'cuz yo' family must be pow'ful Pancake Hungry 'bout now. So don't make 'em wait fo' my scrumptious, jiffy-quick Aunt Jemima pancake treat."

RIGHT! You can make the world's most delicious pancakes with Aunt Jemima's secret recipe. It's easier and costs less than the ordinary hard-to-fix cookbook kind. They're nourishing too, and easy to digest. So make your family happy, as millions of housewives do, with Aunt Jemima's own tempting, tender pancakes now.

AUNT JEMIMA says: "Try both my famous, temptin' Pancakes an' de zippy, zesty Buckwheats. Get a package of each from yo' grocer-man right away."

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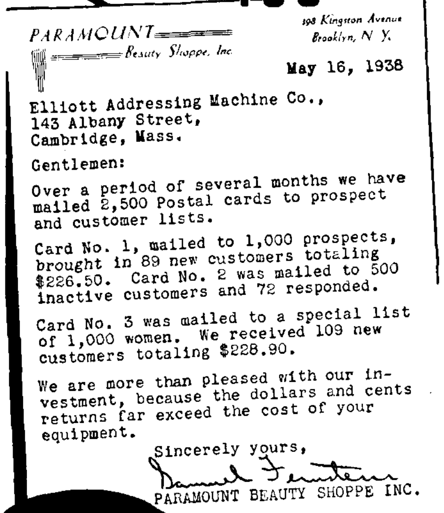

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May 16, 1938

Elliott Addressing Machine Co.,
143 Albany Street,
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Gentlemen:

Over a period of several months we have mailed 2,500 Postal cards to prospect and customer lists.

Card No. 1, mailed to 1,000 prospects, brought in 89 new customers totaling $226.50. Card No. 2 was mailed to 500 inactive customers and 72 responded.

Card No. 3 was mailed to a special list of 1,000 women. We received 109 new customers totaling $228.90.

We are more than pleased with our investment, because the dollars and cents returns far exceed the cost of your equipment.

Sincerely yours,
Samuel Feinstein
PARAMOUNT BEAUTY SHOPPE INC.

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Speed slow business by going out after customers! The Cardvertiser is making this possible for thousands of smaller concerns who can't afford other methods of advertising. With this machine you can print and address your own sales messages on ordinary penny postal cards. They go first-class mail, straight to your prospects, and they bring immediate buying response. Cost little more than a cent apiece.

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161 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass.
☐ Send me your booklet about Cardvertising.
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FOR DANDRUFF FALLING HAIR
Good Housekeeping Bureau

MILLIONS USE IT!

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DANDRUFF

Dandruff is often the cause of baldness. Your social and business life demands that you end this menace. Get a bottle of Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic. Use it two or three times a week. It stops clinging dandruff and excessive falling hair. It stops that miserable itching and irritations. Made for 25 years under our standardized formula. Costs little at barbers or druggists.

Lucky Tiger
HAIR TONIC
For Dandruff
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

and deportment. Cheshire pointed to the chair that he kept by the side of his desk for visitors.

"Sit down, young fellow," he invited. "I can see you have been sticking to it."

"I hope it has not been in vain, sir."

Cheshire looked across at the closed door.

"The council has adopted my scheme, Hincks," he confided. "There was a great deal of opposition, but, anyhow, they have adopted it. All that we need now is the assembling of a flotilla for the Kiel Canal work and another one for Genoa, together with the course of the air fleet from Malta."

"I am at work on that now, sir," Hincks answered in a tone of great relief. "Thank God they are going through with it. I gathered that they meant to, after reading last night's papers."

"The Premier was wonderful," Cheshire said quietly. "Fakenham has done his job. There is only one thing I fear."

The young man leaned forward.

"Florestan?" he murmured.

Cheshire assented.

"He must have been working up to this for years," he remarked. "The government has taken over the firm, temporarily at any rate. They seem to be doing business with every one of our subsidized factories, as well as with the naval departments. Florestan is a very dangerous fellow and it is obvious that he has his suspicions. However, it is of no use thinking about that. I am working out the Kiel Canal scheme myself. I know every inch of the place. When shall you have finished with the Mediterranean?"

"Tomorrow night, sir."

"Tomorrow night," Cheshire repeated. "I shan't be sorry to have this job off my shoulders, whatever happens."

Hincks made no direct reply. His thoughts seemed to be far away. Suddenly he collected himself.

"Will you permit me, sir," he ventured, "to take what I feel to be a great liberty?"

"Be careful, Hincks," Cheshire advised him.

"It is a question I wish to ask, sir."

"You may ask it if you insist," his chief assented. "I need not remind you that it is a somewhat unusual thing in the service to ask questions of your superior officer."

"Our work, sir, has been unusual," the young man pointed out. "I shall have no peace of mind until I ask you this."

"Well?"

"The Contessa Elida Pelucchi—does she know the truth?"

CHESHIRE looked at his companion not unkindly.

"She does," he confided. "As a matter of fact, I think I may say that the events of the last week have done away with a great deal of the reluctance that at first she quite naturally felt."

"May I ask in what way, sir?"

"Florestan, working for her country, seems to have been a little tactless," Cheshire replied. "That is all I have to say on the subject, but you must remember that both the contessa and her sister have a certain amount of Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins. The greater part of her life the contessa has spent with English people or Americans, and it is possible that the present government of her country, although excellent in many ways, may not meet with her approval. Let it stay at that, Hincks. We have reached the end of it for good or for evil. Tomorrow night will close your work in this special department. The next day I will have a talk with you about your future."

"You are much kinder to me than I deserve, sir," Hincks acknowledged.

Cheshire pointed to the door.

"Back to work now," he enjoined. "Don't overdo it but remember that I shall be ready for you tomorrow night at any time and if you need help I am here. I shall be working at my own charts and plans until midnight tonight and most of tomorrow. The way has been prepared for their reception. The secret council will make its decision as soon as it has examined them. You can see how important it is that there should be no hitch in their dispatch. If it accepts them it will be peace; if Florestan has got ahead of us, if for any reason whatever it discards them it will be war. You and I, Hincks—it rests with us."

THE young man took his leave. Cheshire sent for his typist-secretary. She came noiselessly into the room, as always, her notebook and pencil in her hand. Cheshire pointed to the pile of letters.

"You have been through these?" he asked.

"There is nothing that requires your attention, sir," she said. "They are mostly invitations or people begging to call about matters that belong to other departments. There are only two I did not open."

She laid them before him.

"Take the others away, then," he enjoined. "Tell them to prepare Number Three Chartroom for me. Have all materials, measures and reference books there, also the latest charts we have of Genoa Harbor. Have everything for me in half an hour."

"In Number Three you said, sir?"

He nodded.

"I shall not need an assistant," he continued, "but be careful that I have all the necessary materials. I shall also require a large-scale map of the Kiel Canal. I should like the one that was compiled and came to us from Rotterdam."

The girl left him alone. The first letter he opened was in large bold handwriting, sprawling from one side of the double sheet to the other. The heading was the Milan Hotel. There was no date or formal commencement:

"I am in despair because I fear that you may believe I led you deliberately into a trap. I had no thought of my husband's returning. His arrival was as great a shock to me as to you. You drove him, I hear, to leave the hotel by the fire escape, but he got the better of you, as he always will. He is not human, that man. Let your police headquarters take care of him. You have not a chance.

"I wish to see you. I can scarcely hope that you will return here. It must be when and where you will. DEBORAH

"P. S. I am sending you a newspaper clipping from tonight's paper. This is another instance of that man's malevolence."

He opened the clipping and read:

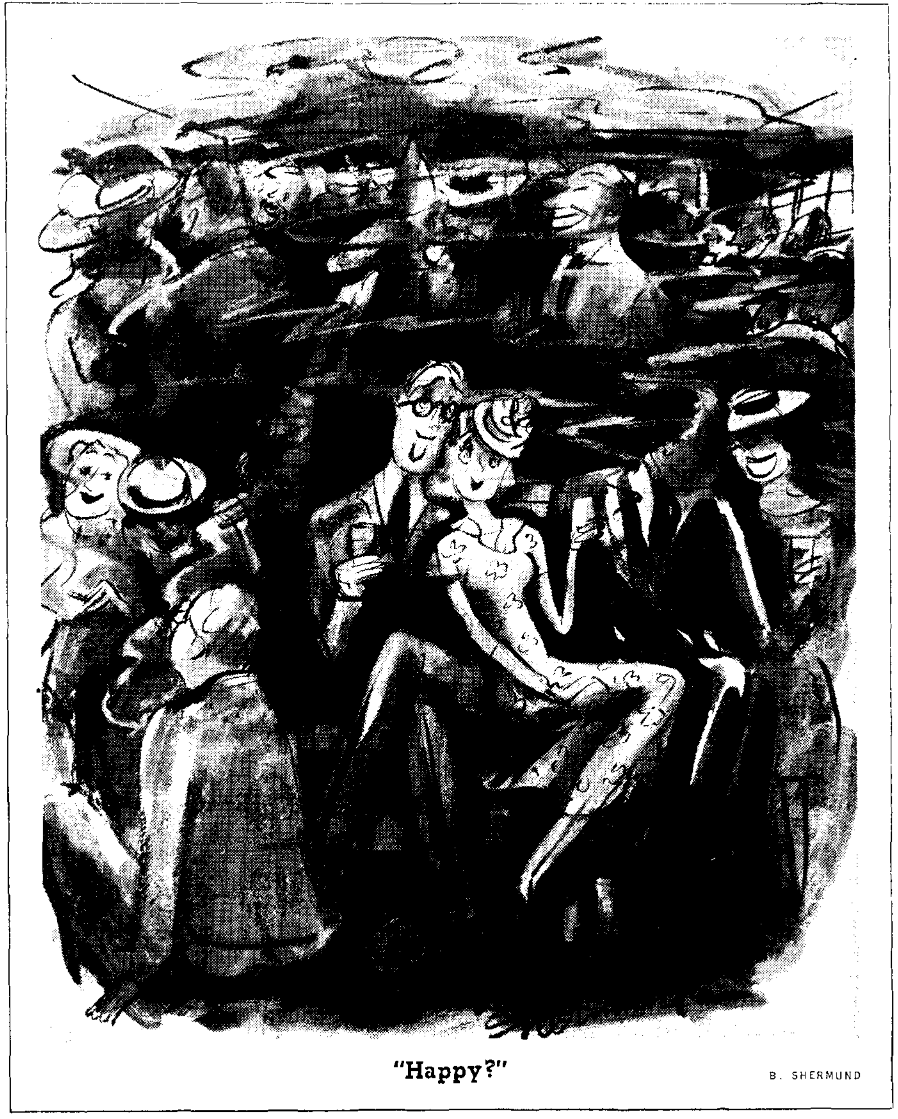
"The body of the young woman who was found in the Regent's Canal last week has been identified as that of Rosa Bland. She was recently engaged as a domestic servant in the employ of Mrs. Horace Florestan of Colville Terrace, Kensington. There is still no clue as to whether she committed suicide or was the victim of foul play."

Cheshire's face grew hard as he read the few lines. He placed the clipping in his pocketbook. The second envelope he opened was heavily sealed. He cut open the flap and drew out a stiff sheet of faintly tinted lavender notepaper.

"Guy, my dear:

"Come and tell me at once, please, whether it is something we are doing that has brought about this uproar.

"Sabine was talking to Broccia for over an hour last night and I have not seen her look so cheerful for ages. Even my dear brother-in-law has lost his lugubrious expression.



"Happy?"

B. SHERMUND

. . "He's my partner" . .

The policyholders of a life insurance company are partners in working together for mutual aid. The employee and his employer, the farmer and the city man, the professional worker and the tradesman—all combine their funds for the protection of their families. I like to think of the life insurance institution thus as a great democracy, serving also the best interests of that greater democracy, our country.

Thomas I. Parkinson

PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

Q. It is said that life insurance is a democracy. Just what does that mean?

A. It furnishes through cooperation a common protection to the interests and aspirations of all its members.

. . .

Q. How is this principle illustrated in Group Insurance?

A. In a Group plan all the workers in an industrial or commercial organization who are insured, from the lowest-paid employee to the top officer, join together for the benefit of all.

. . .

Q. How is the principle illustrated in Salary Savings Insurance?

A. Under this plan employer and employee work together to obtain individual policies on a satisfactory method of monthly premium payments.

. . .

Q. Can everyone obtain life insurance?

A. No. Insurance companies must reject applicants who are physically unfit. For your family's sake it is not safe to keep putting off your application.

. . .

Q. Should you have an Endowment, a 20 Pay-Life or an Ordinary Life Policy?

A. This shop talk sounds mysterious, but it can be cleared up in a few minutes by an Equitable agent. Just discuss your financial situation and your hopes—and he will recommend the best insurance program.

The Equitable welcomes questions concerning life insurance. Your note to "The Equitable Counselor" at 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y., will receive prompt attention by mail.

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LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
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OF THE U.S.
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Whether you do THIS—

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FATIGUE ACIDS make these muscles feel SORE

Extensor Digitorum Communis
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Ease that SORENESS! Drive those *Poisonous* acids out!

- Sport or work—when you use muscles *extra* hard, they get stiff and sore—poisoned by *fatigue acids!*

For quick relief, flush those poisonous acids out! Rush fuel for fresh energy to the sore muscles by speeding the blood through them—with Absorbine Jr. Soreness is eased—arms feel rested. Muscles limber up—serve you readily as before.

Rub if you wish, but Absorbine Jr., *itself*, speeds the circulation. Just splash it on after unusual exertion and 2 or 3 times a day. At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

Famous for:
Athlete's Foot, muscular soreness, sprains, sunburn, mosquito and insect bites

ABSORBINE JR.

"I am opening a small art show at four o'clock at Number 73a, Rite Street, Chelsea. Come and fetch me away and buy a picture. ELIDA

"P. S. May I send my love to Ronnie?"

Cheshire drew a sheet of paper toward him and wrote a few lines in his neat, precise handwriting:

"My dear Elida:

"Today I am a prisoner—tomorrow also. On Thursday I shall fetch you from your picture show, which I suppose will continue to open for a few days, at the more human hour of six o'clock. Ever yours, GUY

"P. S. I will deliver your message."

He rang for a messenger and dispatched the note, then he made his way to the little chartroom he kept for himself, took off his coat, put on a smock and mounted a stool. For five hours he worked without stopping, safe from any manner of intrusion by reason of the framed notice that hung outside the door. When at last weariness came, he locked up all that he had done in a small safe in the wall, washed his hands and bathed his head in the small lavatory attached to the room. Half an hour later he was drinking tea and eating buttered toast in the private cardroom of the St. George's Club. On the other side of the table Sir Herbert Melville was seated, similarly engaged. The two men were alone in the room. The deputy commissioner, who had been exceedingly blunt, was very much in earnest.

"I don't want you to misunderstand me, Cheshire," he said. "Our affiliation has been tremendously useful and we can pride ourselves upon having done some wonderful work. Where you have needed our help you have always had it. All the same, I am not entirely satisfied about this Florestan business."

"Then you are hard to satisfy," was the terse rejoinder. "Some days ago I passed over into safekeeping at Scotland Yard the revolver with which Florestan shot poor Meldicott, and a case of the rotten cartridges—very easily identified. With the evidence of the car, you already have a clear case."

"Yes, but we have not got Florestan," Melville said dryly.

"Admittedly, but you must agree that I did some good work that night, nevertheless. I came across Mrs. Florestan, who I thought might know something of his whereabouts, gave her supper, danced with her. Could your most zealous detectives have done more than that? I took her up to the apartments and I did what I cannot help thinking that your men ought to have done long ago—I searched them. I found the revolver and I found the cartridges."

"And nearly got yourself into a hell of a mess," Melville grunted.

"WOULD you have missed the chance?" Cheshire asked. "Not on your life! If I didn't catch Florestan, I got the next best thing—the evidence."

"What about his wife?"

"I do not think she knows much," Cheshire replied. "Florestan seems to have kept his life a closed book against everyone."

"Seeing her again?" Melville inquired.

Cheshire considered the point.

"Yes, I think so," he admitted. "There was a poor girl drowned in the Regent's Canal a short time ago who has just been identified as a domestic servant at Florestan's Kensington house. That's the girl who cut my ropes in the cellar and disappeared from the car outside the police station, you know."

"I remember," Melville observed. "And you had not seen her since?"

"Not a sign—but you see from this clipping what has happened to her. I want to find out whether she has any people and arrange for her having a decent funeral, and that sort of thing."

Melville made a note.

"We'll see to that end of the affair for you," he promised, "but we are badly stuck up about Florestan, Cheshire. None of our men seem to have a line on him at all and there's not a soul who saw him come down the fire escape."

"I have turned Florestan over to you for the immediate present," Cheshire announced. "It is not that I am not desperately anxious to bring him in, it is not that I don't realize he is a hideous danger to us, but for twenty-four hours I am busy on an even bigger job."

"Secretive devil, aren't you?" Melville observed.

Cheshire finished his tea and lit a pipe.

"I hear Fakenham's voice," he said, "and here comes Prestley. Good egg, we shall get a rubber, after all. I have had to lay off my work waiting for a cable from Singapore. Come along," he added, rising to his feet and making for the card table. "Here's the newspaperman looking as pleased as Punch. He will want us to believe that he himself wrote that leading article that has made the nation joyful."

"Soldiers may fight," Fakenham remarked, lighting his cigar, "and sailors, too, may make a show of it, but it is the press that always steps in and saves the country."

THERE was a look of concern upon the valet's face as he entered his master's salon that evening. He came over to the table where Cheshire was writing.

"Well, what is it?" the latter asked without looking up. "You know my orders."

"There's a lady here who wishes to see you urgently, sir," he announced.

"Worse and worse," was the gruff comment.

"If I have done wrong, sir, I am very sorry. The lady's name is Florestan—Mrs. Horace Florestan."

Cheshire laid down his pen and swung round in his chair.

"Do you mean to say that she is here now?" he demanded, with sudden interest in his tone. "You are a wonderful chap, Greyes," he added with a kindly smile. "Always know when to disobey orders, don't you? You have done a jolly sensible thing this time, let me tell you. Show the lady in."

"Very good, sir."

He hurried out to the inner hall of the suite and in a moment the door of the apartment was thrown open.

"Mrs. Florestan to see you, sir."

She crossed the floor very casually, smothered in furs—there was an east wind blowing outside—and wearing a turban hat with a half veil. Cheshire rose to his feet and although kindly there was something faintly ironical in his bow.

"You honor me, my dear lady," he said.

She was entirely composed, glanced round the room, selected a comfortable easy chair not too far from his desk and sank into it pensively.

"Why did you not answer my note?" she demanded.

"For at least a dozen reasons," he replied. "One may do, perhaps. I had an idea that you might have left, and all letters in that case addressed to you would go with your husband's to Scotland Yard. I could not bear the idea of the minions of that establishment smiling at my outpourings."

"So that was the sort of letter you were going to write to me, was it?"

He sighed.

"Why not? The last time we met you probably saved my life. Now I shall not have to write you a letter of thanks. You are here. That is better."

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Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

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"You are glad to see me?"

"More than glad—delighted."

"Then give me a cigarette and tell me, if you please, why."

He handed her the box of cigarettes, held his lighter steadily in front of the one she selected, and resumed his seat.

"Because I want your husband's address."

She laughed—a deep but not unpleasant expression of mirth. She had raised her veil since she had commenced to smoke and again Cheshire wondered what a great sculptor would have made of her mouth.

"Well, I think I can surprise you, even if I do not give you his postal address or telephone number," she replied. "An hour ago I talked with him—on the telephone."

"Where was he?"

"Rome."

"What did he ring up about? To wish you good night?"

"Just an effort of gallantry, I suppose," she remarked. "Anyway, it cost him nothing. He spoke on a private wire."

Cheshire shook his head.

"I am having nothing whatever to do with that effort of gallantry," he scoffed. "Please be reasonable and tell me what he wanted."

"He rang up to ask me to go to Regent's Park House, inquire there for the Contessa Elida Pelucchi and to give her a message."

"So you came to me?"

"So I came to you," she agreed. "The new order of things. I hope you approve."

She drew off her gloves, and, smoothing them out, laid them upon the table.

"So I came to you," she repeated reflectively. "Tell me, is it not the custom when a lady calls upon you at this hour of the evening to offer her an *apéritif?*"

Cheshire leaned over and touched the bell.

"I should like an Italian vermouth with Campari Bitters," she went on.

"Sounds good," he admitted. "I will try one myself. We have the Campari, I think, Greyes?" he asked as the servant entered the room.

"Yes, sir. I will mix the drinks at once."

"There are times," Cheshire explained as Greyes closed the door, "when we make our own cocktails. This is one of them. So you have a message to take to the Contessa Elida Pelucchi, and you came here with it. That is a very gracious action on your part."

"I do not think," she told him, "that my husband intended you to share the knowledge of that message. In fact his only reference to you was rather blasphemous."

"I really cannot see why," Cheshire objected. "I consider he is one up on me. When I think of the hours I spent in your miserable cellar, in that rotten house of yours, I am inclined to believe that my dislike of him will last throughout my life. Of course," he went on, "it it quite true that I did force him to descend an outdoor fire escape in most inclement weather, and if you like to give me that message and save me the worry of going over to Regent's Park I might consider balancing the account, so far as I personally am concerned. What do you think about that?"

"WELL, what I think is," she confided, "that you must like me to be here or you would not be so long-winded. Who cares whether your accounts with Horace are balanced or not? I consider that he is a most unpleasant type of man. I cannot imagine why he married me and I am dizzy with bewilderment when I ask myself why I married him. I have my sane moments, of course, but I can assure you that I spend most of my days, and nights, too, in a state of terror when I even think about him."

Greyes came quietly into the room bearing on a silver salver two glasses filled with a most fascinating-looking decoction. The visitor sipped hers and approved. Cheshire followed suit.

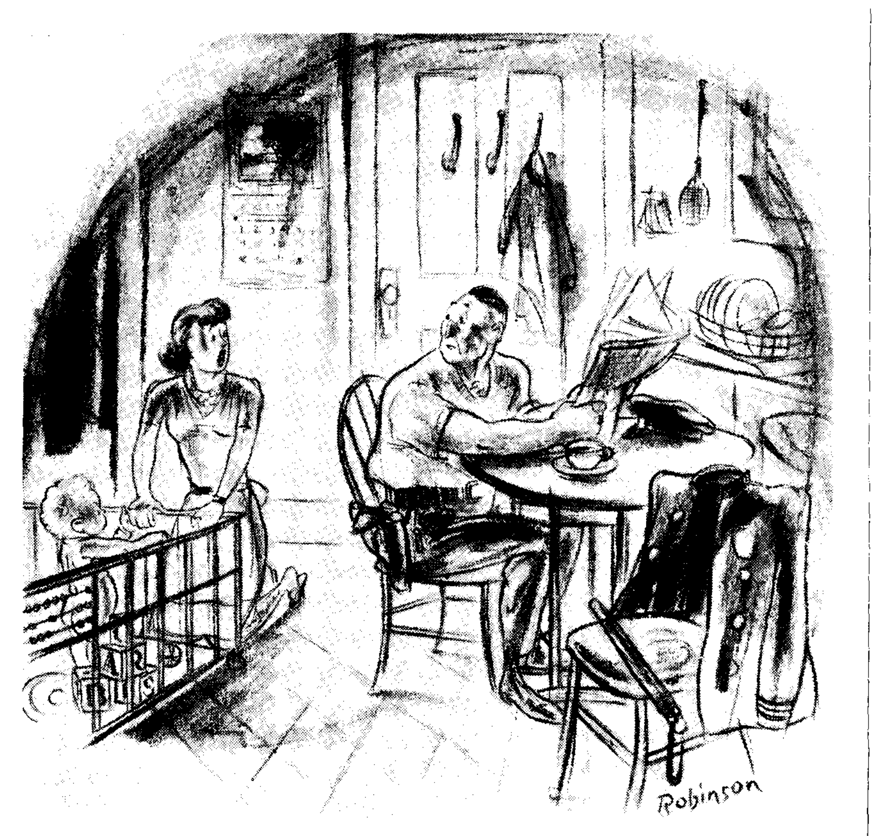
"Just a shade on the sweet side," he remarked, "but excellent, all the same. That will do, Greyes. I will ring if I want you again."

The man took his leave. Deborah Florestan lit another cigarette.

"My friend," she began, looking steadfastly at her companion, "has it not occurred to you, I wonder, that ours is rather a one-sided affair?"

"In what way?"

"Well, I consider that I have given you a great deal of valuable information," she said. "I have also, in all



"See what you can do, dear. He just won't talk!"

ROBINSON

I'm certainly
HEALTHY
... but not at all
WEALTHY
... so I must be
WISE!

Yes, very wise—
her laxative has
"exercising action"

"WHAT a wonderful change in Connie," all her friends are saying. "She's the picture of health these days."

Yet, not so long ago, Connie hardly ever felt *really well.* There seemed to be no way to solve her constipation problem. She suffered from "nerves"... felt sluggish and tired.

Then a friend begged her to try Saráka*—the laxative with "exercising action". Connie bought a tin from her druggist. What a pleasant surprise to find how agreeable Saráka was to take.

The Saráka tin is filled with tiny brown granules. You measure out a teaspoonful — then swallow a few granules at a time while drinking a glass of water.

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Results of this perfectly balanced action are not violent... or embarrassingly urgent. Most users recall their healthy youth when constipation was a thing never thought of. Ask your doctor about Saráka. We are confident he will tell you that it is safe and non-habit forming. The coupon below will bring you a free trial-size tin.

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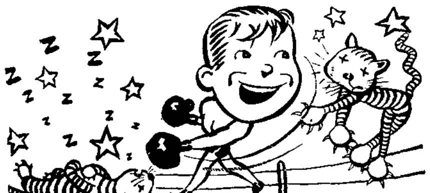

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probability, saved your life. Now you are asking me, in the language of the novelists, to betray my husband's confidence."

"But, my dear lady," he expostulated, "think what I have done for you!"

She looked at him steadily. Again that puzzling mouth of hers intrigued him.

"Well, what have you done for me?" she asked.

"I stood you a very excellent supper the other night, I accepted your invitation to visit your rooms, after distinct assurances from you that your husband was nowhere about, and I then went through several very uncomfortable moments wondering whether he was going to kill me or I was going to kill him. Notwithstanding all this I have not uttered a single word of remonstrance."

She laughed derisively.

"I should not talk too much about that," she said. "I do not think you were at all clever that evening. You were armed and he was not. I do not think that you should have allowed him to get away."

"I suppose I mucked it, somehow," Cheshire acknowledged. "So far as being armed is concerned, though, I don't see what advantage that gave me. I couldn't have shot him with one of those filthy cartridges. We might have had a good stand-up fight, of course, but the commotion would have awakened you from your first sleep, and, although I rather fancy myself at a scrap, the consequences might have been unpleasant."

"You did not get the better of that other scrap," she reminded him.

"Only a trifling affair, that," he exclaimed with a wave of the hand. "He was just a thought too quick for me, that was all. Look here, we are wrangling like a couple of children, wasting time, too. What about that message for the contessa?"

"Are you jealous?"

"No."

"Why should I be like all these other foolish women—give, give, give with no return? Why should I not make a bargain with you?"

"In what coinage must I pay?"

SHE stretched herself a little in her chair, took off her turban hat with its beautiful sapphire and diamond ornament and laid it upon the table. Her long fingers played for a moment or two with her hair.

"I can think of only two things you might have to offer," she decided. "Money and—love."

"And which do you choose?"

"I think I shall choose love."

"A doubtful commodity," he warned her. "Now let us get on with the message, please."

"My husband said that it is the urgent wish of a certain great personage that she present herself in Rome before the end of the week."

"For any particular reason?"

She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"He seems to be in everyone's confidence," she said. "He may know it. He did not share his knowledge with me."

"And that was all the message?"

"Every word. Am I to deliver it or not?"

Greyes made a discreet entrance, his replenished salver in his hand, in answer to the summons of the bell. Deborah Florestan, who had sunk very low in her chair, stretched out her hand greedily to the tray of hors d'oeuvres he was carrying. He laid them on the table before her, half filled her glass with vermouth and added the Campari. Cheshire strolled over to the table and helped himself.

"I shall change in half an hour, Greyes," he announced.

"Very good, sir," the latter replied as he left the room.

Cheshire moved his chair closer to his visitor's.

"You have not answered my question," she reminded him.

"Since you have confided the message to me it really makes very little difference," he replied. "I shall take good care that the contessa remains in Regent's Park. I don't think that Rome would be at all a healthy place for her just now."

"Well," Mrs. Florestan observed, "I will do as I think best about delivering the message. What about payment?"

"A very short time ago," he acknowledged, "I might have been murmuring the word 'deferred.' The situation, however, is changed. I am waiting for a cable before I can continue my work. As a preliminary I can offer you dinner, a little early, I'm afraid, and the other of two seats for Tristan and Isolde at Covent Garden."

"Quite a good start," she agreed, a joyous gleam lighting up her eyes. "Norvena as Isolde and Tauber as Tristan—it will be wonderful! I do not fancy him very much but how he will sing the part!"

He was almost startled by her enthusiasm.

"You are fond of the opera?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You perhaps sing yourself?"

"I have sung in grand opera," she told him simply. "I have sung at Milan, Berlin and Vienna."

He did not doubt her word for a moment. As a matter of fact it explained her to him. There were so many times when she had seemed unreal. She possessed, he realized now, the theatrical sense in its most flamboyant development. All the same, she might well have been an artist.

"What made you leave the stage?"

"My husband insisted. He has always led a curiously secretive life and he would never have allowed me to become a prominent person. Whether he is a millionaire or a pauper I do not know. We have lived at different times as though he might have been either."

"Is he really English?"

She hesitated.

"Again, I do not know," she replied, and he fancied that she was telling the truth. "He speaks English, French, German and Italian faultlessly. He stands when they sing the national anthem here, his hand is as high as anyone's in Germany and I know that he has been received by and is on friendly terms with the greatest man in Italy, but if you ask me which is the country of his birth I cannot tell you."

"And you yourself?"

She finished the contents of her glass and set it down.

"My mother was a Dutch actress, a very well-known one," she confided. "Her husband, my father, was an Italian officer. I was married in Vienna and I have lived nearly all the time since either in Paris or London. It has not been altogether a pleasant life," she went on, "but it certainly will not last much longer if my husband knows that I have visited your rooms here and sat by your side at the opera."

"He is jealous?"

"Not of you. He is suspicious that I may know more than he believes I know and that I may have taken you into my confidence."

"Well, you are going to, aren't you?"

She loosened her furs and he saw that she was wearing a gown that left her neck bare.

"Why should I?"

"You know best."

"You play a great deal with words," she said. "You are very clever at that. It seems to me that you are just a little slow, even for an Englishman, in other ways."

"Because I do not make love to you?"

"It may be that."

"It seems to me," he meditated, "that my few opportunities in that direction have been subject to interruptions."

GREYES had entered the room, as always with that quiet air of apology. There was a letter on the salver he carried.

"A Foreign Office messenger has just brought this, sir," he announced. "It would appear to be of extreme importance."

Cheshire glanced at the superscription upon the envelope and with a word of excuse to his visitor tore it open.

"The man is waiting?" he asked.

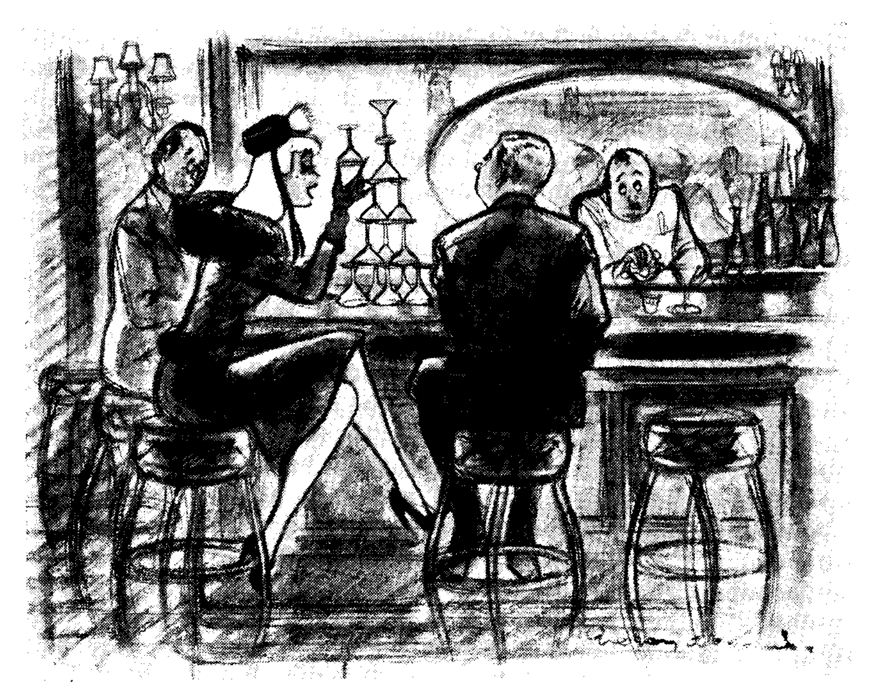
Greyes shook his head.

"He had three more letters to deliver, sir," he replied. "So long as they were placed in the hands of the persons to whom they were addressed there was to be no reply. He recognized me as your personal servant and I assured him that in your case it would be done."

Cheshire waved him away. He held the letter clenched in his fingers. The woman was watching him anxiously.

"It is bad news?" she inquired.

(To be continued next week)



"I always know when I've had enough. I hear a crash"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

HE'LL MAKE IT
Even when you have time to spare, you'll like the speed of the TALON trouser fastener. It's easy, convenient—more sensible in every way than having *five* fastenings on your pants.

LETS YOU FORGET
You never have to worry about your appearance—never have to "check up" on your trousers—when you have the TALON slide fastener. It can't gap—doesn't come open by accident.

"Say—give me the Low-Down on these Pants!"

Glad you asked, Mr. W. E. M.... It's important to every one of the millions of men who now prefer the ease, security, neatness of the TALON Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *trouser fastener.*

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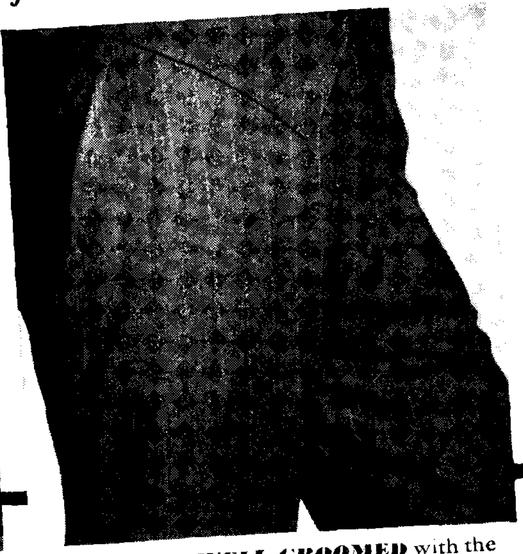

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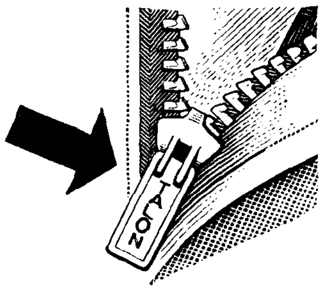

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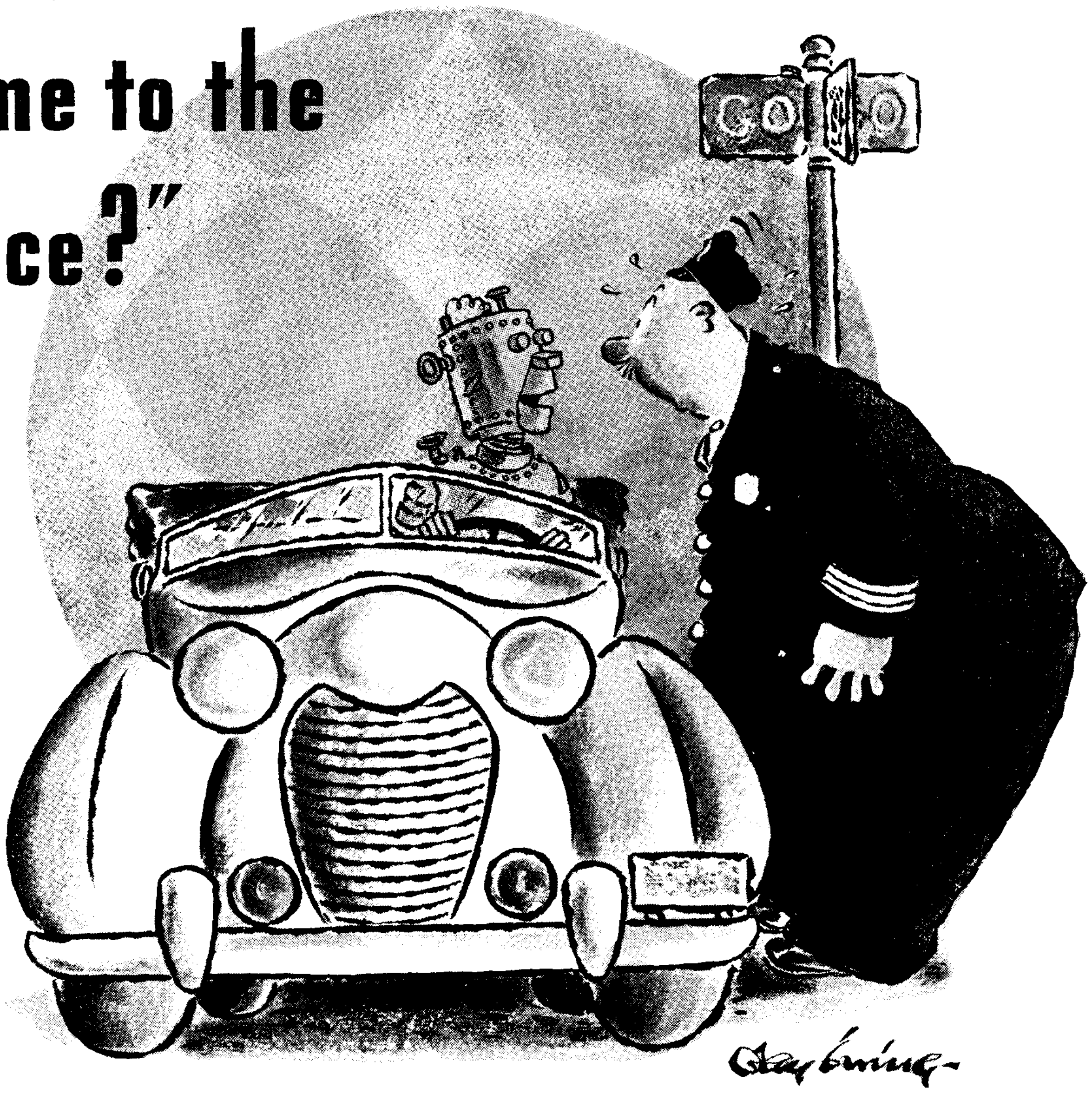

Maybe tomorrow's automotive designers will give us mechanical chauffeurs. The inventive genius of the men who engineer motor cars has given us practically everything else: Silent gears, featherweight brake pressure, and motor power so flexible that in the twinkling of an eye we can change from the brute power of a tank to the speed of a plane. THE 1939 CARS DO EVERYTHING BUT RUN THEMSELVES!

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Glistening in all their newness, the '39 models will soon be on display in your neighborhood showrooms . . . marking important advances in an industry noted for mighty achievements. And bringing "showrooms" right into your living room, the forthcoming issues of Collier's will carry a parade of motor advertisements. It will be one of the largest parades in our history because Collier's is a prime favorite with progressive automotive advertisers.

Your present car might possibly last until robot roadsters appear on the motor horizon. But why wait? The dollar never bought as much automobile value as it does now; and the old bus isn't getting any younger.

COLLIER'S ★ THE ACTIVE MARKET

MORE THAN 2,650,000 ACTIVE FAMILIES

Broadway Murder

Continued from page 13

fellow Norden?" O'Malley asked them.

"Well, he got shot."

"Gee, you don't tell me! Who done it?"

"It was a piece of Norden's private business. We had nothing to do with it."

We saw the car. There was no doubt Norden had been killed in it. There was plenty of blood.

"Anything but the gun in this bus?" O'Malley asked the cop that showed it to us.

"They found some fingerprints—Norden's and the fellow's from Rochester. A lady was in the car sometime. They found her fingerprints too."

"What lady?"

"We got nothing on that. She hasn't got a police record."

WE SAW the dead man. He was big and fine-looking, which must have helped in his business. He had been expensively dressed. Only ordinary things were in his pockets. One was a book of matches. The match book said, "Thoroughbred Grill. Mike is Your Friend."

"Who's Mike?" I asked O'Malley.

"I'd figure he runs that grill. He would be the kind of friend people have on Broadway. That means it don't mean nothing. I guess we got to see what reports been turned in on this case."

We read the reports. They had them at homicide headquarters.

"Well," O'Malley said, "this case is this way: There weren't any fingerprints on that gun—we don't find 'em sometimes even if they ain't been wiped off. We know it's the right gun because laboratory cops fired bullets from it and checked up the markings on 'em with the bullet that killed Norden. The car didn't belong to Norden; the license plates show it was registered to a lady named Miss Verney. That ain't nothing remarkable because mobsters don't like to use a car that's registered in their name, so pretty often they register 'em in the name of some lady friend.

"Them police reports say Miss Verney is a friend of that guy Press. Maybe all of them mobsters used that car. Some lady left her fingerprints in the bus, but they ain't Miss Verney's, because she had been in trouble one time and cops have her fingerprints and the two don't match. We don't know whose, and if we did it probably wouldn't get us anywhere, because the prints might have been made any time and wouldn't have nothing to do with the murder. Dennin didn't say nothing about a lady. Still, it sticks in my head there are women in this business somewhere."

"What are you going to do?"

"Why, I got no program. If women were in this, they would be Broadway ladies. It's harder to get information out of them than out of men, and I ain't had the experience I need with that kind of people. I'm like a babe in the woods when I'm on that thoroughfare."

"Some babe!" I said, "and some woods!"

Next day I lost track of O'Malley. I called up several precinct stations and a lot of other places and I went looking for him wherever I thought that he might be. I couldn't learn anything. He couldn't be taking a vacation or he would have told me. In about a week, after the theater, I was walking on Broadway and I saw a sign that said "Thoroughbred Grill," so I went in to see what the place was like. A stuffed race horse was just inside the door and there were pictures of horses all over the walls and a big man, who must have been Mike, was walking around among the tables greeting the diners. I ordered chili con carne. I didn't look at the waiter.

"If you eat much of that stuff," the waiter said, "you won't have no stomach left."

The waiter was O'Malley.

"Have you been learning anything?" I asked.

"I learned a waiter makes better money than a cop."

It was a pretty big place and was well filled with men and women and most of the women were young. I wondered if one of them was Miss Verney. There was a redhead at the next table that I thought might be she, and an exceedingly pretty blonde at another table, and a black-haired girl at still another. I watched O'Malley, but I didn't find out anything. He acted just like any other waiter.

He phoned me next morning:

"Listen! Something might happen at headquarters this afternoon."

I went to headquarters. They had about a dozen women there and an inspector was questioning them. The redhead and the blonde and the black-haired girl were there and others I hadn't seen. One was a very pretty woman who wore a lot of jewelry. She had on a mink coat. I was surprised because they were questioning the women in a group instead of separately, as the police usually do. The inspector was asking them only routine questions: Had they known Norden? Did they know anything about the murder? Then he questioned the woman in the mink coat.

"Did you know Norden?"

"I'd met him."

"How about Press and Craig?"

"I'd met them. I never had much to do with them. I didn't want to know them but they came to my apartment sometimes."

"You didn't want to know them but they came to your apartment? How was that?"

"Do I have to answer?"

"No, lady," O'Malley told her, "but if you don't answer we'll lock you up."

"Well, I couldn't help receiving them because Mr. Pailey brought them."

"Does that mean that Pailey was paying the rent of your apartment?"

"He was."

"Did he buy you those rings?"

"He did."

"How about the coat?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever hear any of them say anything about this murder?"

"I didn't."

"Well, O'Malley," I whispered, "you're not getting much out of these women."

"Boy, not a thing!"

I COULDN'T find O'Malley after the questioning, so I left. Next morning's newspaper said Pailey had been arrested for the murder. I found O'Malley. I came at a bad time because Mr. and Mrs. Dennin were with him and his face was red because Mrs. Dennin had just kissed him.

"Tell me about this," I demanded.

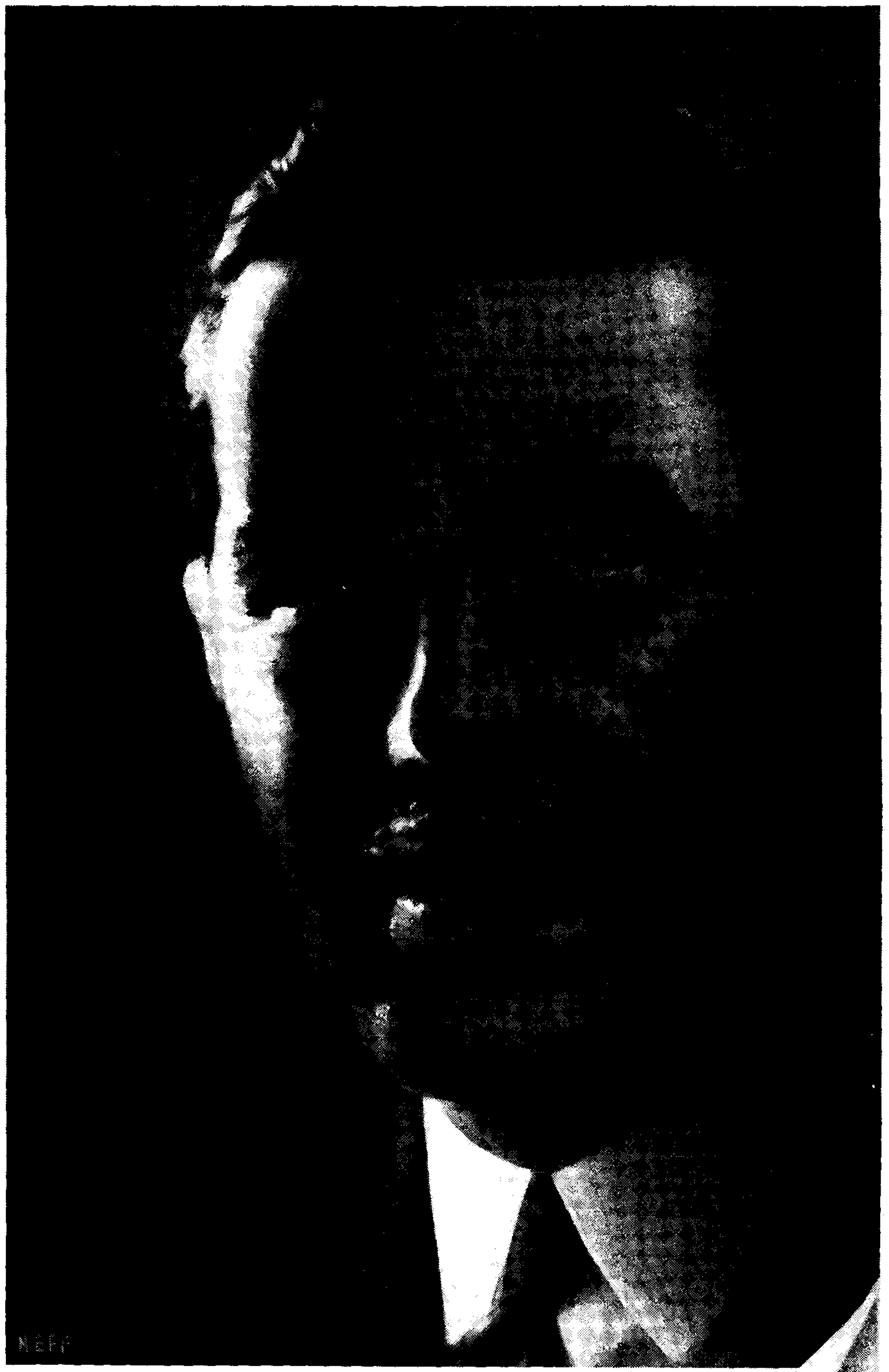
"Why, go read your newspaper! Say, let's get out of here! The newspaper's got how it was. Pailey killed Norden because Norden had been two-timing the other members of the mob. Pailey and Press and Craig had been suspicious quite a while that Norden was holding money out on them, and they told him if they found out he was they'd knock him off.

"The night Norden got killed he was on his way to meet Pailey and a lady

THE WORLD'S SMARTEST MEN

Wear

THE WORLD'S SMARTEST SHIRT



GROVER A. WHALEN, with a record behind him as merchant and business leader, of membership in six business corporations, directorships in fourteen philanthropic, educational or business service agencies, is now President of the Fair Corporation, directing the New York World's Fair 1939. It is logical that a genius who has been so vitally concerned with the building of the nation's business and chief metropolis should now be the chief human motivating factor behind this $150,000,000 event, the largest exposition in the history of the world

The selection of Mr. Whalen for this gigantic task was based upon his great knowledge of three things — projects, men, and materials. To men of importance the materials of their wardrobe are important. Mr. Whalen uses the style and fit of shirts by

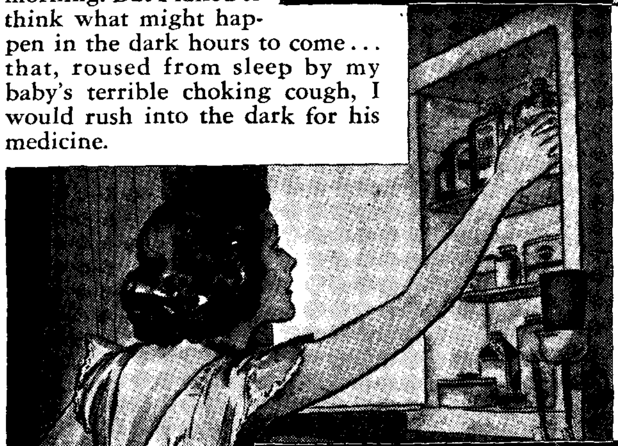
VAN HEUSEN

"I POURED A DEATH POTION FOR MY SICK BABY!"

LONG ISLAND MOTHER LIVES A NIGHTMARE IN DARKENED HOME

❶ "Our year old son was seriously ill with whooping cough, my husband was down with the grippe...and to add to my problems I blew the electric fuses as I was going to bed," writes Mrs. Camille Dearkin of 222-09 135th Ave., Springfield Gardens, L. I.

❷ "I didn't know how to fix the lights and decided not to disturb my husband. He could tell me what to do in the morning. But I failed to think what might happen in the dark hours to come... that, roused from sleep by my baby's terrible choking cough, I would rush into the dark for his medicine.



❸ "I fumbled in the dark medicine chest for the cough syrup and a teaspoon, *that ghastly cough frightened me so. It seemed he must be choking to death! My hand shook* so in the dark I kept spilling the medicine, and I realized I must *have light to measure* a proper dose... so, in spite of my panic, I took time to get my husband's flashlight.

POISON!
No 950
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON
DEC. 1938

❹ "In the rays of that light, I saw in my hand, not my child's cough mixture, *but a bottle of deadly poisonous disinfectant!*

"Is it any wonder that I now write to let you know that my husband and I have fresh DATED 'Eveready' batteries to thank for our baby's life.

(*Signed*)

Camille Dearkin"

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named Eva Rand at the Rand dame's apartment. She is that pretty black-haired kid you seen when we was questioning them women at headquarters. Well, everything in the car happened the way Dennin told it. After Norden had took the gun away from Dennin he went and picked up Pailey and the Eva dame like he had intended, because they were going to an all-night joint out on Long Island, and they asked him what made him late. Norden was all cocky and proud of himself for the way he had got rid of Dennin and he couldn't resist telling 'em about it, and he showed 'em the gun. Well, he told too much. Pailey guessed the trouble had been about money Norden had got from Dennin that he hadn't split with the mob, and the way Norden acted made him sure of it. Then Pailey seen how events had fixed themselves up so that he could knock Norden off without danger to himself. Here was a gun that belonged to somebody else, and nobody had seen Pailey and Miss Rand get into the car with Norden.

"Pailey and the girl was in the back seat and Norden was driving. When they got to a place where there was nobody around he asked to look at the gun. After he'd shot Norden, Miss Rand got out of the car and Pailey drove it to the East Side where Norden had had his trouble with Dennin. He wiped his fingerprints off the gun and put the gun in the car. He didn't do nothing to the front part of the car where Dennin and Norden had been, but he wiped off everything in the back seat that him or Miss Rand had touched. It was just luck he missed one fingerprint. Miss Rand had opened a window and she touched the glass. Pailey didn't think to raise the window again and wipe it off."

"ALL right!" I said. But there wasn't any indication of Pailey or anybody except Dennin in the case, unless you held out a lot of information on me."

"No; you seen all that was done. This was a case where we didn't have much to start from. A cop that has what looks like nothing just has to start from what he has. So I figured I'd work from the fingerprint, and if it didn't lead nowhere I might turn up something else while I was doing it. I had no idea who the lady might be, because it was that Miss Verney's car and all them mobsters used it, and they knew too many ladies. I hadn't no doubt she was some Broadway lady and I got what information I could about what dames they went with, but there were a lot of 'em and a cop can't go round fingerprinting ladies without they're willing. So the idea come to me I'd be a waiter. A waiter hears a lot."

"I saw you being a waiter," I said, "but I saw nothing else."

"You're pretty dumb! You didn't notice what I was doing with the glasses? Whenever I waited on some lady I thought might be the one, I picked up the glass she had been using without touching it outside, and I saved it and sent it to the bureau of identification. If I could find out her name I put a piece of paper in the glass with the name on it, and if I couldn't get her name I wrote a description of her on the paper. I sent over a hundred glasses to them identification cops before they found one that had the same fingerprints on it that was in the car, and them prints belonged to that Eva Rand, and I found out that she was Pailey's woman.

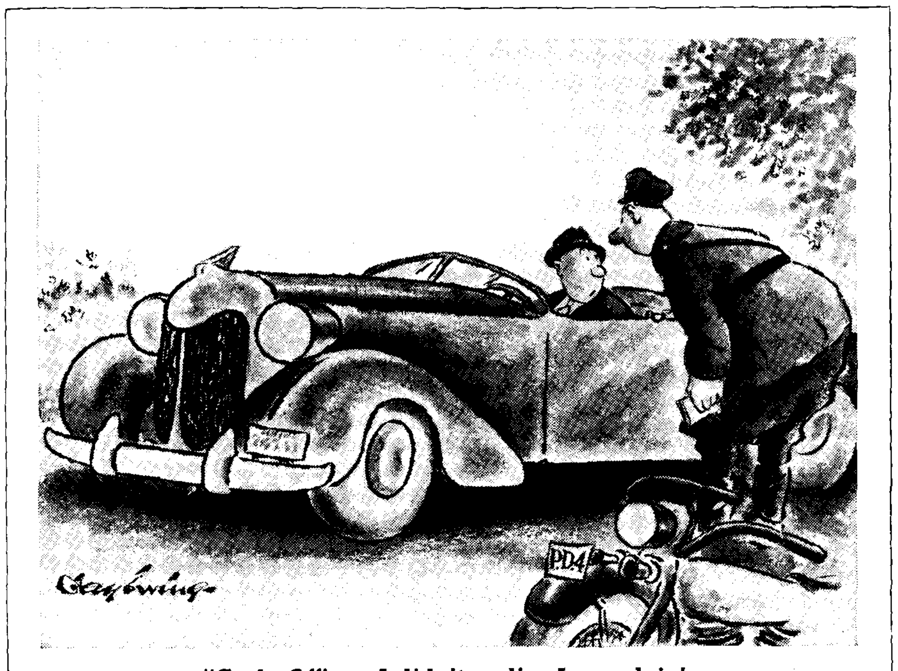
"Well, what to do then? Maybe she didn't know anything about the murder, but it was necessary to find out if she did. I figured it wouldn't do no good to question her. Mobsters tell their women more than they tell anybody else, but whatever guy said a woman can't keep a secret didn't know mobsters' ladies.

"Well, the best reason a lady tells something is because she is sore at a guy and wants to get square with him, and the thing that makes dames like that Rand kid sorest of all is to find out that her guy has been spending more money on some other woman than he does on her.

"So then I thought up that game you seen us work at headquarters. We got Eva Rand and about a dozen other women in for questioning, and one of 'em was a dame in a mink coat that none of the rest of 'em knew. She was a cop. She testified Pailey paid her rent and had bought her her jewelry and her coat. I was waiting for the Rand kid after the questioning, and when she come out she was so sore she couldn't hardly speak. To get square with Pailey she blew up and told me everything, and she knew more than I had even hoped. She told how this case was and I got her to put it down in writing, and now we have her as a eyewitness that she seen Pailey knock Norden off."

"A fine piece of work!" I declared.

"Sure. Well, it might change me from being a cop into being a waiter. If a guy slips a cop a ten-dollar bill they call it a bribe, but a waiter just takes it and says, 'Thank you.'"



"Gosh, Officer, I didn't realize I was doin' eighty. I must've been daydreaming"

JAY IRVING

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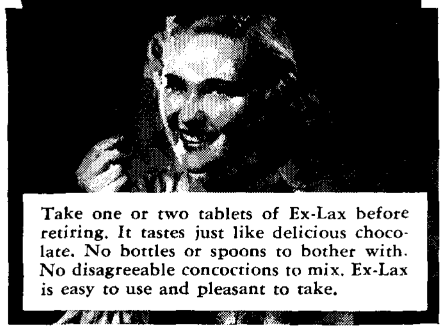
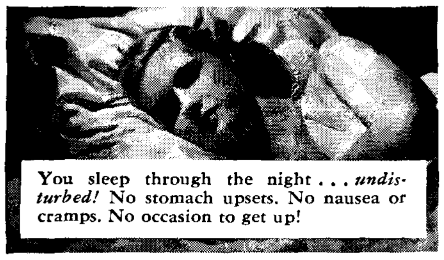


Take one or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. No bottles or spoons to bother with. No disagreeable concoctions to mix. Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.



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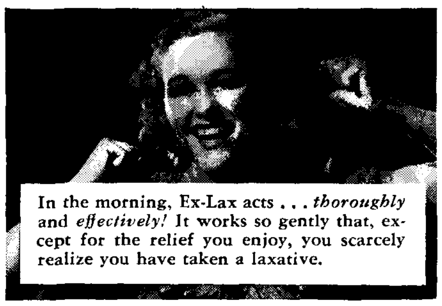

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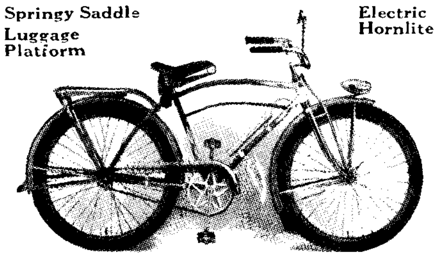

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An Orange Flame

Continued from page 10

were a commodity as rare and unattainable as prewar Scotch.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he observed, "if there's some in the kitchen."

The girl turned back to him.

"I know," she said simply, "but that means ringing a bell. And *that* means a footman. . . ."

In Mr. Lethbridge's slow brain a light broke. She wasn't the young lady of the house, she was the governess. Supporting, like as not, an invalid mother. Mr. Lethbridge felt quite expansive toward her.

"Having a hard time of it?" he inquired kindly.

"Terrible!" said the girl; "I just don't belong in this sort of life."

MR. LETHBRIDGE was inclined to agree with her; she looked to him as though she would be much happier working on a farm. But then how many people were happy in their jobs?

"You've just got to stick it," he advised. "That's all that helps."

"I *am* sticking it. But it's only for mother. If it weren't for mother I'd be out of this house in two shakes."

Mr. Lethbridge was quite pleased to find his diagnosis correct.

"Invalid?" he hazarded.

"Yes, she is," said the girl, looking slightly surprised. "At least, she isn't strong—not strong enough for this racket. But she was dead set on my coming, so I promised to give it a chance. And I *have* given it a chance. I've tried my hardest, but it's no good. I'm just not cut out for it. I like riding and knocking about all day in slacks and doing things with my hands. And I want the sun!"

"We had a fine sunny day last week," pointed out Mr. Lethbridge, a trifle hurt.

"Yes, I know. But there's no heat in it—just as there's no juice in those oranges." The girl looked at them again, bitterly. "They're what's making me so homesick—all those silly little trees. If you'd ever seen a real orange grove—"

She broke off, and to Mr. Lethbridge's dismay sniffed violently. Since he was now feeling quite at home with her he at once asked a very personal question—the sort of question he could never have put, for example, to the real young lady of the house.

"Haven't you got a young man?" asked Mr. Lethbridge.

The girl again looked surprised, but she did not take offense.

"That's just it. Or at any rate part of it. The worst part . . ."

"And you've gone and quarreled with him?"

"He said—"

"Then you'd better make it up straightaway," advised Mr. Lethbridge firmly. "There's more women than men about, and I don't say you're plain, my dear, but you oughtn't to take chances. Write him a nice letter—"

The girl stamped her foot. She had stopped sniffing; she was suddenly alert and eager.

"If only I could!" she cried. "But I don't know his address! I *think* he's still in London, but if he is he's down and out, and that's why he won't come near me! It's terrible!"

The situation was evidently more complex than Mr. Lethbridge had supposed.

"When did you last see the young fellow?" he asked dubiously.

"Four months ago—in California! He's British, you see"—the words tumbled out quickly, as though they had waited too long to be spoken—"and when his grove failed he came back to London. He knew I was coming over just afterward, and he said—he said, 'As soon as I'm on my legs again, I'll look you up.' Oh, I know that doesn't sound terribly much, but it meant—it meant just everything. And I've been here three months, and he *hasn't* looked me up, and I don't know where to find him!"

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Lethbridge.

"He may be starving! And it's so terribly unfair, because until the frost came he was doing splendidly!"

Mr. Lethbridge tugged at his mustache.

"If you're as anxious as all that," he pronounced, "and if the young man's got a clean record, you'd better go to the police. *They'll* find him all right."

"But I can't!" cried the girl desperately. "He'd never forgive me! He's so dreadfully proud. And it's not fair to be as proud as that, when I have to suffer for it!"

"Ah," said Mr. Lethbridge sententiously. "It's a bad fault, pride is. I once walked out with a widow what was too proud to go in the public bar. Saloon it had to be, every time; but it was me paid for the drinks." He sighed deeply, for the widow had given him the go-by, after three months' expensive entertainment, for a sergeant in the London Scottish. The girl rewarded Mr. Lethbridge with a faint smile.

"You're nice," she said. "You're the first person I've been able to talk to. If ever things come right—" She broke off, and suddenly looked wirier than ever. "D'you know *why* Tony won't come and see me? Because he knows that once I get hold of him again he'll have to be sensible. And it would be sensible. What's the *use* of having money, if you can't share it with the people you love?"

Mr. Lethbridge was puzzled. Governesses and money did not, in his experience, go together; but before he could answer what after all was probably a rhetorical question, the door opened again and there swept in the sort of madam he had all along been expecting to see. She was tall and handsome, with an eye like a gimlet. Her glance flicked briefly over Mr. Lethbridge, lingered a moment on the orange trees, and finally came to rest upon the girl in green.

"Well, Sally?" she inquired. "Does it look nice?"

Immediately the girl seemed to withdraw herself, to retire behind a smooth, conventional mask.

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Mildred," she replied dutifully. "It's perfectly swell."

Mr. Lethbridge got himself off the premises in some bewilderment. For she *was* the young lady of the house after all; and he had talked to her like a blooming uncle. . . .

THE next morning, when he and Tom returned at nine A. M. to collect their property, she was nowhere to be seen, and Mr. Lethbridge might have forgotten her completely but for a curious incident that happened about a week later. Picking up the same set of orange trees after another dance, he noticed, sticking from one of the pots, the half of a supper menu. The front side was inscribed conventionally enough, but on the back was something very odd indeed. It was a message scribbled in pencil, and it said, "Give my love to Tom. Sally."

Mr. Lethbridge looked at the writing, looked at Tom, and scratched his head. Their leisurely progress gave him plenty of time for thought. He pondered, off

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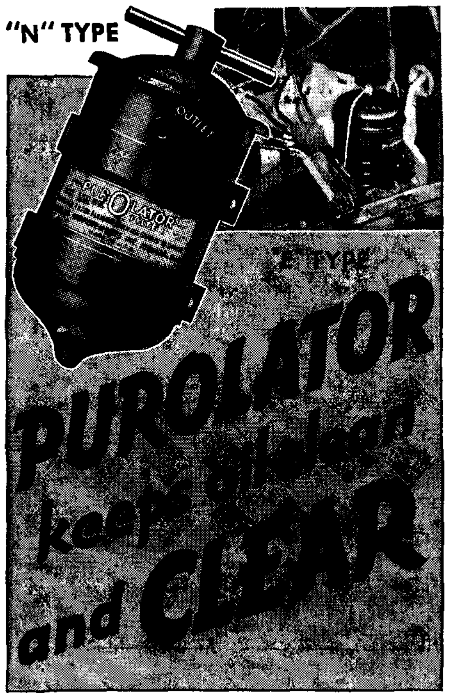

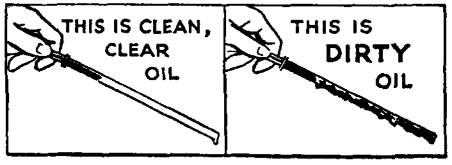
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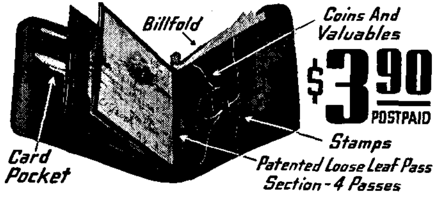

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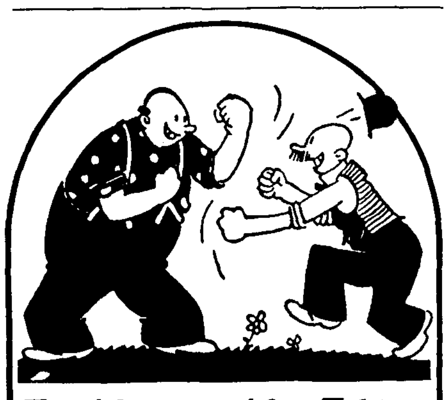

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

and on, for the next three days. On the fourth he had an idea, and was quite put out, when reporting for duty, to find himself issued with palms. But the day after that brought out the orange trees, and Mr. Lethbridge was able to translate his idea into action. He procured a clean sheet of paper, and with much labor inscribed upon it the following composition:

"The rose is red, the violet blue,
Sugar's sweet and so are you."

The reference to sugar struck Mr. Lethbridge as peculiarly apposite. Below he added, "Keep your heart up," and signed himself, by an odd confusion of ideas, Mr. (Tom) Lethbridge. The whole thing he folded into a neat slip and stuck into one of the pots. "That'll cheer her up a bit," thought Mr. Lethbridge; and returned next morning with a good deal of pleasurable anticipation.

He was not disappointed. The girl Sally had been at the dance, and she had found his note. Her means of communication this time was a paper napkin, pink with silver decorations, and in the center she too had burst into poetry.

"I think (she had written) this is the
most gosh-awful dance
At which I ever pranced.
And I wish I were back where I came
from
Except for you and Tom.
"With love, Sally."

THE last couplet pleased Mr. Lethbridge very much indeed, but the first so upset him that a week later, when next the orange trees went out, he took quite a stern line. "You didn't ought to say such things," he wrote, "when the lady or the servants might easily find it first. It is bad manners, and unbecoming to a young lady. But I hope this finds you in the pink."

Sally took the rebuke almost too well. Her answer (on a small cardboard plate) was so enthusiastic in praise of the band, the floor and her partners, that Mr. Lethbridge doubted its sincerity. He felt worried, and he wrote her quite a fatherly letter, a whole page long, full of references to long lanes and silver linings. Unfortunately, Sally never received it; Mr. Lethbridge found the paper next morning, undisturbed. Their luck had turned: during the following weeks it seemed as though all the hostesses who invited Sally had simultaneously lost their taste for potted plants. Mr. Lethbridge tried once or twice again, and then lost heart.

He was also preoccupied, about this time, by a new idiosyncrasy suddenly developed by Tom. The plump brown horse had at last discovered the significance of pedestrian crossings, and punctiliously halted, whether there were anyone about or not, at each cross-walk refusing to proceed until at least one foot passenger had passed before his nose. As a consequence Mr. Lethbridge had his work cut out; his left arm ached with tugging at the bridle, his right with urgent beckoning to passers-by. There were moments, about this time, when his feeling for Tom amounted almost to antipathy.

THESE additional pauses naturally made Mr. Lethbridge more vulnerable than before to the attentions of the idle and inquisitive, and he felt annoyance rather than surprise when a young man, at the Mount Street crossing, halted alongside and asked a question. The question itself, however, was unusual.

"Want any pickers?" asked the young man.

From the tone of his voice Mr. Lethbridge gathered that *he* was making some uncomfortable kind of joke. Sarcastic, he sounded. Mr. Lethbridge took no notice, but continued to pull on Tom's bridle and gaze stolidly ahead. But the hour was early, the street deserted; a minute passed, and no pedestrian appeared to take advantage of the crossing. Reluctantly, Mr. Lethbridge spoke.

"Just pass over, will you?" he said.

"Why?" asked the young man.

"Why? Because I want to get moving," said Mr. Lethbridge.

The young man obliged. He crossed twice, in fact, returning to Mr. Lethbridge's side; and the latter, as the cart creaked forward, felt himself committed to at least a few words more.

"Tom's funny like that," he explained. "Won't move on till someone's gone by."

The young man nodded; but his attention was not on the plump brown horse, it was on the load of orange trees.

"Fine crop," he observed, still in that uncomfortable voice.

"Paper-mashy," said Mr. Lethbridge.

"So I see. A lot more reliable. How d'you keep them on?"

"String," said Mr. Lethbridge.

After that they proceeded for a while in silence. The stranger kept pace with the cart until they approached the opening of a street at the upper end of Carlos Place. There, at another crossing, both he and Tom stopped.

"So long," said the young man. "This is where duty calls."

For the first time Mr. Lethbridge took a good look at him. He was very thin, with the sallow complexion of a man *who has recently lost a deep coat of* tan; but his features were so remarkably handsome, his eyes so remarkably blue, that even Mr. Lethbridge took note of them.

"So long," repeated the young man.

Mr. Lethbridge looked up and down the pavements.

"Just pass over again, will you? I'm sorry to give trouble."

"That's all right," said the young man. "I once owned a grove myself—and transport always was the devil."

He crossed under Tom's nose and swung off. The plump brown horse moved slowly forward—so slowly that Mr. Lethbridge, glancing over his shoulder, had time to see the stranger turn down the street and disappear into a small snack bar.

NOW the brain of Mr. Lethbridge was slow, but it was also sure. Given time, he could always put two and two together. In this particular instance the process took no more than thirty-six hours, being completed, on the following evening, in the public bar of the King's Head.

"Well, I be blowed!" said Mr. Lethbridge.

His particular crony, a vanman by the name of Hogg, looked up inquiringly.

"I've just had a thought," explained Mr. Lethbridge. "I believe—I believe I've come across a certain young man what's being hunted all over for by a certain young woman. . . ."

"Tell him to change his name and leave the country," advised Mr. Hogg. "If I'd done that, twenty year ago, I might be a free man this day."

Mr. Lethbridge finished his beer and went out. Hogg was a good fellow in a scrap, and a tower of strength in a darts team, but the present situation demanded more than physical prowess. It demanded thought. Mr. Lethbridge was not much of a thinker himself; but when the mental efforts of a lifetime are concentrated into three days they can produce surprising results.

As a first step, he returned next day, as soon as his work ended, to the snack bar in the Carlos Street mews. If his quarry was *not actually on the premises,* Mr. Lethbridge intended to make in-

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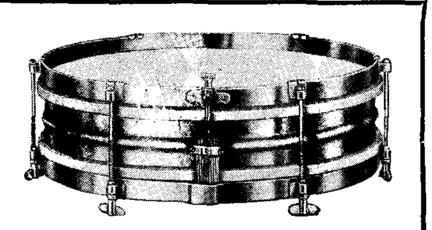

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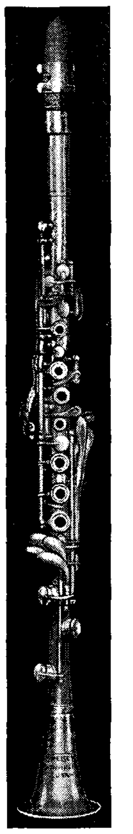

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quiry of the waitress or barman. But this part of the program proved unnecessary: the stranger was not only on the premises, he was evidently a fixture there. He was, in fact, the barman himself.

So much Mr. Lethbridge ascertained from the doorway. He did not go in: in the first place, the bar was a soft one, dispensing only such uncordial drinks as orange juice and squashes, and in the second the whole outfit was a cut above his usual standard. The place did not seem to be doing much of a trade. Only two tables were occupied, and the only call on the bar, while Mr. Lethbridge watched, was for a glass of water. But the young man, in his white coat, looked handsomer than ever, and Mr. Lethbridge was pleased to see that he was at least making an honest attempt to earn a living.

SO FAR, so good. Mr. Lethbridge put in another twelve hours' thought, and on the following morning took the unprecedented step of going to work in his Sunday suit and bowler hat. He did this because he wished to pay a call at lunchtime, and doubted whether his usual costume would procure him admission by the front door. The bowler, however, which he had purchased for half a crown from a gentleman's gentleman in 1920, was an exceptionally good one, able to stand up for itself, so to speak, even in Berkeley Square; and Mr. Lethbridge marched up the steps of the sprucely painted house and rang the brightly polished bell with quiet confidence.

"I've called," he announced, "to see Miss Sally."

The butler raised his eyebrows. He had seen the hat all right, but he had also seen Mr. Lethbridge's mustache.

"Not at home," he said coldly.

"Then I'll wait," retorted Mr. Lethbridge, getting his foot over the sill.

"Not at this door you won't," said the butler pointedly.

Mr. Lethbridge did not reply in words, but simply leaned his shoulder against the jamb. His attitude was oddly similar to that of the horse Tom before a pedestrian crossing. But since he naturally wore no bridle, and since he was a good two stone heavier than the butler, the situation might have prolonged itself indefinitely but for the sudden appearance of Sally in person coming downstairs. She was dressed to go out, and the butler, forced to relax his pressure on the door, involuntarily displayed the caller to her view.

"Why, it's Mr. Lethbridge!" she exclaimed.

She remembered Mr. Lethbridge; she smiled at him; she even held out her hand, and Mr. Lethbridge, taking it, gave the butler a meaning and supercilious look.

"Good morning, Miss," he said. "I won't keep you, if you're pressed for time; but if you could spare a moment—"

Sally shrugged.

"I've all the time there is," she said. "In fact, I've practically eternity. But I want some air, so let's go on out."

With another sneer at the butler, Mr. Lethbridge stood aside to let her pass. The door, as he followed, did not exactly slam, but it closed with unusual force.

Sally turned and smiled at him.

"How's Tom?"

"Well!" said Mr. Lethbridge. "So you remember Tom!"

"Of course I do. And the orange trees. And all your lovely messages!"

"There was three you never got—one of 'em a real long one," said Mr. Lethbridge regretfully. "You can't have gone to the parties." He looked at her more closely, and in spite of its make-up saw that her face was pale and thin. "Not been sick, have you?"

"Sick?" Sally shrugged again. "Well, I guess I have, in a sense. Anyway, I haven't been going out so much. . . ."

Mr. Lethbridge shook his head. She'd given up hope, poor thing. He longed to relieve her there and then, but he did not dare. He was acting on what he considered a strong probability, but a fresh disappointment would be worse than all else. He cleared his throat, and embarked on a carefully prepared speech.

"I'll tell you what I wanted to see you about, my dear: there's a pal of mine what's started a snack bar, and it's not doing too well. It's in that mews on the right-hand side of Carlos Place. If you should be passing that way—"

Sally slipped her hand through his arm and gave it a squeeze.

"Why, surely! I'll go in tomorrow and have lunch there."

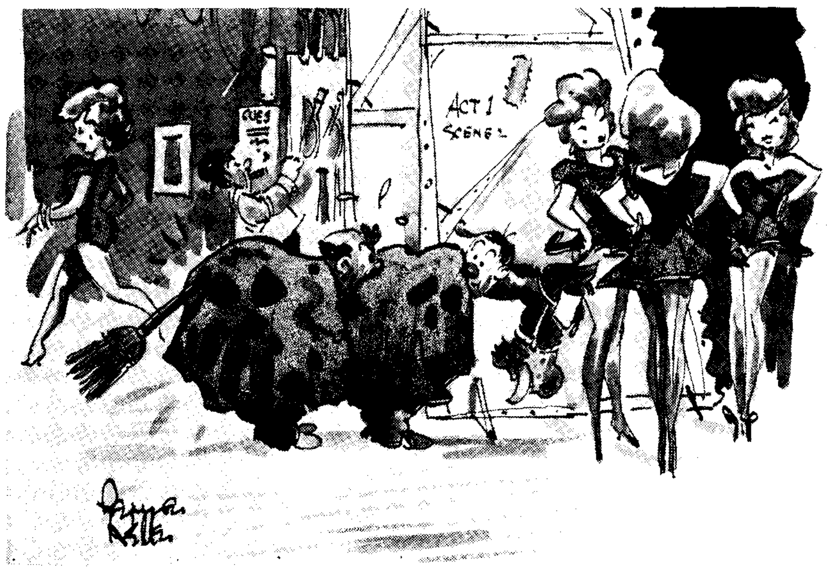
"You couldn't make it today?" urged Mr. Lethbridge. "Why not nip along now and have a nice glass of orange juice? Just the smell of a customer would help."

"The poor thing!" cried Sally, touched. "What's his name?"

"Ricky," said Mr. Lethbridge. It was the name he remembered having seen over the door. "And that's what the place is called—Ricky's Snack Bar. Only don't say anything about me sending you, for the poor fellow might take it amiss."

His arm was squeezed again—harder.

"You're a lamb!" declared Sally surprisingly. "I'll go right along now and drink all the orange juice I can hold!"



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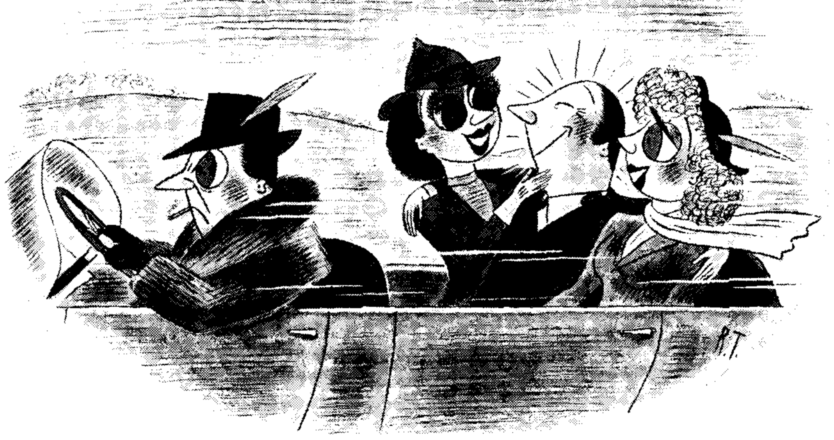

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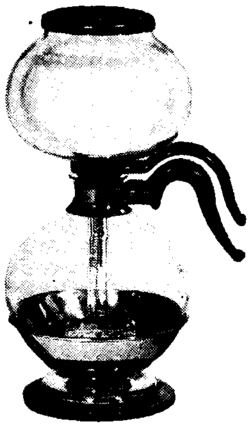

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The pleasing mouthwash and gargle

NEVER BEFORE
a pipe like this!

SO clean and fresh! In this pipe, no stale tobacco juices can contaminate the pure, fine fragrance of your tobacco.

Moisture is immediately absorbed by an *ordinary pipe cleaner*—leaving a clean, dry tube through which smoke passes. Smoke never passes through a saturated filter.

The Briarcraft SMOKEMASTER is the result of 25 years' experience in the making of fine pipes.

$1.00 at your dealer's . . . Complete range of models

BRIARCRAFT, INC., 347 Fifth Avenue, New York

An ordinary pipe cleaner
absorbs all moisture while you smoke

Slotted tube collects moisture, which is immediately absorbed by pipe cleaner underneath.

Briarcraft PAT. PEND.
Smokemaster

She made off, walking briskly and for a moment Mr. Lethbridge was tempted to follow; then delicacy prevailed If his hopes were well-founded, the first moment of reunion was not to be spied upon. But when half an hour had elapsed, and after replenishing himself with a ham sandwich and glass of beer, he felt it permissible to pass up the Carlos Street mews, and glance through the *red-framed* window, and see how matters stood.

They stood splendidly. Since there were several customers present the young man was still on his own side of the counter, while Sally occupied a high stool: but their heads were almost touching, and their eyes were bright. With one hand the young man held out an orange, as though offering it for her inspection; and from the way he looked (thought Mr. Lethbridge sentimentally) that orange might have been his heart . . .

AND then, for nearly a month, nothing happened. The orange trees were hired out eight times, but not once did Mr. Lethbridge, collecting them, find any message. He was hurt. He did not call again in Berkeley Square. He was too proud. He went once again, in the fourth week, to Ricky's Snack Bar, and saw a strange female established behind the counter. "They've gone off," thought Mr. Lethbridge sulkily. "They've gone off to California, like as not, without even saying goodby . . ."

The very next day, he saw them. And they saw him; they came hurrying, running almost, across the street; and at the sight of their faces Mr. Lethbridge at once forgave all.

"Mr. Lethbridge!" called Sally. "Meet my fiancé!"

For once the tug on Tom's bridle was a restraining one. A slow grin split Mr. Lethbridge's face.

"We've met already," he said, "though I can't give his name."

"It's Alec Pomfret—and I know you have! You're an old wizard! We've been so grateful—we've been meaning and meaning to write, only—"

"Only we never had time," finished Mr. Pomfret. His voice was sarcastic no longer, but properly happy and proud. Sally, clinging to his arm, put out her free hand and caught hold of Mr. Lethbridge as well.

"We're going to buy a grove!" she cried joyfully. "We're going to get married next week—and you're to come to the wedding—and we sail the very next day! It's all so good I can't believe it's true!"

Mr. Lethbridge surveyed the pair of them with great satisfaction.

"You're a lucky young fellow," he pronounced, addressing himself to Mr. Pomfret. "In my opinion, you've drawn a prize. Though why you had to keep her waiting so long—"

He broke off; his speech of congratulation nearly ended in an oath; for the girl Sally had kicked him, hard, on the right shin.

"So long!" repeated Alec Pomfret. "Why, we've only known each other four weeks!"

And then a most extraordinary thing happened. The shock experienced by Mr. Lethbridge must have been so great as to communicate itself also to Tom. For without any warning, and with the traffic lights showing green ahead, the plump brown horse bolted.

"Whoa!" cried Mr. Lethbridge.

Three sets of lights had been with them; before the fourth they pulled up just in time.

Tom was blowing noisily, and so was Mr. Lethbridge. Even the girl Sally, easily outdistancing her fiancé, seemed a bit winded.

"Mr. Lethbridge!" she panted. "If you're thinking about Tony—"

Mr. Lethbridge emitted one final snort, and turned on her.

"If Tony's the other young fellow—the one what was down and out, and what you loved so dear—that's just who I *am* thinking about. And if what I'm thinking's correct, I've done what I didn't intend. And so have you, young lady!"

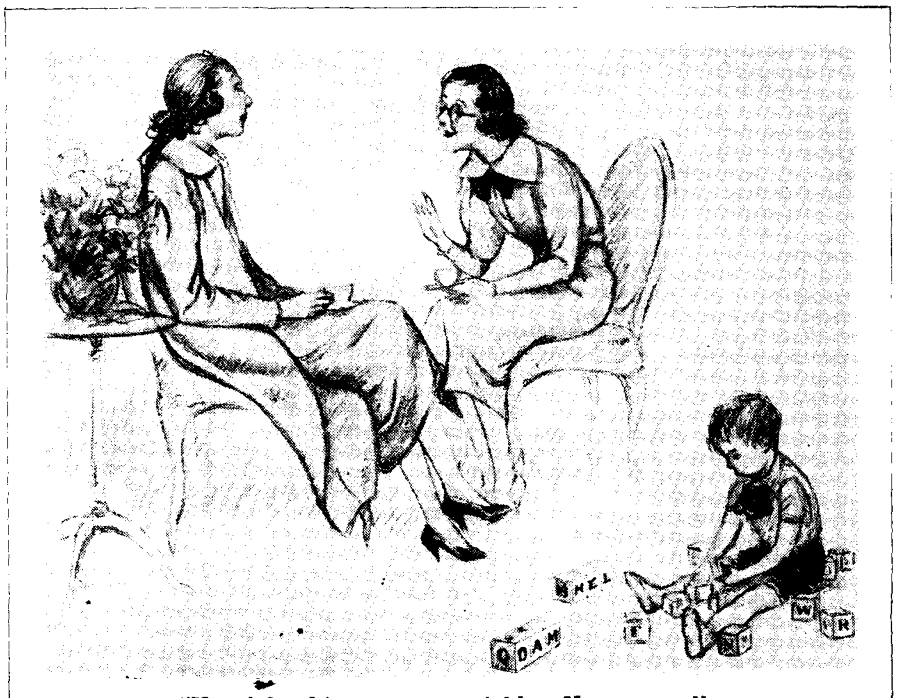
"I know! But it's all right, truly it is! I heard from Tony ages ago—before you came to see me, and that's why I was acting like a sick cat! He's got a job, in the north somewhere, and he's engaged to be married to another girl."

Mr. Lethbridge tugged at his mustache. The explanation, though disconcerting, was plausible; and Sally's radiant face, her gay mouth and tender eyes, cajoled his judgment.

"If that's the case," began Mr. Lethbridge, "if *that's* the case, my dear—"

But he never finished. It was not his day for speechmaking. For if he could forgive, Tom could not. If there was anything the brown horse thoroughly disliked, it was chopping and changing. He felt Mr. Lethbridge weaken, and took the only possible course.

For the second time in his life, Tom bolted.



"He picks things up so quickly. He can spell simple things like 'cat' and 'dog' already"

Something to Tell the Wife

Continued from page 17

here; and of course it was impossible that he was really here. Peter was playing a game for the fun of it; and he played it to the full. He put his gun on his shoulder, trigger up, and strolled across the meadow. He entered the woods thirty yards to one side of the old road, and worked down toward it.

He found his car backed into the alders, headed toward the highway, deserted. He said aloud:

"That's that! The lost is found! This foolishness has gone far enough. Time we were starting home, Chips."

He looked around for the pup; but Chips had disappeared. Peter heard his bell and his chains clanking, somewhere along the old road. Instead of calling the dog, or whistling, Peter went after him. Chips was doubtless trailing a partridge.

PETER pushed through the alders that choked the old road. Chips did not seem to be hurrying; yet he kept his distance. Marking the dog's progress by sound, Peter heard the bell recede along the road.

There must be a flock of partridges here. Peter said, under his breath: "I ought to put in a load of Number 9's." But he did not do so. "It's almost too dark to shoot, anyway," he decided. "I'll catch the fool pup and get out of here. How can you make a dog stay in and hunt close, I wonder?"

He was suddenly in briers, and a glint of light showed to one side through tall alders and young birch. He must be near the farm that lay in here somewhere.

The road was clearer, after a time; and he saw Chips fifty or sixty yards ahead, sniffing busily along the ground, tail wagging smartly, very much the busy hunter. Peter called, and Chips looked back; but he went on. Peter hurried, hoping to step on the trailing rope and stop Chips.

"Lucky I told Alice I might be late. She'd begin to worry pretty soon."

Then he thought, but did not say: "Especially if she knew there was a convict loose around here somewhere."

There seemed to be a path that turned off the road. Chips had turned that way; and Peter remembered the path. It led up to the house.

A moment later he too turned up the path. Then he saw the house. Then he saw a curl of smoke rising from the chimney.

He stopped for an instant, but he went on. Whoever was here must have heard Chips, heard the bell. Whoever was here must know someone was coming. The thing to do was go boldly forward, explain that his dog had run away from him, betray no curiosity or interest, ask no questions, get Chips to heel and hurry back to civilization again.

By this time Peter had come around the corner of the house. Chips was sniffing at the kitchen door. A barn was forty yards or so beyond the house, and the barn doors, facing him, were open. The man must be in the house, since there was smoke rising from the chimney. Peter, his gun easy on his shoulder, strolled toward the little dog sniffing at the kitchen door.

The most curious thing about the whole incident was that he heard no shot. He saw the flash of it, in the dark interior of the barn; and in an instant reflex his own gun dropped into position and was discharged.

But he did not fire again, because he could see no target. Chips, at the shot, came running in, coursing to and fro. It was the pup's experience that when Peter fired his gun there was always—or almost always—a dead partridge or a woodcock to be found, delicious to smell, warm and fragrant in the mouth. He nosed here and there, snuffing and darting to and fro. Usually Peter showed him, by a gesture, which way to hunt; usually Peter said: "Fetch!" Or: "Dead bird, Chips." Or: "Bring it here."

But this time Peter only said: "Come out of there!"

He said it in such a tone that Chips stopped still, and carefully and quietly lay down. Peter's tone was a command of some kind, a command that a dog had to obey quickly or take the consequences. Chips had found that when he was in doubt about what Peter wanted, the thing to do was to lie down and wait for more explicit orders. He lay down.

Then he heard someone move behind him, and the pup looked that way and saw a man come out of the barn. The man was reaching for something over his head with both hands. Peter said:

"Keep 'em high!"

Chips knew by Peter's tone that there was trouble brewing. He pressed his nose down hard on his forepaws and hoped for the best.

Peter said: "Keep coming!" Later he said: "Hold it."

The man stopped twenty feet away. Peter said: "Where's your gun?"

The man said: "I didn't have one. It was him." There was a craven whine in his tone. "I didn't do any of the shooting. It was Bill."

Peter laughed. "Quit fooling. I'm not going to turn around. You'll be saying: 'Look behind you,' in a minute."

The man shook his head. "Bill won't bother you. You got him. Bill's dead."

Peter looked past the man toward the barn; but nothing stirred there. He looked at the man. He saw a brown stain on the man's trouser leg and on his shoe. "You're hurt," he said.

"They winged me."

"Who did?"

"The cops, when we changed cars. They killed Joe, and winged me. Joe had the bag with the money in it, too. They got that." He said sullenly: "I call it a hell of a note."

PETER said agreeably: "Want to talk about it? Go ahead, if it makes you feel better."

"Why wouldn't I talk? You've got me. I didn't do any shooting. That's what gummed the works. They spoiled the show."

"Who did?"

"Bill and Joe. I was ready to give up. I don't like shooting. I can do a hitch in Thomaston with my eyes shut, but they had to get tough. Well, they asked for it and they got it."

"How did you get away from the officers who killed Joe?"

"I drove and Bill shot at their tires. He got one, too. We lost them then; but they must have clipped one of our tires. It blew finally, and we grabbed another car we found by the road and ducked in here to lie up till dark."

"That was my car you grabbed," Peter commented. "What money was this?"

"The bank in Rockland."

Peter grinned. He said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

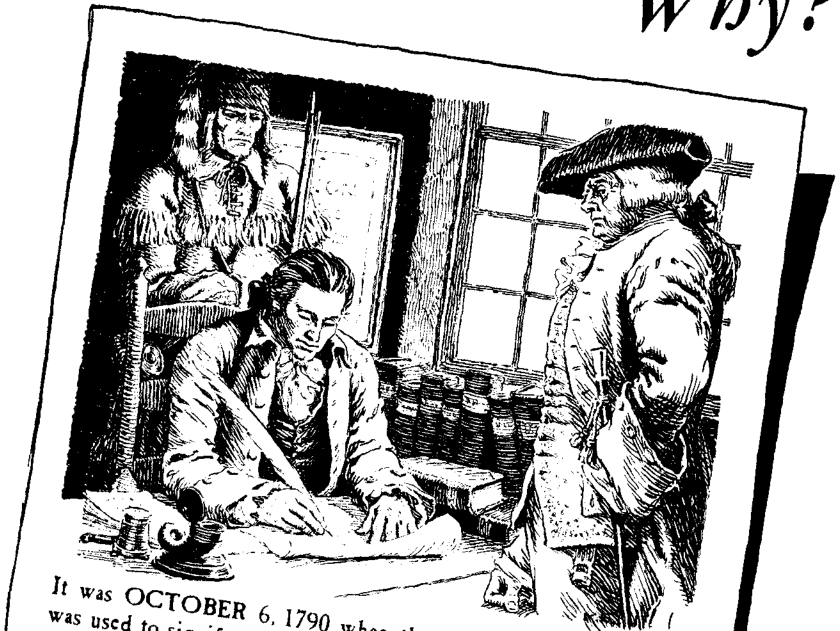
The man said sullenly: "See if I care."

Peter considered his problem. There was that rope trailing from Chips' collar. He said: "Turn your back and ease out of your coat and drop it. I want to look you over."

"Help yourself," the man assented. He seemed to be a philosopher. His coat fell to the ground.

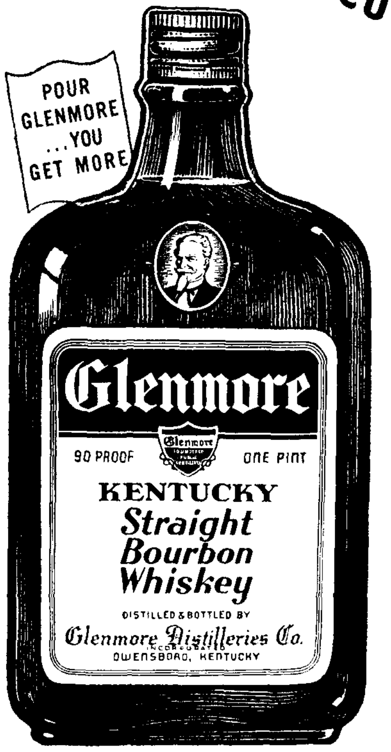
FACTS BEHIND OUR HUMAN CUSTOMS...

When we APPROVE
we say O.K.
Why?



It was OCTOBER 6, 1790 when the expression "O.K." first
was used to signify APPROVAL. On that date Andrew Jackson
"proved a bill-of-sale, WHICH WAS O.K." in the court records
of Sumner County, Tennessee. Probable source of the expression
is the Choctaw word OKEH, meaning: "It is so and in no
other way." Today dictionaries recognize this customary expression for showing APPROVAL as a part
of our language. This

HERE'S ANOTHER CUSTOM BASED ON FACT:



The *approval* which judges of fine whiskey have given to GLENMORE is based upon sound reasons. GLENMORE'S traditional formula calls for the finest of selected grains ... famed Kentucky deep-well water ... and faithful attention to every detail in its preparation. For two generations these time-honored traditional GLENMORE methods have not altered. If you want a fine Kentucky Bourbon, you will approve your own choice when you *pour GLENMORE ... you get more.*

Glenmore
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON

Copr. 1938, Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.

Gold Label—100 Proof
Silver Label—90 Proof

• OTHER GLENMORE PRODUCTS •

GLENMORES
Kentucky Tavern
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Bottled in Bond—Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—100 Proof

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GLENMORES
Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO

GLENMORE'S
Mint Springs
ONE PINT
90 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—90 Proof

"Golden Shell!" *I scream* "Go there yourself!" *he splutters*

Mr. Bruggle can't hardly hear it thunder.

But I didn't know that, the first time he drives in. I flash my "welcome" smile and he says, "Check the oil."

"You're low," I report, in a minute.

"Then I don't need any," he answers.

"No, no"—I shout—"It's *way down!*"

"Who's a clown?" he frowns back at me.

I sail on, louder, while people passing by stop to listen.

"It's not only low, but you need oil that flows *fast*. When you start your engine, if your oil is sluggish, it don't get up out of the crankcase—"

"I am NOT cranky!" he shouts, mad by now.

I struggle on: "Look, you only have to pay 25¢ a quart for Golden Shell Oil—*GOLDEN SHELL,*" I scream.

"You go there yourself," he splutters, and drives off.

* * *

That's how I got in bad with Mr. Bruggle and had to write him a letter to explain things. I got a chance to tell him how fast Golden Shell flows, too—without him shoutin' back at me. Now we're good friends, and he calls me the slick salesman—get it?

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

"Back away from it," Peter directed. The man backed toward him. Peter could see no sign of a gun in his hip pockets; he made the man turn around. The chap seemed to be unarmed. Peter remembered a phrase from some story he read long ago.

"Walk over to the house and belly the wall," he directed.

Peter said to the dog: "Chips, come here." Chips meekly obeyed, humble and subdued. Peter knelt beside him, the shotgun ready under his hand, and loosed the rope from the dog's collar. He shaped a slipknot in it. He said to his captive:

"Stick your hands out behind you."

"What do you want to do, give me a manicure?"

"Stick 'em out," said Peter. The man obeyed. Peter noosed the slipknot about one arm above the elbow; he passed a clove hitch over the man's other arm so that his elbows were drawn close together. There was an old field pine between the house and the barn. Peter marched the man that way, threw the free end of the rope over a limb ten feet off the ground, hauled it tight till the man's elbows were pulled upward behind his shoulders so high he was on his toes, his head hanging forward. Peter secured the rope around the trunk of the tree.

The man said sarcastically: "I'm not making you any trouble, am I?"

"I hope not," Peter assured him. He came around in front of the man; he said: "Is there really someone dead in the barn?"

"Sure; Bill."

Peter nodded. "Don't go away. I'll be back."

The man said: "I'll be seeing you."

Peter did not really believe there was anyone in the barn; but there was. Bill seemed to have been crouching behind a few sticks of cordwood piled there when he fired that shot that Peter saw and did not hear. The cordwood had proved an insufficient bulwark. Nine Double-O buck at thirty or forty yards does not make a close pattern, but close enough. The one that caught Bill in the cheekbone just below his eye would have been quite sufficient. His pistol had fallen forward out of his hand. Peter picked it up. Bill should have known better than to try to use it at that distance. A shotgun loaded with buck was much more effective, if you had one.

PETER took out the clip and worked the action two or three times, and the ejected cartridge rolled through a crack in the barn floor and was lost. Peter snapped the trigger, and, assured that the weapon was harmless, put it in the pocket of his hunting coat. Peter had a feeling that Bill ought to be covered up. He found enough loose hay to do it. Chips had followed him meekly, stood now in the door. Peter said: "Heel, Chips." He returned to his captive. He replaced the empty shell in his gun with a charge of Number 9's. He said: "Sorry about your foot, but I'm afraid you'll have to walk as far as the car." The man grunted.

"You go ahead," Peter said. "I'll let this rope trail behind you. If you try to run, I can step on it. If you turn around—you'd better not!" He hiccuped loudly. "Sorry, I'm a little nervous," he confessed.

"It's a fine time to find that out," the man commented in sullen irony. "Let's go. Or maybe you figure to spend the night here."

"All right, move on," Peter agreed. "I'll bring your coat."

With the coat over his arm, Chips at heel, his captive leading the way, they descended into the old road again. The sun set, suddenly. Peter said: "Better hurry." He hiccuped again. "We want to get out before dark."

"If you think I want to hang around here you're crazy."

They made good time. Before they reached the car, Peter had cured his hiccups by careful deep breathing; and he had decided what to do. He opened the luggage compartment in the rear of the coupé. He said: "I'm sorry, but you'll have to climb in here. I'll drive slowly, bump you as little as possible. Get in."

The man hesitated. Chips sniffed at his wounded leg, and Peter wondered whether the setter had a bloodhound strain. The man crawled into the luggage compartment. Peter locked it. He and Chips climbed into the car. He drove carefully across the meadow into the road. . . .

THE officers were at the corner. Peter stopped without their signal; and an officer flashed a light in his face. "Oh," he said. "You, is it? Find any birds?"

Peter said: "See here, Officer, if I tell you something, promise not to tell?"

"What's the idea?"

"You're watching for some men who robbed a bank in Rockland, aren't you?"

"What if we are?"

"I've something of interest for you. Promise not to tell?"

"Tell what?"

Peter hiccuped again. "Why, I found those men. I killed one and caught the other. The dead one's up at the old Hazen place, in the barn, under some hay. The other's in the back of my car." Peter gave him the keys. "That's the key to open it with," he said. "Take him out. I've got to hurry home. My wife will be worrying."

The rest was exclamation points, and then interrogations. The officers would not promise secrecy; and even if they had done so, half a dozen farmers from the neighborhood had gathered around before Peter was free to go, and some of them knew him. So Alice would have to be told. She must be worried already; and when she knew what had happened she would be frantic. He drove home faster than was his habit, pulled into the yard. She opened the kitchen door.

She did not seem alarmed. "You, Peter?" she called.

"Yes, safe and sound."

"Any luck?" she asked. He came in, and Chips asked for his supper as quickly as possible please, and Peter produced his birds. He was relieved that Alice had not worried. He went down to the cellar to hang the birds, came up and washed his hands at the sink. Peter decided to tell her the tale while they were eating supper; so when they were seated, he said:

"Well, I had an adventure today!"

She smiled. "Another of your great adventures, other Peter?"

"No, a real one this time."

"I'm dying to hear," she assured him. He told the story elaborately, in full detail. Now and then she smiled, now and then she laughed; and once she said: "Mercy, how exciting!" That was when he found Bill with a buckshot in his cheek. When he was finished, she began to clear the table. "There's apple pie," she said.

Peter was disappointed. "What do you think of that?" he challenged.

"Too bad I'm not a stenographer," she answered. "Would you like coffee tonight?"

"No, thanks. Why is it too bad?"

"You told it so well. I could have taken it down and then you wouldn't have to go to the trouble of writing it."

He laughed. "You don't believe a word of it, do you? Say, this is good pie!"

"Believe it, darling? Don't be silly. I believe everything that happens to the other Peter. Don't finish your pie so fast. I've some lovely cheese."

Steaks and Punts

Continued from page 11

stronger than ever, and the outside teams played by Rice will include Oklahoma (who beat them last year), Louisiana State (another conqueror), Auburn and Tulane. They are signed for a game with Fordham in New York in 1939. But it's in the conference that they expect their trouble. Dutch Meyer at Texas Christian will have a better team than the one that licked Rice last year (7-2). His star is Hale, a tackle who weighs 245 and stands 6:3 and is given the accolade by Ernie Lain himself, who calls him "a hell of a guy." Homer Norton at Texas A & M has a great lot of sophomores coming up in addition to Dick Todd, his star back of last year. Dana Bible at the University of Texas has Bryan, a standout punter and runner, and Haas, another fine back. Matty Bell at Southern Methodist has Stidger and Belleville, fine backs, but got a bad blow when Sprague, his tackle, had to be operated on during the summer for a knee injury. Whether he will be in shape for a hard season is doubtful. Southern Methodist is playing Pittsburgh this year, and there are sane folk in Dallas and Fort Worth who will take you aside and whisper in your ear a warning of what is to happen to Jock Sutherland's little boys. The great hope at Southern Methodist is Maulaff, the Syrian boy from Oklahoma, who is said to be a marvelous passer. Baylor has Bullet Billy Patterson, but the team generally is not feared. Arkansas has lost its stars, the men who gave Rice such a battle, and will have trouble replacing them.

The Losers Walk Home

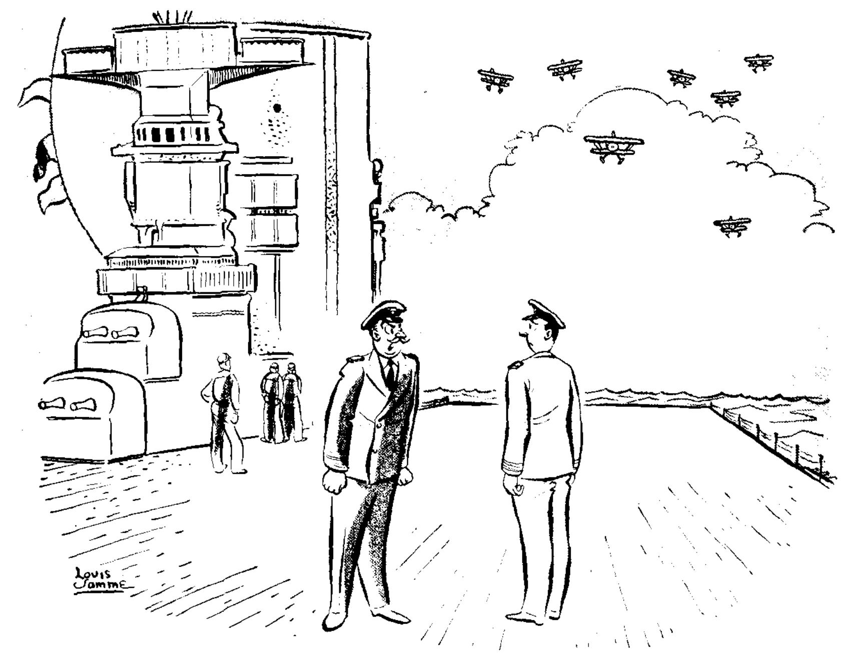
As for Rice, the goose hangs high. The college was founded in 1912 and has a student body of only 1,400, of which 500 are girls, but by some quirk of nature they have come up with a mess of athletes. In track they have Fred Wolcott, who as a sophomore last year cleaned up both the low and high hurdles nationally. Their tennis star, Frank Guernsey, also a sophomore, won the intercollegiate title at Haverford. In addition to Ernie Lain and Cordill, they have Vestal, a fine place kicker and blocking back; Schuehle, a hard-running fullback; Hager, a powerful end weighing 210, who is said now to be in a class with Tinsley, the Louisiana State wonder of yesteryear. An idea of the power of the Rice squad can be had by knowing that Lain played less than half of any game he was in last fall. Colorado got thoroughly sick of Sullivan, a boy who has since added to his natural projectile-like speed a capacity for cutting in. The line will be handled by Jess Hines, a fine tackle who is also captain; and by Williams, end; and Haner and Landry, guards. Aiding Jimmie Kitts is Cecil Grigg, the famous old pro star who was good enough to play along with Jim Thorpe. Grigg coaches the backfield and Blue Hertenberger handles the line and Bill Wallace, the greatest star Rice ever had, coaches the freshmen, does most of the scouting, runs the concessions at the varsity games and does the ballyhooing for the whole show.

But it all depends on Ernie Lain and his appetite. During the summer he had a job at the Hughes Tool Works and was exercising furiously on the side, but unless they were blowing him up with a bicycle pump, he was still the luscious Ernie of yore. For a big man he is fast on his feet, murders a line when he hits it and is extremely deceptive in the open field. His passing, as everybody will agree, is supersuperb. If he is up to his sophomore form, any expert who keeps him off the All-America this year had better stay out of the territory south of Dallas.

That's how it is down Houston way. They take their football seriously. One of the sad things of Texas football is that Texas Tech is not in the conference. Tech is coached by a fabulous character named Pete Cawthon who makes his team walk back to Lubbock after they lose a game. After one setback, Pete locked the room to the shower baths. When the players protested, Pete blew them down with a blast.

"I don't want any jelly beans on this team," he howled. "I want little old boys who smell like billygoats!"

But Pete's team isn't in the conference and the fight this year will be to keep Rice from winning two in a row, something never before done. If they do happen to win, it will take a very stern Pacific Conference to keep them out of the Rose Bowl.



"Sentiment's all right, Lieutenant, but if you say, 'Here come our birds, fluttering to rest,' again, I'll put you in irons"

LOUIS LAMME

COMPLICATION

COGITATION

CONVERSATION!

WHEN you have an out-of-town engagement—and clamoring questions keep you in the office—turn to your telephone.

Your voice is *you*—by Long Distance. It carries the warmth of your personality across the miles. It does most of the things you could do if you were there. And you're back on the job in a jiffy—with a satisfying saving of time and money.

BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Did We Learn Anything This Time?

HAVING given the rabbit's foot a long, strong rub in the hope that times won't turn sour while this issue of Collier's is current, we remark that the "Roosevelt recession" seems to have eased off considerably. We find ourselves wondering whether Americans learned anything from this latest period of dirty weather.

We learned at least one big lesson from the 1929-33 depression, or whatever you think its correct dates were. Most of us learned that successful businessmen and successful bankers don't necessarily know all there is to know about economics.

Before that time, for decades if not for generations, it seemed beyond dispute to most Americans that a man who could manage and increase his own money must know more about what was good for the community at large than anybody who wasn't a commercial success.

But the crash came . . . and Richard Whitney bid 205 for Steel . . . and the Rockefellers announced that they were buying common stocks . . . and the bankers' consortium tossed $25,000,000 into Wall Street in an effort to halt the market slump . . . and banks began to pop with the frequency of champagne corks at a wedding or beer caps at a wake . . . and after a time the depression came to look like a permanent American institution.

By that time the old American superstition concerning the infallibility of businessmen and bankers had begun to evaporate.

It evaporated so thoroughly that we turned Mr. Hoover out and voted Mr. Roosevelt in. We heaved out old state and city administrations in dozen lots. What was even more significant, the majority of us went in for sneering and snickering, more and more broadly as the lean years went on, at businessmen and bankers.

What had happened was that the majority of us were now sold on the exact opposite of our former theory of businessmen's and bankers' unerring knowledge of economic truth. Most of us now hoped, and many of us believed, that the politicians could do for us what the bankers and businessmen had proved unable to do. It was the politicians, now, who were going to steer us into a haven of permanent, stabilized prosperity. Naturally, the politicians encouraged us in this new hope and belief as zealously as the bankers and businessmen had encouraged us in the old.

And so the "Roosevelt recession" arrived, beginning in the latter part of 1937. Stocks fell; unemployment mounted; mass buying power shrank.

Now that the clouds are lifting again, or seem to be, do we know something that we didn't know before?

If we are as logical as most of us like to think we are, we ought to be able to work out a new and perhaps useful piece of knowledge from our latest set of economic misadventures. It ought to have become plain to us that the politicians have no more of a monopoly on economic knowledge than have the bankers or the businessmen.

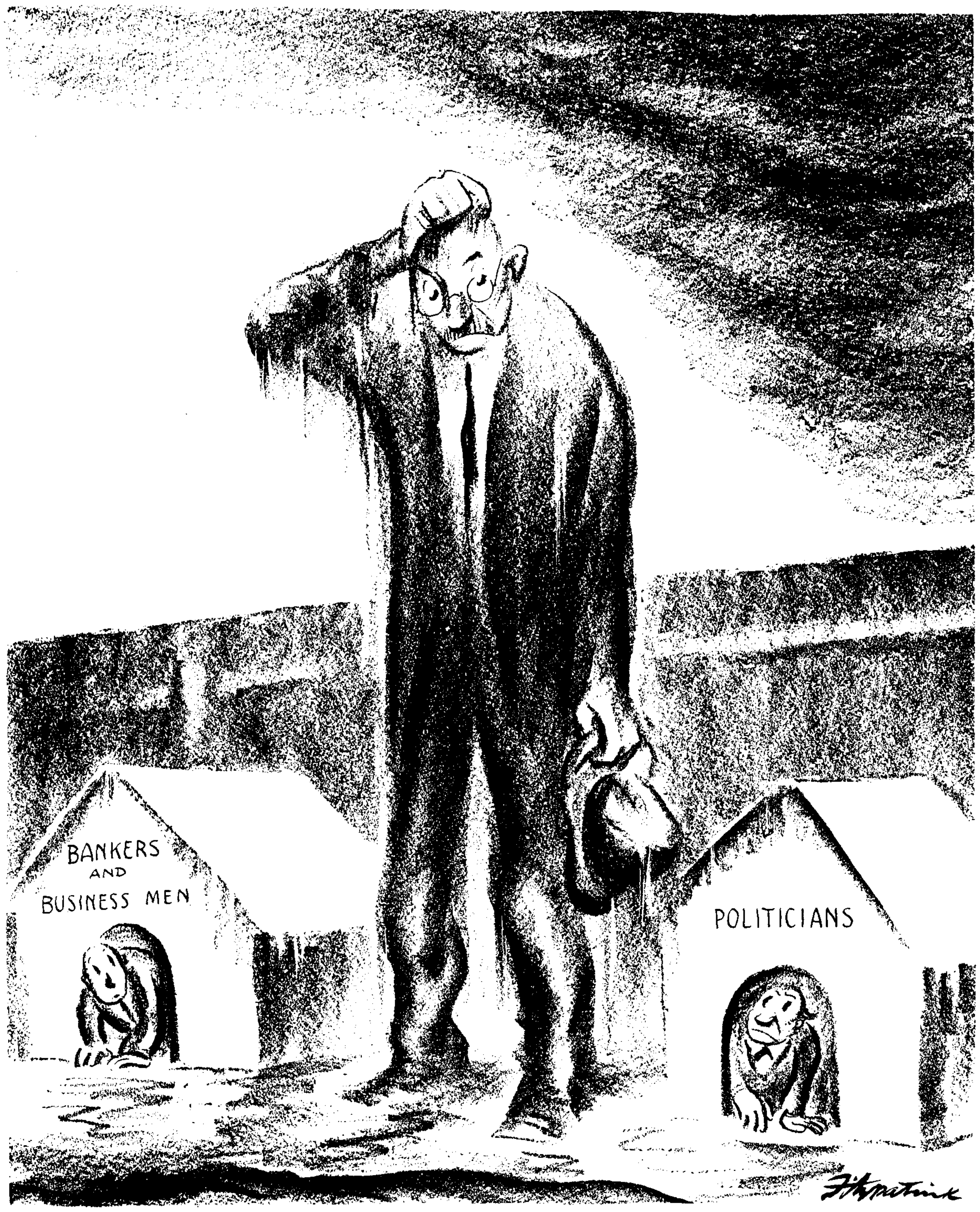
The politicians were in the saddle when this panic hit us. The bankers and businessmen were in the doghouse. Therefore, this was a politicians' panic, just as truly as the 1929 thing was a bankers' and businessmen's panic. Evidently the politicians have no patent prescription for prosperity either.

Official Washington seems to be reasoning along these lines, as it bucks nose-down through what looks like the closing rages of this latest economic storm. Official Washington in general is more friendly toward bankers and businessmen than it has been for some years; more willing to listen to their once-despised suggestions, less disposed to snoot them and snub them and load more taxes on them.

Maybe if we can work out a combination of the older American philosophy and the philosophy we embraced when the New Deal was newer than it is now, we can move a step or two nearer to that hoped-for heaven of permanent, stabilized prosperity.

That combination of the two philosophies would be expressed about as follows:

No class and no person has a monopoly on economic wisdom. Any class that thinks it has is deluding itself or being deluded by glib and designing leaders. A nation that buys belief in any one class' or any one person's infallible economic wisdom is buying a nicely disguised and attractively packaged time bomb that will blow up sooner or later in the buyer's face. No one of us, no group of us, knows everything. On the other hand, every one of us who isn't a congenital idiot has had some real experiences and has some valid knowledge. So our best hope for eventual economic salvation must lie in working along together as tolerantly and good-naturedly as human beings can.



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In leading hospitals... pure refreshment

Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing

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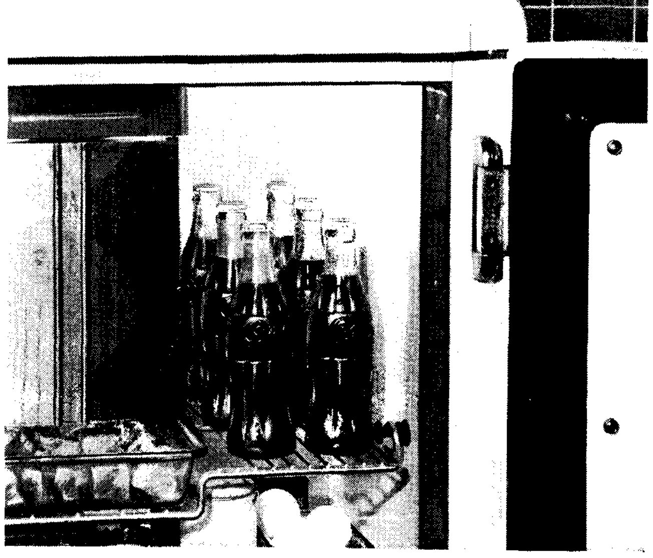
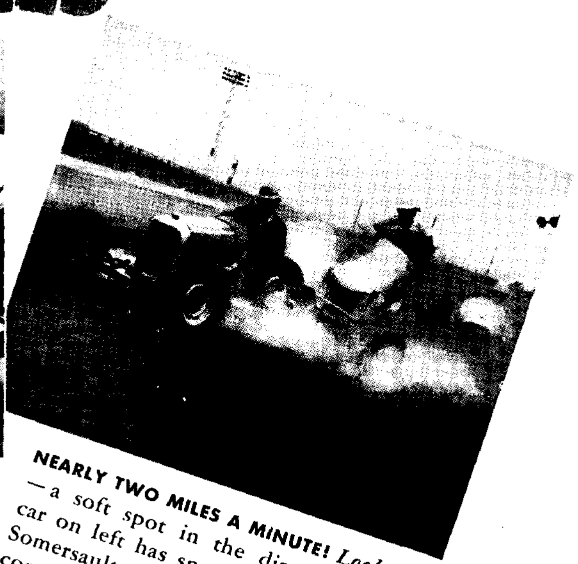


ICE-COLD COCA-COLA IS EVERY PLACE ELSE;
IT BELONGS IN YOUR ICEBOX AT HOME.

A pure drink of natural flavors . . . with life, sparkle and taste that everybody likes. That's ice-cold Coca-Cola. It's one of the pleasant things of life, adding to relaxation what relaxation always needs . . . pure, wholesome refreshment.

BUCKING BRONCHOS ON WHEELS

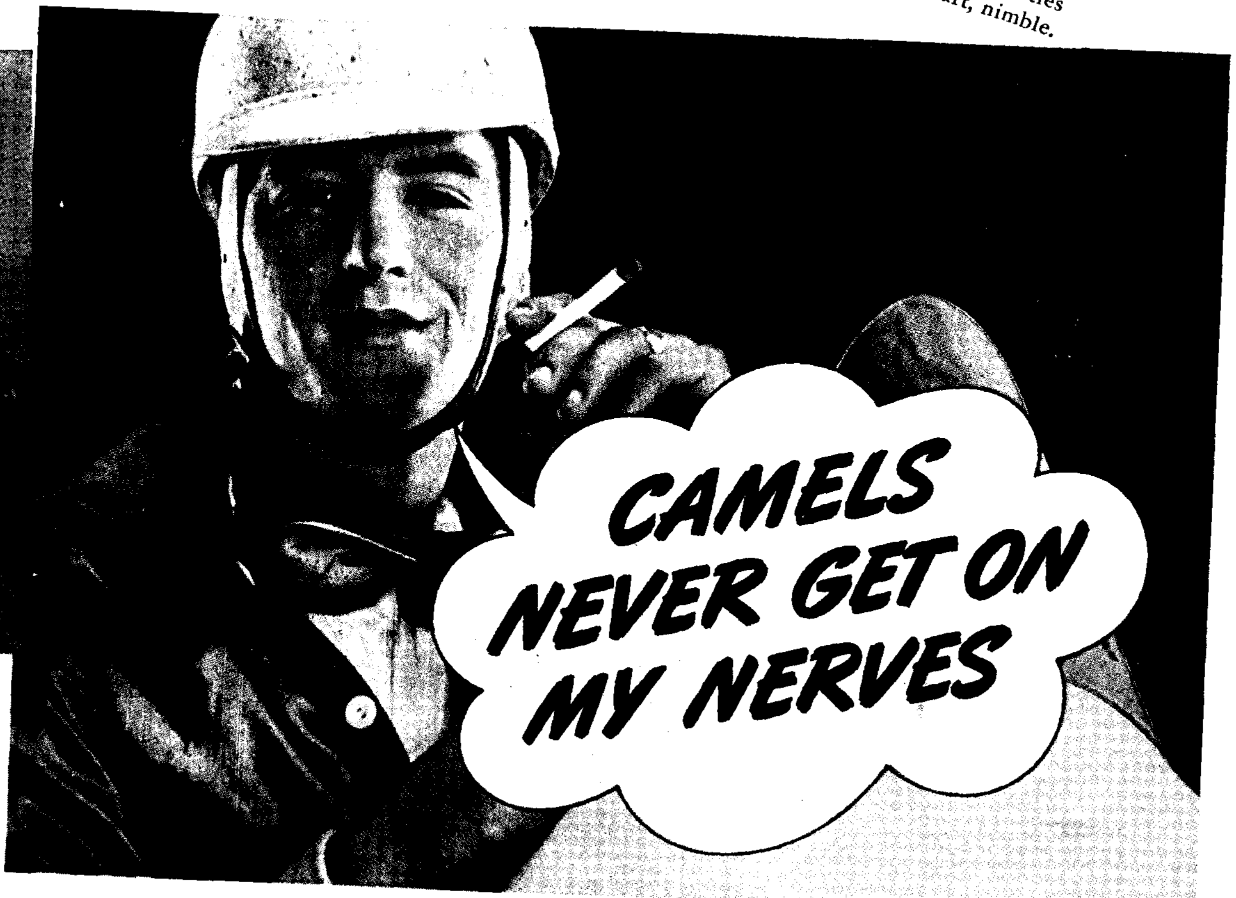


They're called "doodlebugs"—
but racing a midget car (half-size auto)
is tough, dangerous sport...
as 10 million fans can tell you!

BRAKES SCREECH as racing midget cars jam and crash in daring bids for leadership. Note how the careening racer above has mounted hood of another doodlebug, as the cars close in for the turn. Thrills and spills of midget auto-racing have crowded millions of rooters into more than 100 U. S. tracks. Circuits measure a fifth or a quarter of a mile. Turns are seldom banked.

NEARLY TWO MILES A MINUTE! *Look out*—a soft spot in the dirt! Skidding car on left has snarled the white car. Somersaults, jams, rolls, and hurdles are common in midget car-racing, fatalities few. Drivers are tough, smart, nimble.

MOST DRAMATIC, spine-tingling sights in auto-racing occur at the turns of midget tracks. Soft, unbanked dirt-track racing demands lightning calculations. Driver above took the turn too fast—skidded, rolled over in path of oncoming racers. No one was hurt. Midget autos often leap clear over each other. Drivers are noted for quick jumps before crashes.


CAMELS NEVER GET ON MY NERVES

DRIVER ERNEST GESELL, JR., popular midget auto-racing champion, risks serious injury freely, reports only one track casualty. Maybe that's just his good fortune. But Ernie's admirers prefer to credit his amazing nerve control. Gesell himself *prizes* healthy nerves, saying: "At two miles a minute on a dirt track, anything can happen. My nerves have *got* to be steady; so Camel's *my* smoke! Camels are *mild!* I can enjoy as many as I please, and they never get me jittery or unsure. Most racing drivers I know prefer Camels." You, as a smoker, will also appreciate Camel's smooth mildness—Camel's *finer, costlier tobaccos!* Start smoking a package of Camels today. You will soon know why they are, by far, America's largest-selling cigarette!

Camels are
a matchless blend
of finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS
—Turkish and
Domestic

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Copyright, 1938
R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

"WHERE TOBACCO CROPS ARE FINEST—THERE YOU'LL FIND THE CAMEL BUYERS!"

say the men who grow tobacco. Naturally their cigarette choice is Camel

Cecil Claybourne, who practically lives with tobacco the year 'round, says: "Many's the time Camel has paid me more to get my finest grades. Finer tobacco makes finer smoking, so I'm steady on Camels. So are most planters."

A planter for 35 years, Edward S. Dail says: "Like other planters here, I sell my best grades of tobacco to Camel—and Camel buyers bid to get them. So, men like me who know tobacco naturally smoke Camels."

"The finest lots of my last crop went to Camel," says planter Jesse T. Hardy. "Camel bid up for them too. We appreciate fine tobacco down here. So you'll find most of us smoking Camels. We *know* Camel buys better tobacco."